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THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

1874

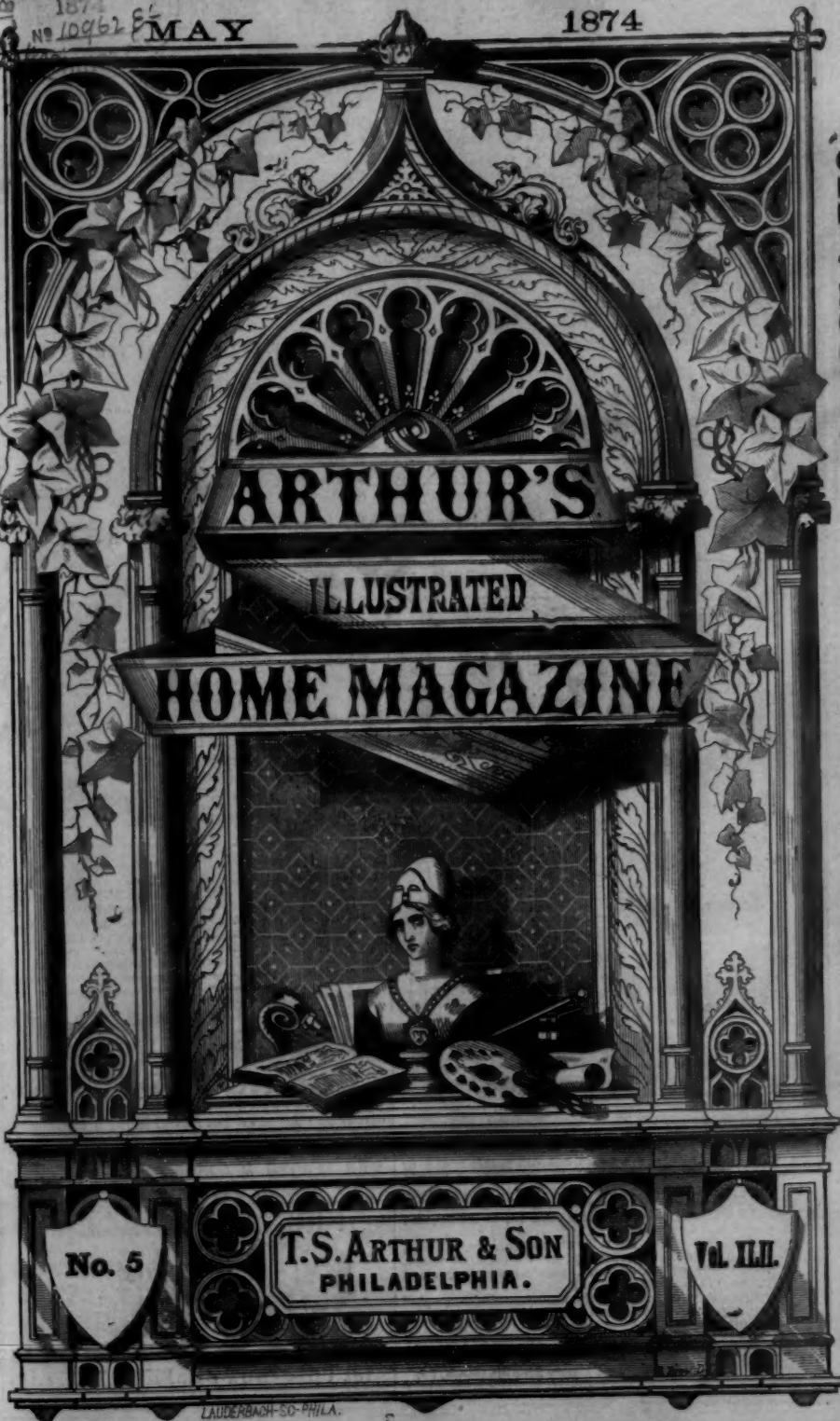
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1874

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SEE PROSPECTUS FOR 1874 IN THIS NUMBER.



No. 5

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. III.

LAUBERBACH-50-PHILA.

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721 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE 1.—The charming over-dress shown on this figure is made of summer cashmere and stylishly decorated with a darker shade of the same goods and passementerie. It was cut by pattern No. 3192, which is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. The skirt was cut by pattern No. 2253, price 15 cents. It is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the entire costume for a girl 9 years old, 6 yards of 27-inch-wide goods are necessary; $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards being used for the over-dress, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ for the skirt. The straw hat is in sailor shape and is trimmed with velvet ribbon, and an ostrich tip.



No. 1.



No. 3.

FIGURE 3.—A dainty costume is illustrated by this picture. The shapely skirt was cut by pattern No. 2253, price 15 cents. It is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. The pretty little over-skirt pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age; and its number is 3244, while its price is 20 cents. There are 7 sizes of the pattern for the basque for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Its price is 20 cents, and its number is 3199. To make the entire costume for a little girl 6 years old, 6 yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be found necessary. The skirt will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, the over-skirt $1\frac{1}{4}$, and the basque 2 yards.



No. 2.

and the price is 15 cents. To make the suit for a boy of 8 years, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary: 2 yards being used for the jacket, $\frac{1}{4}$ for the vest, $1\frac{1}{4}$ for the waist, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ for the pants. The straw hat is banded with velvet.

FIGURE No. 4.—A handsome suit of tweed is shown by this picture. The jacket was cut by pattern No. 3173, price 25 cents; it is in 7 sizes for boys from 6 to 12 years of age. Pattern No. 2630 was employed in cutting the vest; it is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and its price is 15 cents. The pants were cut by pattern No. 3191, and the shirt-waist by No. 2570. Each of these patterns is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and the price is 15 cents. To make the suit for a boy of 9 years, 6 yards of 27-inch-wide goods are necessary: 2 being needed for the jacket, $\frac{1}{4}$ for the vest, 2 for the waist, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ for the pants. The hat is of felt, with a velvet band and a bright wing feather.



No. 4.

FIGURE 2.—The pattern by which the jaunty coat shown on this figure was cut is in 6 sizes for boys from 5 to 10 years of age. Its number is 3172, price 25 cents. The vest pattern is No. 2373, price 15 cents; it is in 8 sizes for boys from 5 to 12 years, and is cut without a collar. The shirt-waist was cut by pattern No. 2570, price 15 cents. There are 8 sizes of it for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. Our new pattern No. 3175 was used in cutting the pants. It has the same number of sizes as the shirt-waist,



3232

LADIES' POLONAISE DRESS.

No. 3232.—To construct the charming garment illustrated in the engraving, 12½ yards of any material, measuring 27 inches in width, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 50 cents.



Front View.

3208

MISSES'
"BROADWAY"
POLONAISE.

No. 3208.—To make this stylish polonaise for a miss of 13 years, 5½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. There are 8 sizes of the pattern for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 30 cents.



Back View. 3208



3198

*Front View.*LADIES' ENGLISH
POLONAISE.

No. 3198.—To fashion the elegant garment represented, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 35 cents. It can be made up of any of the goods now worn, such as camel's-hair, frieze, debaize or serge, and if desired can be embroidered or trimmed with velvet or silk bands.



3198

Back View.

3230

*Front View.*LADIES' REDINGOTE
POLONAISE.

No. 3230.—In the construction of the handsome garment pictured by these engravings, 7 yards of 27-inch-wide material will be necessary for a medium-sized lady. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price, 35 cents. Should draping be desired, the characteristics of the skirt will not be destroyed by any manner of looping. Other trimmings can also be used, and quite as effectively arranged.



3230

Back View.



3254
Front View.



3254
Back View.

LADIES' ULSTER COAT.

No. 3254.—This comfortable garment will undoubtedly be as popular with the ladies as the rough over-coat, of the same name, is with the gentlemen. It is adapted to thick or thin goods; and

the pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To fashion it for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of 27-inch-wide material will be required. Price, 40 cents.



3229
Front View.



Back View.

MISSSES' POLONAISE.

No. 3229.—This graceful garment requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods to construct it for a miss of 12 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, the price being 30 cents.



3212

LADIES' SPANISH VEST.

No. 3212.—This engraving represents an elegant and desirable addition to a lady's wardrobe. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and requires $\frac{1}{4}$ of a yard of 27-inch-wide material to fashion it for a lady of medium size. Price, 20 cents.



3240

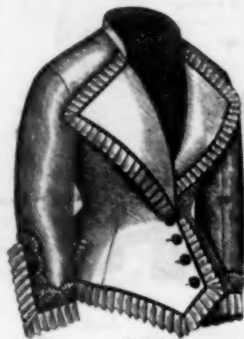
Front View.

MISSES' DOLMAN CLOAK.

No. 3240.—The pattern for this graceful wrap is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 25 cents. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make it for a miss of 14 years.



3240

Back View.

3200

Front View.

3200

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 3200.—The pattern to this peculiar but stylish street-garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 30 cents. To fashion it for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required, providing the material be 27 inches wide.



3252

LADIES' SLEEVE.

No. 3252.—This elegant sleeve requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, in its construction. There is but one size of the pattern, and the price is 10 cents.



3202

Front View.

LADIES' LOW-NECKED EVENING WAIST.

No. 3202.—The elegant evening waist pictured in these engravings, is appropriate for all festive occasions, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch wide goods are necessary to make it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 20 cents.



3202

Back View.



3210

Front View.

3210

*Back View.***LADIES' JACKET, WITH SHAWL COLLAR.**

No. 3210.—This stylish jacket requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material, for a medium-sized lady; and the pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price, 30 cents.



3251

Front View.

3251

*Back View.***GIRLS' RITTER.**

No. 3251.—To make this elegant little jacket for a girl 5 years of age, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch-wide material will be requisite. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, the price being 15 cents.



3220

Front View.

3220

*Back View.***LADIES' RITTER.**

No. 3220.—The pattern to this natty little garment is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 25 cents. When the material is 27 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be sufficient to make it for a lady of medium size.



3214

Front View.

3214

*Back View.***GIRLS' LOW-NECKED OVER-DRESS.**

No. 3214.—To fashion the dainty little over-garment pictured in the above engravings, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. There are 6 sizes of the pattern for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and the price is 25 cents.



3196

Front View.

3196

*Back View.***MISSSES' BASQUE.**

No. 3196.—For a miss of 14 this garment requires three yards of any material, 27 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price, 25 cents.



3250

Front View.

3250

*Back View.***MISSSES' RITTER.**

No. 3250.—These engravings picture a charming little article of dress, the pattern to which is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Of material, 27 inches wide, 2 yards will be necessary to fashion it for a miss of 13 years. Price, 20 cents.



3237

Front View.

3237

Back View.

LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT.

No. 3237.—This highly satisfactory pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; and requires $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material, to construct it for a medium-sized lady. Price, 35 cents.



3239

Front View.

3239

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3239.—This elegant over-skirt is adapted to medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies all suit goods, and if the material is 27 inches wide. from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Price, 30 44 yards will be sufficient to make it for a lady of cents.



3248

Front View.

MISSSES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3248.—To construct this superb garment for a miss of 13 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years, and the price is 25 cents.



3248

Back View.



3249

Front View.



3249

Back View.

CHILD'S LOW-NECKED DRESS.

No. 3249.—This attractive garment requires 3 yards of material, 27 inches wide, in its construction for a child of five years. The pattern is in five sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



3197

Front View.



3197

Back View.

CHILD'S APRON.

No. 3197.—To fashion this neat and comfortable garment for a child of 5 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. There are 8 sizes of the pattern for children from 1 to 8 years of age, the price being 20 cents.



3193

Front View.

CHILD'S OVER-DRESS.

No. 3193.—The pattern to this tasteful over-dress is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. If 27-inch-wide goods are employed in its construction, 3 yards will be sufficient to make it for a child 4 years old. Price, 20 cents.

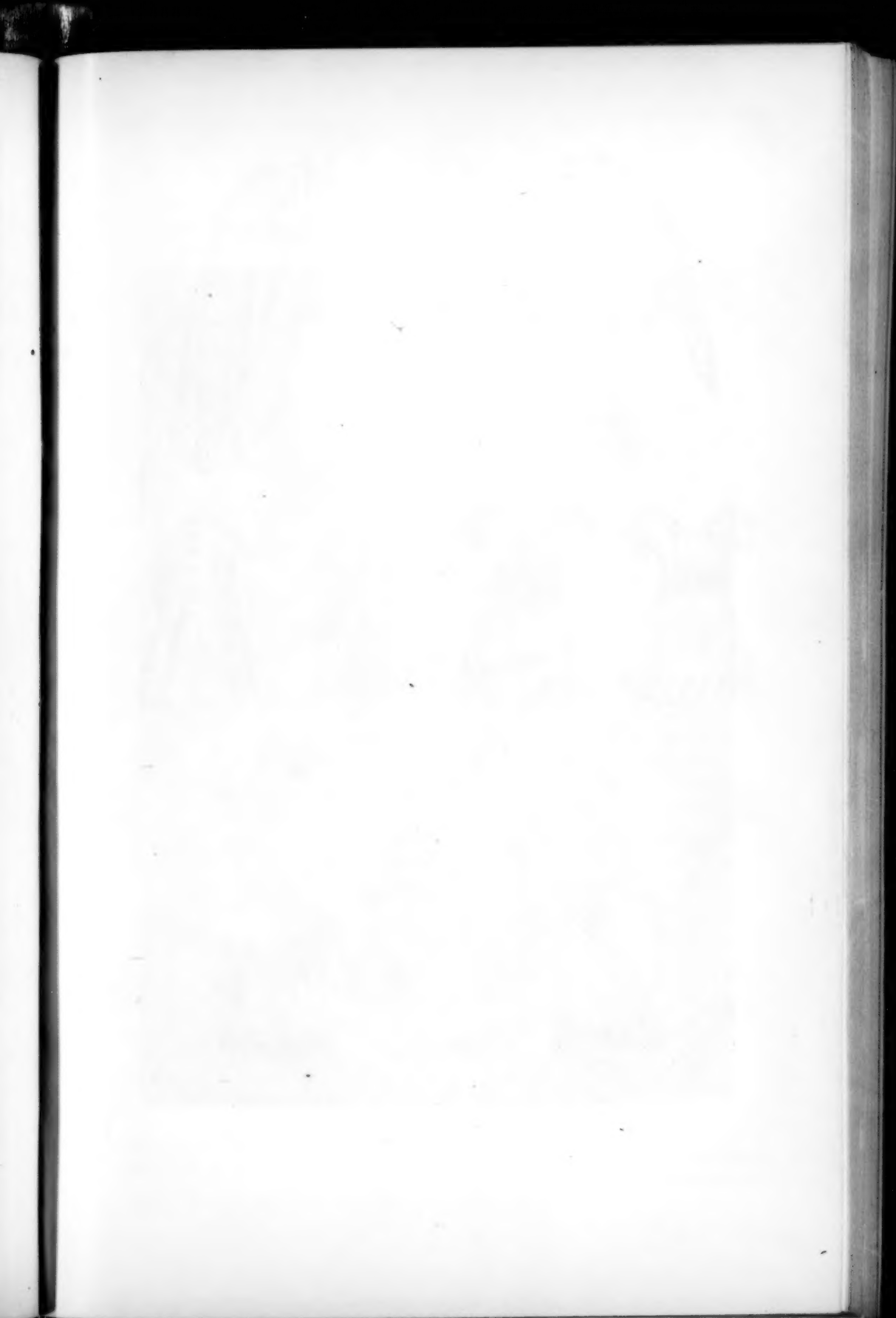


3193

Back View.

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THE EVENING HYMN.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLII.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5

Biography and General Literature.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

CARLYLE, like his illustrious countryman Burns, sprang from the better class of Scottish peasantry.

He was born on the 4th of December, 1795, in the town of Ecclefechan, parish of Hoddon, Dumfriesshire. His father was a small farmer, universally respected by the neighbors for his piety and intelligence, among whom,

in fact, he seemed to hold the position of a superior, being chosen arbitrator in all village disputes and difficulties. Proud of such a father, Carlyle glories in his plebeian birth, and thinks it more honorable than that of many a king or prince.

His education was begun at the parish school, and from thence he was sent to the High School of Annan, where he became acquainted with Edward Irving, the celebrated orator and preacher, who was also studying there at the



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(283)

same time. In his sixteenth year he entered Edinburgh University, with a view to the "Kirk," it being his father's ambition that he should embrace theology as a profession. He remained there during two sessions, studying irregularly, but reading with avidity everything that fell in his way. As Herr Teufelsdröckh, in "Sartor Resartus," he tells us how he succeeded in "fishing up from the chaos of its library more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof," and thus learned, on his own strength, to "read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences; and further, as man is ever the prime object to man, to read character in speculation, and from the writing to construe the writer."

After such a wide survey of the field of books, it is not surprising that the youthful student was plunged into doubt and perplexity, finding much that was at war with orthodoxy and the Calvinistic creed of his ancestors. But with characteristic courage and independence he worked out an original path for himself, and discovered, to use his own words, that "the one end, essence and use of all religion, past, present and to come, was this only: to keep that same moral conscience or inner light of ours alive and shining." For him a living faith was necessary; his soul abhorred shams and quackeries, and he looked forth with righteous indignation upon a world teeming with them. Sincerity in thought and act he valued above everything else; fraud, whether in high places or low, he attacked relentlessly. He has been called the "Jeremiah of modern days," the "Puritan seer;" and there is truth in both appellations, for he unites the Hebrew prophet's fire and inspiration to the self-sacrificing sternness of a Milton or Cromwell. "Away with your masks!" he cries; "let us see your true features. Show us what you are; let your thoughts be your own; dare to be *yourself*; have the courage to dare to be something, anything, so that you are not false. Action! action!—work! work!—not words and writing; by work alone can you develop your own nature, and elevate the world in which you live."

It has been objected by theologians that Carlyle preaches works rather than faith, as if there were an antagonism between the two, and one were not the necessary outcome of the other.

Carlyle's religion has also been termed pantheism; but does he not expressly recognize the existence of God, the "Author" and "Writer" of the "Volume of Nature," a "Volume of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here and there a line?" His faculty for searching out the inner meaning and moral sense of things, has, perhaps, led him to undervalue creeds, but no man has a higher reverence for that Divine principle which should be their spirit and essence.

After leaving the University, Carlyle served a short apprenticeship as tutor in a gentleman's family, an employment particularly uncongenial to one of his sturdy, independent character.

Finally, in 1823, having given up all thoughts of becoming a clergyman, he embraced literature as a profession. His first published work was a translation of "Legendre's Geometry," to which was prefixed an original "Treatise on Proportions," mathematics having been one of his favorite studies. His translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and his "Life of Schiller," soon afterward appeared—works that drew out varying criticisms, the first being severely attacked both by De Quincy and Lord Jeffrey, while the latter was admitted to possess genuine merit.

A year or two later, Carlyle married Miss Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and removed to Craighenputtoch, a small property belonging to his wife. In a letter to Goethe, Carlyle describes this estate as the "loneliest nook in Britain, fifteen miles to the northwest of Dumfries, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea." It was here that Carlyle commenced writing that splendid series of essays which first drew attention to the riches of German literature, and opened up a new world of thought and investigation. He was peculiarly fitted for this task, both from his knowledge of the German tongue and his remarkable talent for historical portraiture. The figures he drew upon his canvas of Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, and others less known, inspired an interest in them not merely as authors, but as men, interpreting for us what they wrote by what they were.

He was equally successful in his likenesses of Frenchmen. Not from an English, but from a human stand-point, he penetrated the individualities of Voltaire, Mirabeau and Diderot, and thus succeeded in comprehending, and making us comprehend, the worth and value of their performances.

Nor did he forget his own countrymen in his search after what was true and genuine in literature; his eloquent essay on Burns cleared away the rubbish, and showed us the foundations upon which that poet had builded even better than "he himself knew." He invested the uncouth figure of Dr. Johnson also with a kind of moral dignity, and turned toward us the despised one of "Boxzy" in a new light, making us forget the pedantry of the one in admiration of the rugged commonsense underlying it, and revealing in the other a faint gleam of nobleness where we had before seen only vanity and self-conceit.

"Sartor Resartus" ("The Tailor Done Over"), by many considered Carlyle's best work, was also written upon his moorland farm, and published in *Fraser's Magazine*, after having been refused by various London booksellers. Professing to be a history or biography of Herr Teufelsdröckh, it contains in reality a description of Carlyle's own struggles and aspirations, together with many reminiscences of his childhood and youth. It is a curious mixture of the grotesque and sublime; at one moment, mad and riotous with humor; the next, full of pathos and solemnity; here disclosing vistas of unearthly beauty; anon plunging us into depths, black with horror; the whole lighted up by such flashes of genius and imagination as may well dazzle weaker understandings. And yet the violent contrasts of its style, the rude way in which ideas the most discordant jostle one another, its impassioned rhapsodies and bursts of rage and ridicule, overwhelm us, not only with awe and enthusiasm, but with something that borders at times upon repulsion. We find it difficult to comprehend this eccentric genius that, as Taine has said, "puts a solemn garb over comic ideas, a clown's jacket over grave ones." But at the same time we recognize its strength and originality, and feel both heart and brain invigorated by its utterances.

In 1837, Carlyle, having removed to London, published a "History of the French Revolution," the first work that bore his name on its title page. With wonderful insight it brought that wild epoch, and the actors therein, visibly before us, in a series of lurid pictures that will forever haunt the memory. It is not history in the strictest sense, for we have no comprehensive views of men or

things, but only detached scenes and solitary figures that suddenly start up, real and living as it were, with a distinctness almost painful. Carlyle's theory is a novel one; according to him, the "the history of the world is the history of the great men who have worked there," and everything we see accomplished is but the "outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts" that dwell in them. Upon hero-worship is founded all society, progress and civilization. Hence, in treating of a past age, he seeks to resuscitate the souls of those who dwell in it, and regards not outward forms so much as inner feelings. This is the true method; but, unfortunately, he exalts the heroic at the expense of the commonplace, and only gives us whatever strikes his fancy or illustrates his theory. We have but a partial view therefore; and yet so vivid is his imagination that he brings us face to face with what he sees himself, and throws upon it such a light as brings out all its details and surroundings to the minutest item. How, in "Past and Present," the very soul of the old monk, Jocelin of Brakeloud, is laid bare, and we are made to comprehend what he felt, and thought, and suffered!

Even more remarkable is that wonderful master-piece of his, entitled, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations and a Connecting Narrative." The title explains the work; and yet what a mass of evidence is here brought forward, and how the character of Cromwell comes forth from the test purified and renewed. At last we realize the grand sentiment that inspired those old Puritans, the stern truths that had taken hold of their hearts, and can even trace to its source their very intolerance. "They were struck by the idea of duty. They examined themselves by this light, without pity and shrinking; they conceived the sublime model of infallible and complete virtue; they were imbued therewith; they drowned in this absorbing thought all worldly prejudices and all inclination of the senses; they conceived a horror even of imperceptible faults; they exacted from themselves absolute and continuous perfection, and entered into life with a fixed resolve to suffer and do all, rather than deviate one step."

Of Carlyle's other writings we have not space to speak; they are all characterized by a spiritual insight and fervor of imagination that, had it been united to a sense of harmony and proportion, would have made him the greatest poet in the language. But, unfortunately, his peculiar defects also seem to come more and more into prominence with each succeeding work, and one wearies at times of the obscurities under which his thought lies hidden, and the cynical humor that finds in the weakness of poor human nature only a subject for ridicule or despair. He is still a powerful preacher; his words still glow with prophetic fire; but he has infected us at last with some of his own distrust, and we are half inclined to retaliate when he calls us "shams" and "humbugs."

With all deductions, however, he remains, as Professor Lowell has said, the "profoundest critic and most dramatic imagination of modern times." His influence upon literature can hardly be over-estimated, for everywhere his ideas reappear, clothed in various forms; but for all that recognizable, and retaining yet some vestiges of the divine fire that kindled them. Reverential gratitude he may well claim, for no other writer has done more to inspire and awaken, and at the same time elevate, human thought and endeavor.

One further extract, and we are done. It is from a letter of Madame Fuller-Ossoli, describing his conversation.

"Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings," she says, "his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, but harangues, and bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. * * * He is indeed arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love; it is the arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, not revere; but you like him heartily, and like to see him, the powerful smith, the Seigfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you if you heedlessly go too near. * * * His talk is like his books, full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly; allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is not exactly like anything but himself, and therefore you cannot see him without the most hearty refreshment and good will, for he is original, rich and strong enough to afford a thousand faults; one expects some wild land in a rich kingdom."

EARLY TIMES: OUR NEIGHBORS. A REMINISCENCE.

BY M. L. O.

IT was early in the spring of 1845 that we settled in the central part of Wisconsin. Several neighbors moved in and settled around us during the spring and following summer.

People who live in log houses in a new and sparsely-settled country, far from town, church or post-office—as we lived then—are yet very much like other folks in some respects; where there is love, there is romance; where there are women, there is gossip; and where there is common humanity, there is neighborly interest.

Every one knows his neighbor and something of his neighbor's history, and all are bound together by close acquaintance and ties of common interest and common danger.

The romance in our neighborhood that summer was not much to speak of. Indeed, there was nothing remarkable about it, except to the parties concerned; but as they became our nearest neighbors, I must tell you something of the particulars.

I am sure you will call it a very prosy affair if I begin at the time of our acquaintance with them; for there was nothing remarkable in a young man coming into the place and selecting a farm, and putting up a house, and then bringing a stove and furniture, and finally his wife! Oh, no! but when you understand that just back of these events was the long courtship, the weary waiting, the hopeless hoping, the final consent and at last the tender parting that he might go and prepare a home where their golden dream of the future should be realized, you will then know that to them it was the romance of their lives.

They came there in their honeymoon from the town of B—, thirty miles distant, and quietly went to house-keeping. Their reception was a very original one and quite novel, even then. Some of our neighbors below walked two miles and back, after dark, to accomplish it.

When they arrived at their new home it was beginning to get dark. Mr. S. proceeded to kindle a fire, and as

the light shone out and illumined the room, Mrs. S. proceeded to take a survey of the apartments—as any woman just going to housekeeping would. She just gave one look and screamed. There was a horrid-looking man standing there in one corner of the room, and a horrid-looking woman in another. Mr. S. did not seem so very frightened, he might have thought it only a shadow anyhow, but he proceeded to investigate, and knocked them down.

She lost her terror when she perceived that they were images. He dragged them out and threw them into a tree, where they remained for the night. The next day, the neighbors' children, at her special request, performed the crows' part and picked them to pieces.

She was not one of the brave, stout-hearted, pioneer women that you read of, but was shy and sensitive, and ready to tremble at any unusual sight or sound; but she was a good woman and we soon got acquainted with her and loved her very much.

The next neighbor below was a blacksmith. He lived a half a mile from us, and had a petite little wife, who represented the aristocracy among us. The floors in her house were planed—they must be, or she would not live in it; though the other women of the neighborhood were content if they had a floor at all, be it ever so rough. She was a nice, chatty person to visit with, and if her hands were the smallest and whitest and softest, her neighbors could restrain all feelings of envy when they noticed that her husband's face was also the saddest and her children's shoulders the most stooping of any in the neighborhood.

He worked a farm and did the neighborhood blacksmithing in a small shop by the roadside.

The next neighbor below was plain Farmer C., who had a farm, a snug little house, a sweet-tempered wife and three little children for his earthly blessings at that time.

But Dame Gossip had something extraordinary to employ her when our neighbors moved in above. They had come as the flying come; having been living with the Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois, they were mobbed and driven out with them by the exasperated citizens.

The first that we knew of their presence in the neighborhood was one Sunday morning, when we saw the old lady coming slowly down toward our house. At first we mistook her for an Indian, but soon saw that it was a white person and a woman.

They had camped a half a mile above us at a military bridge (one that had been built in the Black Hawk war a few years before,) and we must go up and see them.

Theirs was a pitiful story, truly! Their family had been scattered in several directions! There were the father and mother and three sons. One of them was married and had also his family, consisting of a wife and three children. The father of the son's wife had been killed in his own house—shot down in his own door, and the building set on fire while his family ran for their lives.

Many of the people were killed, Joe Smith, their leader, among the number. All were driven out and scattered. One son and daughter of our neighbor's, with their families, went into Canada. Another daughter went another way.

It must have been a sad picture in their memories ever after—that terrible scene of bloodshed. We were filled with horror at the recital, and gave them all our sympathy. Father assured them that they would be unmolested

where they were, and as they were so unsettled, he advised them to stay until they could determine what to do.

The land upon which they were camped was part of a school section, and no one would be likely to claim it; and as it would not be in market for a number of years, they could live there as long as they might choose to, without fear of the land being sold from under them.

They concluded to follow my father's advice, and stay a while. In a few days a log house was rolled up near the camp, and our friends moved in and began to put in crops and live once more. In the course of the summer another log house was put up, a short distance from the first, for the son's family.

Whether they were firm believers in the Mormon doctrine, I never knew. They never joined them again. One thing I know: whatever may have been their belief on that subject, as to life they were not much given to marrying. They probably found one wife all-sufficient. Indeed, it was a long time before the young men married at all.

They were very quiet neighbors, and generally quite reserved, except in common, everyday occurrences. We used to think them odd, sometimes, but I have since observed that oddity, eccentricity and peculiarity oftentimes cover a sorrowing, disappointed or broken heart, and wonder if it was not the severe trial that passed over them at that time, that may have made them appear peculiar.

There was one other remarkable character in our neighborhood at that time, and that was our dog. In some things he seemed almost human. He hated the Indians as thoroughly as did our neighbor, the major—of whom I told you before. One circumstance of his dealing with one of them I will relate, to show you his remarkable sagacity. In that act his faculties seemed to almost reach the reasoning powers of the human being.

After the white people had begun to settle around, the Indians gradually withdrew, until very few were seen, except as they passed through from one place to another; but that day there were several seen around through the neighborhood. For some reason the men folks were away from home; father and brothers, and also our nearest neighbor. A saucy-looking Indian, with his gun in his hand, came up to our fence and was just about to spring over when the dog met him. He stopped, and so did the dog, and remained on the inside of the fence. We watched him through the cracks in our house, for we were too much frightened to venture out. Several times he attempted to get over the fence, and as often as he tried, the dog would jump up on the fence and growl, as if to say, "Come on, if you dare." He shook his gun at him, and scolded, and coaxed, but all to no purpose; he was immovable. Mother was afraid that he might shoot the dog, but thought she would not call him off as long as he remained inside.

While they stood there passing compliments in that way, Mrs. S., half frightened to death, came running up to our house. She had seen the Indians around, and being alone also, had come there for safety. She sprang over the fence, passing right by the Indian, and came in as usual. He tried again and again to get over, but could not, without a fight, and so finally gave it up and started off around the fence. Just above our enclosure the creek flowed over a gravel bed in shallow ripples, which was a regular fording place for them. He passed around the fence toward the ford, and the dog walked around on the inside, accompanying him, and watched him until he

passed into the woods on the other side, and then he came to the house and lay down. It must have been fully an hour that he stood there worrying the dog and trying to cross the fence. The dog was large and powerful, and would very likely have used the poor Indian pretty roughly if he had felt inclined to tackle him, and the wonder is that he did not; for when in the woods with my brothers, on meeting with or seeing Indians near, they always had to hold him to keep him from attacking them. But on that day his whole aspect was, "you mind your business and I will mine;" and he attended him off with such seeming respect—who could have done better?

He came to an untimely death a few years later, being killed by the falling of a heavy timber at a "raising," and we felt as though we had lost a friend when we lost him. But we were all so thankful that no person was hurt by the accident, that we were glad to say, "it was only our dog."

Our neighbors and ourselves lived and prospered side by side for years and years. The streams were full of fish, the woods were full of game and the new ground, when broken up and planted, brought forth abundantly. When one had, another did not want. If we *did* have to go ten and twenty miles to mill, one grist generally accommodated the whole neighborhood. But it was not many years until everything around there assumed a different aspect; schools were established, villages sprung up, churches were built, and farmers began to get rich—some of them. Railroad men of enterprise came in, and now through that once wilderness, where the red man roamed at will, the locomotive screams, and along the route where we travelled with our covered wagon, and oven, and kettle of coals to warm our feet and hands, when we started on our winter journey to find a new home, the traveller flies along on cushioned seat in a most elegant car, accomplishing in five hours the journey that took us as many days. So the world moves on. Would that the happiness of the people did also increase in the same ratio.

BRIDGES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WEBSTER tells us that a bridge is "any structure of wood, stone, brick or iron, raised over a river, pond or lake, for the passage of men and other animals. Among rude nations bridges are sometimes formed of other materials; and sometimes they are formed of boats, or logs of wood lying on the water, fastened together, covered with planks, and called floating bridges. A bridge over a marsh is made of logs, or other materials, laid upon the surface of the earth." The great lexicographer proceeds to describe pendant or hanging-bridges, draw-bridges, flying-bridges and the bridge of the nose.

Probably the first bridge ever used by humanity was one of nature's own construction, and consisted of a fallen tree stretched across a narrow stream or chasm. These bridges have not gone out of date even yet, and every one who has passed any portion of his life in the country, can probably recall his experiences in crossing just such a rude bridge. It takes a steady, clear head to walk on the rounded surface of the fallen log with a firm and certain tread, and glance down into the depths beneath.

There is yet another kind of natural bridge more enduring and more imposing than this simple fallen, decaying log. This bridge is formed by the action of the

stream itself over which the bridge extends. The water working for ages among the rocks, gradually wears for itself a channel *through* them, and leaves an arch of solid stone spanning above it. There are several of these works of nature in the world, but the largest, the most perfect in form, and the one best known, is the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge county, Virginia, a stupendous arch of limestone rock over a chasm fifty feet wide at the base and ninety feet at the top.

The log falling across the stream naturally suggested to a primitive people the construction of rude bridges by placing logs or planks across narrow streams to serve as footpaths. But where a stream was of any width, this was unavailable. The constructive faculties of these people were taxed to their utmost to devise means of transit across deep and wide abysses where boats could not be used. What the results of their contrivance were may still be seen in semi-civilized countries. They are at least curious, if not satisfactory. The "suspension-bridge," *pure et simple*, consisting of a single rope, is the first step taken in the construction of bridges when it is inexpedient to imitate nature's plan of the fallen log. These bridges are still found in mountainous regions among barbarous people. They are frequently met with in the Himalayas, and the descriptions given of them by travellers, and their astonishment at first seeing them, are often quite amusing. A Mr. Beste, who took a sporting trip to the Himalayas, describes such a bridge over the Ganges. He says: "When we reached the river, and found one thick, coarse rope stretched across from side to side, so loosely as to be swinging, we naturally asked for the bridge. Our amusement on learning that this one rope, stretching from banks about one hundred feet apart at the top, was the suspension-bridge we had to cross, was intense. * * * At first sight of it we had naturally supposed that the manner of crossing the bridge consisted in simply walking across the rope *a la* Blondin, with perhaps a smaller rope stretched across to serve as a hand-rail; and even then the first man to venture across would have had to dispense with that slight additional security. The thing seemed absurd to us; the idea of our heavily-laden coolies, of our dogs, and especially of our timid Plain servants, gracefully tripping over a tight-rope, stretching across a roaring torrent fifty or sixty feet below, and in the midst of which there just peeped a shapely-pointed rock, to make one's fate still surer in case of a *faux pas*, was nothing short of ludicrous. And nevertheless, in less than an hour and a half, ourselves, our coolies, our baggage and stores, our servants and our dogs, were safely across. The plan followed was this: I have already said there was a loop or ring over the rope; there were two, one at each end, made of the same material, only not so thick, as the bridge itself. Fastened to these loops was a large piece of smooth wood, very like an empty reel of cotton; the loop passed through the reel, which, when it was about to be used, was placed on the 'bridge.' The loop was large enough to admit of a full-sized man's body. One bank was a foot or two higher than the opposite side, so that when the bridge was fairly 'tautened,' and the loop properly adjusted, with the large reel uppermost, resting on the rope, it (the loop) would run down nearly to the opposite side. It being impossible to stretch the rope quite straight, there was a slight dip or bend, which would prevent the loop running quite as far as the other side. These preliminaries being explained, it is only necessary to mention that the active mountaineers, used to that mode of crossing rivers, plac d

themselves into the loop, back undermost, and, with their legs and arms curled around the rope, gently slid down to nearly the opposite side, and finished the journey by pulling themselves on with their feet and hands!"

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, who made a pilgrimage to Gungotree, the source of the Ganges, found a somewhat more complicated suspension-bridge across the Sut-

seated in a rope seat suspended from the frail bridge, and drawn to the further side of the chasm. Miss Gordon Cumming's party all crossed safely by means of this suspension-bridge. This is called a Zula or Rope-bridge.

Another kind of bridge, called Suzum, is found among the Himalayas. It is formed of twigs very indifferently twisted. There are five or six cables for the feet to rest



BRIDGE OF NUECO.

ledge. This consisted of *four* ropes instead of one, "stretching from rock to rock, while far below raged the turbid river, swollen by the mass of melted snow, and tossing up angry waves, whose spray, blending with the heavy morning mist, made the farther bank almost invisible." In the case of this bridge, the traveller was

upon, and side ropes about four feet above the others to hold on by, connected with the lower ones by open wicker work, or ribs, one or two feet apart. The side ropes are at a most inconvenient distance from each other, and sometimes are so far asunder that a person cannot reach both with his extended arms. The ropes, from being con-

structed of such frail materials, do not bear much stretching, and the bridge takes a deep curve downward, sometimes its centre sinking beneath the foaming surface of the stream it spans. Frequent accidents occur by one of the side ropes giving way.

The traveller finds quite as rudely constructed bridges in South America. Among some of the wild mountain passes, the single rope does service for transporting him from shore to shore over some yawning chasm, in whose depths roars and boils an angry torrent.

Perhaps a little more convenient for travel, but scarcely safer, are the rude bridges made of maguay poles, lashed together with hide ropes and overlaid with twisted branches. Such a bridge is found at Surco, in Peru, across the Rio de San Mateo, one of the Reniac's two main forks. A picture of this bridge is given in the engraving. A traveller who has recently visited this region, says: "It was a wild, picturesque spot; a narrow little valley, deep down between stupendous masses of mountain, through which the road passed by a transverse opening. These primitive suspension-bridges are neither the safest nor most comfortable in the world, and, at some of the deeper and wider chasms which they span, the ropes become chafed, and there are frequently terrible accidents. This does not disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants, who carelessly patch up the rotten structure, and placidly wait for the next calamity. In crossing the longest of these man-traps, a most sickly sensation is produced by the peculiar vibrating motion."

In striking contrast to these "primitive suspension-bridges" are the magnificent structures also known as suspension-bridges, which in civilized countries are made to span deep and wide chasms where ordinary bridges would be difficult or impossible. The suspension-bridge at Niagara, considered in the day of its building as a wonderful feat of engineering skill, is one of these, and is familiar not only in name but to the remembrance of many of my readers, who have visited it in some of their sight-seeing excursions. But this bridge sinks into insignificance when compared with many others of the same character since constructed. One of the most wonderful of these, if not the most wonderful, is a suspension-bridge across the Menai Strait which separates Wales from the Island of Anglesea. This bridge is exceedingly long, and so high that the largest ships can sail beneath it.

Another bridge crosses this same strait—an immense tubular bridge, through which a railway passes, which may almost be set down as one of the wonders of the modern world.

America is especially celebrated for her magnificent viaducts, which, to meet the exigencies of railway travel, are thrown across her broad rivers. But it is needless to specify or describe these. Every one has seen and crossed one or more of them.

Perhaps the greatest miracle of engineering which this age is thinking about is a bridge from Dover in England to Calais in France, a distance of twenty miles. It is said that it is possible to build substantial piers, at proper intervals, from shore to shore to sustain this bridge, which it is proposed to make sufficiently high so that it shall not interfere with the passage of the largest steamers and sailing vessels. If this is ever accomplished, and it is not impossible in these days, when nothing seems impossible to the engineer and scientist, it will outdo all the wonders of the past.

It has often been found necessary to construct temporary bridges. Especially this has been the case in the

march of an army. For this purpose various contrivances have been used to form floating bridges. The Duke of Wellington, in his Indian campaign, in 1800, having occasion to cross a river which, by floods, had become too deep to be fordable, caused a number of basket boats to be constructed. These boats were made water-proof by being covered with hides. Sometimes a number of inflated skin-bags are used instead of boats. A light framework of planks is placed from shore to shore on a row of these inflated skins, and serves as a bridge. Air-tight cases of more durable materials than skin or canvas have been used for the same purpose. Sometimes a series of these cases are lashed together in the form of a raft, while a line of these rafts stretched across the river, and kept steady by means of ropes, forms a bridge sufficiently firm to allow of the passage of cavalry.

Empty casks have often been used as the buoyant supporters of a temporary bridge. The Russians, in the war against the Turks and Tartars, made a systematic use of casks for this purpose, every company taking with it its barrel of water for its own use, also eight or ten planks, by the aid of which to make the cask, when it should become empty, serve the purposes of a bridge.

Pontoons are adopted more or less by armies of modern times. A pontoon is a kind of low, flat vessel, formed of a wooden framework. These pontoons are to act as substitutes for boats in building a bridge of boats, or a "pontoon-bridge," and are carried with an army as part of its stores, when likely to be necessary. Each pontoon is carried on a distinct wheel-carriage formed for its reception, and with each one are stowed away all the materials for one portion of the bridge. In building a pontoon-bridge, the pontoons are ranged across the river in a parallel series, and fastened either by a rope passing from shore to shore, or else by anchors, one to each pontoon. The intervals between the pontoons are rather greater than the width of the pontoons themselves. A bridge is then constructed upon them of strong beams, wooden bars and flooring or "chesses." This bridge is sufficiently substantial for infantry, cavalry and artillery to pass over it.

The floating bridge is not alone the temporary resort of an army. It is found a permanent feature in some localities. Thus at Cologne there is a magnificent bridge of boats across the Rhine.

A flying bridge is a floating platform or boat which is sent obliquely up stream, but which the action of the current forces toward the opposite shore. This result is obtained by having an anchor firmly imbedded in the river some distance above the line of intended passage. To this anchor a cable is attached whose other end is fastened to the boat or platform. If the boat be kept with its length making an angle with the stream, the current will drive it over from one bank to the other, in a circular arc, of which the length of the cable is the radius.

Sometimes the anchor is dispensed with, and a rope, stretched across from shore to shore, used in its stead, to prevent the boat from descending the river, while the obliquity of the boat's direction and the current together unite in forcing it to make the required passage.

There are other methods of constructing these flying bridges, but a description of them would be, of necessity, too complicated to interest the ordinary reader.

It does not seem necessary to enter into any description of draw-bridges. Those who have, on occasions like the writer of this article, been forced to spend weary minutes, and risk missing a train, waiting for an open draw to

close, have found the time all too long to learn all they cared about knowing of this peculiar kind of bridge. And those who have, also like the writer of this article, while pursuing a peaceful and pleasant journey, come to a bridge with its draw permanently open, and been obliged to retrace weary miles to find an available crossing-place, will not care if they never see another.

REMARKABLE CLOCKS.

CLOCKS without mechanism, or water clocks, were of very ancient invention. In the common kind, the water issued drop by drop through a small hole from the vessel that contained it, and fell into a receiver, in which some light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by these means the time that had elapsed. These were used by the Egyptians and Greeks long before the Christian era, and were introduced into Rome about one hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ. Julius Cæsar, when he invaded Britain, 55 B.C., found a water clock in use amongst the natives, and by the help of it is said to have observed that the summer nights in Britain were shorter than those of Italy.

In the course of time, clocks with mechanism were invented; and of the first *striking* clock ever known, there is a curious account given by the Abbot Eginhart, who was an eye-witness of it. In the year 800, Abdalla, King of Persia, sent by two monks of Jerusalem to the Emperor Charlemagne, a time-piece which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock, curiously constructed of brass. When the twelve hours were completed, there issued out of twelve windows in this horologe (which until then stood open) twelve horsemen, who returning again, shut the windows after them when they marched back. The hours were noted by the sounding of a cymbal, and the striking of the hours was managed by the fall of twelve brass balls, on bells placed beneath them. It is recorded that this clock had many other curious mechanisms, and was regarded as a great novelty in Europe.

Alfred the Great used candle clocks, which were made with as much wax as would make six candles, each twelve inches in length, with the divisions of inches marked on them. These being lighted one after another, burnt four hours each, at the rate of an inch for every twenty minutes. Thus the six candles lasted twenty-four hours. But this did not answer, as frequently the wind blew them out; so the king caused some fine white horn to be scraped till it was transparent, and thus formed some primitive lanterns.

It is not known when the first wheel clocks were invented. It is believed they were first known in Geneva, in the ninth century; and in the eleventh century, clocks were not uncommon that were made with weights and wheels. The first of the wheel clocks that was known in England, was to be seen at old St. Paul's Cathedral in London, for it is mentioned in the year 1286. This clock was struck by figures like those removed about 1833 from St. Dunstan's. This ancient horologe had given name to one of the aisles of the cathedral before the year 1298. It had evidently had automaton figures, which struck the quarters of the clock, for they are mentioned by an old writer, 1609, as "Paul's Jacks." It was formerly not uncommon for churches and market-houses to have automata to strike the hour, the usual name for which was "Jacks o' the clock-house." The building of the present Cathedral of St. Paul's was commenced in the year 1675. In a

newspaper called the *Affairs of the World*, published in 1700, is a notice that "Mr. Pompon, the famous watch-maker in Fleet Street, is making a clock for St. Paul's Cathedral, which is to go for one hundred years without winding up;" but this project was not carried out.

The present clock at St. Paul's is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels and the fineness of its works. It was made by Lang Bradley in 1708, at a cost of £300. It has two dial plates; one south, and one west. Each is between fifty and sixty feet in circumference. One of them was described in 1844 as being the largest clock in this country that has a minute hand, but that was before the clock at the Houses of Parliament was erected. A few of the clocks in Flanders strike on large bells, but they require to be wound up every day, and in some cases twice in the twenty-four hours. At St. Paul's the minute hands are about eight or nine feet long, and weigh seventy-five pounds each; and the hour hands are between five and six feet long, and weigh forty-four pounds each. The hour numerals are a little over two feet in height. The minute strokes of the dial are about eight inches long. The pendulum is sixteen feet long, and its bob weighs one hundred and eighty pounds; but it is suspended by a spring no thicker than a shilling. Its beat is two seconds; that is, thirty to a minute, instead of sixty. The clock goes eight days, and strikes the hour on the great bell, which is suspended about forty feet from the floor. The hammer lies on the outside brim of the bell, has a large head, weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds, is drawn by a wire at the back part of the clock-work, and falls again by its own weight on the bell. The clapper weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. The diameter of the bell is ten feet; the weight is between one hundredweight and two hundred weights, and it is inscribed, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716."

This clock strikes so loud, that Mr. Reid, in a treatise on clocks, says he heard it at Windsor, June 1773, twenty-two miles off. There is also a curious anecdote given in Walcott's "Memorials of Westminster," as recorded in the *Public Advertiser*, June 22d, 1770: "Mr. John Hatfield, who died last Monday at his house in Aldersgate, aged one hundred and two, was a soldier in the reign of William and Mary, and was the person who was tried and condemned by a court-martial for falling asleep on his duty, upon Windsor Terrace. He absolutely denied the charge against him, and solemnly declared that he heard St. Paul's clock strike *thirteen*, the truth of which was doubted, because of the great distance. But whilst he was under sentence of death, an affidavit was made by several persons that the clock did actually strike thirteen instead of twelve, whereupon he received his majesty's pardon." This great clock was originally called "Tom of Westminster," and was formerly at Westminster, but it was removed to St. Paul's early in the eighteenth century.

There still remain many curious old clocks in England, especially at Hampton Court, Wells Cathedral, etc.; but we must pass on to the only two remaining English clocks which we shall have space to describe. The first of these is at Westminster Palace, first erected in 1855. The four dials are twenty-two feet in diameter, and the figures upon them, which are thickly gilt, are relieved by a blue surface. These dials are the largest in the world with minute hands; which on account of their great length, velocity, weight, friction and the action of the wind upon them, require twenty times more force to drive them than the hour hands. This clock goes for a week. The great

wheel of the works is twenty-seven inches in diameter; the pendulum is fifteen feet long, and weighs six hundred and eighty pounds; and the scape wheel, which is driven by the musical-box spring, weighs about half an ounce. The great wheels have all one hundred and eighty teeth. This clock is said to be at least eight times as large as a full-sized cathedral clock. It affords its keepers two hours' work to wind it up. On October 1st, 1859, the great clock at Westminster, called "Big Ben," stopped whilst in the act of striking. The first great bell had been cracked in the sounding at Westminster before it was attempted to be raised. It was then broken in pieces, and recast with two and a half tons less metal. This bell also cracked as above mentioned, but has been repaired, and is now in use. Mr. Cowper stated, in 1860, that £20,300 had been expended on "Big Ben" up to that time.

The last English clock which we have to describe, was at the late Royal Exchange. The first Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, a famous merchant in London, in 1566, but that building was burnt down, as was another afterward; and the Royal Exchange of which we now speak, had the most remarkable clock in London. Its chimes consisted of fifteen bells, which cost £300. It had four dials, chimes, and four wind dials. The chimes played at three, six, nine and twelve o'clock. On Sunday, it played the "One hundred and fourth Psalm;" on Monday, "God save the King;" on Tuesday, the "Waterloo March;" on Wednesday, "There's nae luck about the house;" on Thursday, "Life let us cherish;" on Friday, "See the conquering hero comes;" on Saturday, "The Foot Guards' March." On January 10th, 1838, the Exchange was again entirely consumed by fire, the clock tower alone remaining. The dials indicated the exact time at which the flames reached them: north, at twenty-five minutes past one; south, at five minutes past five. The last air played by the chimes at twelve, was the very appropriate one of "There's nae luck about the house."

And now we must give some account of foreign clocks of celebrity, the first-named of these being the most famous clock ever known. All our readers have heard of the famous city of Strasburg, formerly the capital of the department du Bas Rhine in France, which forms part of the old province of Alsace, and was a bishop's See. It has six bridges between the different quarters of the city, and six gates, and the citadel and fortifications were considered the strongest in Europe. Now, however, it has been shattered, taken and ruined by the Prussians, in the late Franco-German war; but there still remains its renowned cathedral, although much injured by the bombardment. This cathedral has a beautiful pyramidal tower, four hundred and seventy feet high, on which hung the standard of France; and it is said that, until quite lately, the Prussians, though making every exertion, could neither lower nor destroy it. It is now said that they have succeeded, by sending a man up in the dark, who lowered it, but the man was killed in so doing. Within the cathedral is the famous astronomical clock, the most celebrated that ever existed. It is about twenty feet high, and was preceded by another of monstrous size of which nothing remains. The present clock at Strasburg was begun by Conradus Dasypodius, professor of mathematics, in 1571, and completed in 1574; and it is related that the original artisan of the clock (for several workmen were employed on it) became blind before he had completed his work; but notwithstanding, he finished it himself, refusing to inform any one else of the design, and

preferring to complete it, blind as he was. In this curious piece of mechanism, the revolutions of the sun, the moon and the planets are marked down with scientific exactness; and the instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a Pelican, who is portrayed under the globe on which the signs are seen. It would be too long to describe all the particulars of this clock, but the eclipses which are to be seen for years to come are marked on it. On Sunday, the sun is drawn about on his chariot till the day is spent, when he is drawn into another place; and as he disappears you have Monday, that is the moon, and the horses of Mars' chariot showing forth their heads, and so on for every day in the week. There is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful figures of children are joined to either side of this. The one on the north side has a sceptre in his hand, and when the clock strikes he tells every stroke. The other, on the south side, holds an hour-glass in his hand, which runs exactly with the clock, and when the clock has struck he turns his glass. There are also four little bells, on which the quarters of an hour are struck. At the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and then goes and stays at the fourth bell until the next quarter. Then comes a youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child. At the third quarter comes a man at arms, with a halberd in his hand, which strikes three bells, and then he succeeds to the place of the youth. At the fourth quarter comes an old man with a staff, having a crook at the end, and he with much difficulty, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter till the next quarter. Immediately comes Death to strike the clock, who is in a room above the others; and you must understand that at each quarter he had come forth to try to carry away with him each of the former ages, but at the opposite end of the room where he is comes forth Christ, and drives him in; but when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes the proper hour with his bone, and stands at his bell till the next quarter. At noon, the twelve apostles advance in succession, to bend down before the figure of our Saviour, who gives them the benediction. In the tower at the top of the clock there are pleasant chimes, which sound at three, seven and eleven o'clock, each time in different tunes; and at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide they chime a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime is finished, a cock, which stands on the top of the tower, stretches out his neck, claps his wings and crows three times. It is said to be the most curious piece of clockwork in Europe, though there are many wonderful old clocks in different parts of the continent, in the great cities and cathedrals.

Another marvellous specimen of clockwork is to be seen at the Palace of Friedenstein, in Gotha, one of the many palaces belonging to the Duke of Coburg and Gotha, elder brother of the late Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria. It is an astronomical clock and orrery, and was the labor of an ingenious monk for forty years. It has recorded with accuracy for upwards of one hundred years the motions of the heavenly bodies, the days, months and years in their eternal round; one hand moving over an inch of the dial in the brief space of a second; another toiling through the same long and weary journey in a hundred years; and a feeling of awe involuntarily creeps over the mind, as one contemplates the little index that has pointed out the rise and fall of empires, progressing

in its silent onward course like the unerring course of time.

There is a curious old clock at Lubeck, constructed about A. D. 1589. It represents the heavenly bodies until the year 1875, and when it strikes twelve a number of automaton figures are set in motion; the electors of Germany enter from a small side-door, and perform the ceremony of inaugurating the emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when, after receiving His benediction, the whole cavalcade retires amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels. On each side are bas-reliefs, illustrative of passages in the life of our Saviour. In that of the Last Supper, a mouse is seen peeping from beneath the white table-cloth, and this animal represents the armorial bearings of the once puissant Lubeck, formerly the head of the famous Hanseatic League, formed there in 1164.

The largest clock in the world is a skeleton clock at Malines, or Mechlin, in Belgium. It has only one hand, and makes one revolution in twelve hours.

We will conclude with the curious clock at Versailles, near Paris, called the "Clock of the Death of the King." This clock is wholly without works, and has only one hand, which is stationary to the hour that it is set to denote the king's demise, where it remains till the death of his successor. There is at Versailles "*Le Cour de Marbre*," so called from its marble pavement. This court has been the scene of great events. The three central windows on the first floor are those of the king's bedroom. On the death of the king, the master of the household would proclaim, "*Le Roi est mort*;" and breaking his staff of office, would take up another, adding, "*Vive le Roi*!" The clock was then set to the hour at which the monarch had expired, and remained until the death of his successor. This clock was first ordered by King Louis XIII., and continued in use until the death of the unfortunate King Louis XVI., when it may well be imagined it was never thought of; whilst his still more unhappy son, King Louis XVII., never actually reigned, and died in prison at the age of ten years, 1795. This custom was last observed at the death of King Louis XVIII., in 1824. His successor, King Charles X., abdicated his throne in 1830, and died in exile at Gratz, in Styria, in 1836, at which time the Orleans dynasty was in power.

SUMMER IS COMING.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

SUMMER is coming! numberless voices
Gladly the tidings so welcome, proclaim;
Voices in sunshine and leaflet and blossom,
In the fulness of joy all tell us the same.

For thee, O summer! sad hearts are longing,
Tidings of thee all the balmy air fills;
Haste, gentle summer, to clothe the fair meadows—
Thy lovely green mantle spread over the hills.

"Spring-time is passing, soon comes fair summer,"
Gleefully murmur the gay mountain rills;
"Mid sunshine and dew and green, swaying branches,
A sweet "song of summer" the wildwood bird trills.

Gone is the winter, spring-time is passing,
Many sweet signs of fair summer we see;
At last, oh! it cometh—blessed fruition
Of hopes which, in winter, brought gladness to me.

Each heart hath winter, darksome and chilling,
Sometime to each cometh summer and spring;
My "winter" is passing—soft summer breezes
May soon o'er my pathway life's sweet blossoms fling.

Though through deep shadows—care, pain and sorrow—
Gloomy as winter, thy life-path now be,
O grief-stricken hearts! turn to the dear Saviour—
He "spring-time" and "summer" hath, surely, for thee.

VENICE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY C.

THE history of Venice extends over many centuries, and there are few places that stand connected with a train of more interesting associations than this fortified city of Austrian Italy. Its former opulence and power, the eventful characters of its history, its present degradation, the classic recollections attached to it by those poets, who have either celebrated its former greatness or mourned its present condition, such as Tasso, Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, are all things calculated to invite inquiry and inspire an interest.

Venice occupies more than eighty small islands, situated in the lagoons of Venice, a sort of vast lake, separated from the Adriatic by a long belt of low land, and two miles from the continent, with which it is connected by a long bridge of two hundred and twenty-two arches, forming part of the railway to Padua. Venice has one hundred and fifty canals, which are crossed by about four hundred bridges. The Grand Canal runs through the heart of the city, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. The houses on each side of this canal are built of marble, very large and magnificent, and stand just by the water's edge. There is but one bridge across this canal, which is built of white marble, with a single arch, and is the most beautiful bridge in Venice.

Both in early and modern times, Venice has been connected with many of the most important events that have taken place in Europe. The crusades were a source of great profit to Venice; and for two hundred years it monopolized the trade of India, by way of Egypt, before the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope.

Venice is celebrated for its schools, colleges, libraries, picture galleries, museums and public buildings. In the fifteenth century its power was at its height.

There are few places in Venice more adapted to produce a melancholy interest than the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the Ducal Palace with the State Prison. Byron says:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise;
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand,
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

The palace was erected in the ninth century, and is built in a style rather Saracenic than Gothic, like most of the buildings in Venice. The prison was built at a later date, in consequence of a circumstance, which is thus stated by Coryat: "Before this prison was built, the town's prison was under the duke's palace; and it was thought some of the prisoners were hired by the king of

Spain to blow up the palace. After they had put to death those who were implicated, it was thought best to remove the others to another place, and built this prison."

The history of this prison is of a painful and revolting character. The Bridge of Sighs is the path which the poor unfortunate objects of tyrannical hatred or superstition are obliged to pass over, after receiving their

sentence in the palace, before they descend the steep and narrow stone stairs which lead to their prison, where neither the light nor breath of Heaven can possibly enter; being situated below the level of the canals, a hopeless abode, in this decaying but once beautiful and prosperous city.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

Natural History.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BY E. I. N. SAMMLER.

THE question suggests itself to the thoughtful person who examines the botany and zoology of Africa, whether that continent does not represent an age which for all or nearly all the remainder of the world dates far back in the remote pre-historic past? In Africa, Australia and in many of the islands of Oceania are found living plants which are only discovered in other localities in the form of fossils, showing that they passed out of existence many thousands, if not millions of years ago. So, too, still exist certain species of insects and animals in these portions of the world which find their prototypes elsewhere only among the relics of long-vanished ages.

When one allows to pass in careful review before his mind the various animals peculiar to Africa, he is struck and startled by the strange contrast they present to those of other countries. The elephant is a lineal descendant of the mastodon of the Miocene period. The rhinoceros is only a little smaller than his undoubted progenitor of the same period. The huge, unwieldy hippopotami found in Africa to-day, present no essential difference from those of ages upon ages ago. The modern crocodile is quite as hideous in form and predaceous in its habits as many of the frightful saurians of the Secondary epoch. The hyena ravages Africa to-day as its ancestors ravaged Europe in the Post-Pliocene period. In brief, the whole fauna of Africa, with their huge and often grotesque forms and frequently fierce and extremely ravenous characteristics, seem to belong rather to a pre-historic period than to one which includes the milder and more harmless animals of other regions of the world.

Even the humanity of Africa is undoubtedly of a lower type than that of other countries. Scientists will probably long dispute whether this low condition of the tribes of that country is an original and natural state or a degradation or degeneration of a higher order of manhood. It seems to me very reasonable to regard these people as still representing the infancy of the race, and as presenting the physical, mental and moral characteristics which belonged to pre-historic man in other countries. Thus the scientist, if he were of my mind, when he wished to learn the familiar, personal life of his traditional man of the stone age, instead of poring over the faint and uncertain traces of that age, would go at once to the heart of Africa and study from life.

It seems to me the whole world might be compared, geologically, to a graded school. America shows traces of a Laurentian period more remote than any discovered in Europe. Therefore America, having the earliest start, may be said to be nearest graduation, geologically. Europe and Asia are also well advanced; but Africa,

Australia and the islands of the Pacific are still, comparatively, in the elementary classes. This idea is borne out not only by the geology of these different localities, but by the existing animals and plants, as I have already intimated, each species being developed and preserved by the appropriate geological and climatic conditions which called them into being. Even the grades of humanity which exist in the different sections of the world seem to bear me out in my fancy; for, in the oldest localities, geologically speaking, are found either traces of past civilization or a high order of present intelligence among men. In fact, the material conditions favor this intelligence and call it out. Thus, if my American readers are pleased to accept my hypothesis, they may allow their national vanity to be considerably puffed up with the assumption that, as the so-called "new world" is really the oldest world of the two, geologically speaking, it is, in the very nature of things, destined to take the lead in the intellectual progress of mankind.

But if Africa has a limited past, she has, in consequence, a more extended future. Still before her are those geological revolutions, which may come with thunderbolts and convulsions, but which may also be accomplished as quietly as the grass grows and as mountains in long ages crumble down and make fertile plains out of arid deserts. When Africa shall have become, in the ordering of nature, a fitting habitation for milder animals and more intelligent men, we will find them there.

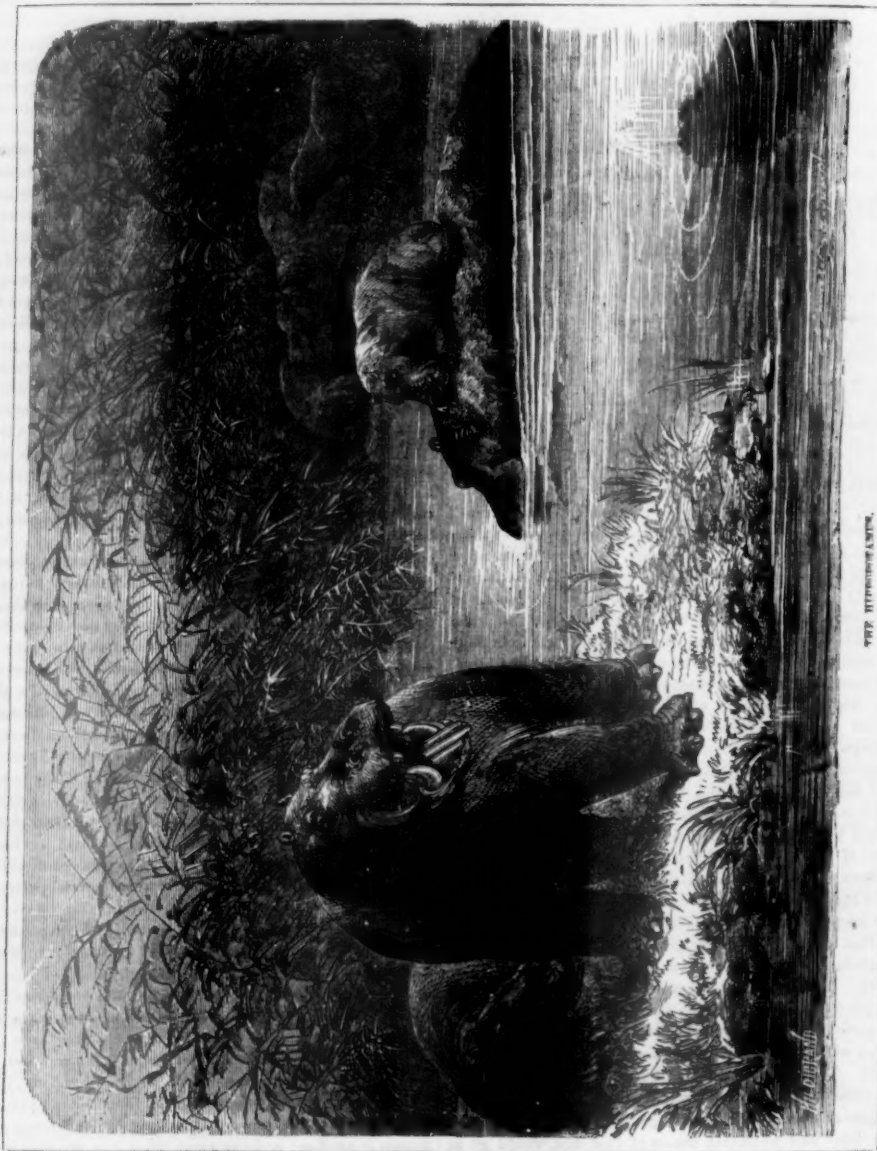
Meantime, while Africa still remains in the Tertiary period, so to speak, she forms an interesting study to the scientist and the naturalist. There is no need to delve among the strata of the rocks, and piece together fragments of fossils. Africa can hardly be said to have reached the diluvian age. It is still in the antediluvian age. Saurians and pachyderms of the identical patterns of those of the pre-historic ages still inhabit its rivers, marshes and forests. Among the latter the hippopotamus is one of the most striking, and by its bulky, unwieldy and ungainly form and apparently low order of intelligence, most forcibly reminds us of the semi-fabulous monsters of the past. Cassell's Natural History thus describes these animals: "Scarcely, if at all, inferior to the elephant in bulk, this massive animal is much lower in stature, from the shortness of its limbs. Its body, like an enormous barrel supported on four thick pillars, almost touches the ground; the head is ponderous; the muzzle is swollen; and the great, thick lips, studded with wire-like bristles, entirely conceal the projecting incisors of the lower jaw, and the huge, curved tusks or canines; the mouth is wide; the nostrils open on the top of the swollen muzzle; and the eyes, which are very small, are situated high on the head; hence, when in the water, the animal, by raising merely a small upper section of the head above the surface, can both breathe and look

around—the body remaining submerged. The ears are small and pointed; the tail is short, and furnished with a few wiry bristles. The toes—four on each foot—are tipped with small hoofs. The hide is coarse, naked and of great thickness."

The hide of the hippopotamus is made into various

should the hippopotamus discover the huntsman before he has time to throw his harpoon or spear, the former springs forward with the utmost fury and crushes him at once in his wide open mouth.

These animals are generally of a dusky, brownish red in color, passing on the sides and limbs into a light pur-



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

articles, such as shields, whips and walking-sticks. Their flesh is valued by the natives of Africa as an article for food; while the layer of fat between the skin and the flesh, is salted and dried, and considered as a great delicacy by the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa. They are attacked by the natives with harpoons, and their capture is attended with some difficulty and danger, for

ple, red or brown. Dr. Livingstone, however, records having seen a white hippopotamus. He says: "It was of a pinkish white, exactly of the color of the albino. It seemed to be the father of a number of others, for there were many marked with large light patches." The male far exceeds the female in size. They feed chiefly on grass, resorting to situations near the banks of rivers.

In inhabited districts they remain in the water during the day, and only venture out at night to seek their food. But in wilder regions they pass a portion of the day on the land.

A traveller thus describes the habits of the hippopotamus: "Hippopotami live partly in the water and partly on land. They are only found in Africa, in the Nile, and in most of the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Indian oceans. They abound chiefly south of the Equator and in the interior of Africa. They live in herds during the day, in water, where they sleep and yawn, elevating their muzzles from time to time above the water; at night they come on land to feed, taking always the same path in going and coming. In walking, their legs are so short and their paunch so voluminous, that it almost sweeps the ground. The water is their true home. They are seen descending to the bottom, walking and even running on the mud, rooting up the long grasses with their hooked teeth. Salt, in Abyssinia, saw them walking at the bottom of the Tacagé, at a depth of twenty feet. Ere long they ascend to the surface, raise their heads out of the water, and respire obstreperously, spouting from their nostrils a column of water to the height of five feet; but they only do this in localities where they have not been disturbed—on the Zambesi, for example. Elsewhere, and particularly in the rivers of Londa, where active warfare has taught them prudence, they only bring their nostrils to the air, and breathe so gently that their presence would not be suspected were it not betrayed by their foot-marks on the shore. The females, when they have little ones very young, come more frequently to the surface than others, because their nurslings cannot remain under the water so long a time as adults. These little ones cling at first to the neck of their mother, then on her back, and soon they follow her to the pasture."

Another traveller says of the hippopotami of the Kafoné: "In the ignorance of fire-arms in which they live, these hippopotami are so little timid that they pay not the least attention to us. The young ones, not much larger than turnspits, and mounted on their mothers' necks, look at us between their ears, and do not appear in the least disturbed by our presence."

M. Knoblecher, head of the Austrian Catholic Mission on the White River, reports that in one of his voyages his boat separated a female hippopotamus from her young ones. The mother in a fury rose above the water, just at the same moment that M. Knoblecher's cook was leaning the upper part of his body over the side; the poor fellow was seized, and disappeared under the waves, carried away by the enormous beast. It is not the less true that the principal danger incurred by travellers is not to be imputed to the intention on the part of the hippopotamus. The most frequent risk is that of being capsize by the pressure of an animal, in rising from the bottom to the surface without crying "Look out," still it most frequently happens that the sailors come off at worst with a ducking. Sometimes, nevertheless, the pachydermatous brute returns in a fury, and destroys the capsized boat.

Mr. Moffat whilst crossing a river, was pursued by a furious hippopotamus, snorting terribly. It may be said, in passing, that the snorting of males can be heard at a distance of a mile. Our traveller escaped with very great difficulty, and if he had been an instant longer in reaching the bank, he would have been a dead man.

A traveller in Egypt writes as follows: "We remarked on the ground numerous traces of the steps of hippopotami. It was evident that we were in a part much fre-

quented by them. We soon noticed on the river a kind of black floating island, it was the back of an immense hippopotamus. We afterwards saw a second and less voluminous one. Our boats were now approaching, and when they passed near the two backs, the sailors shouted in a peculiar manner, and we saw the hippopotamus first plunge, and then make a sudden spring almost out of the water, exhibiting the body, even to the hind legs. They explained to us that this was a family of hippopotami, which was taking its promenade in the river, and that the mother, believing her young ones were attacked by the boats, had thus elevated herself above the water to see her enemies, and if needful to defend herself."

Dr. Livingstone refers to his frequent meeting of hippopotami in the Zambesi river. He makes the following practical comment: "I mention these animals, because, in navigating the Zambesi, I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, secure of finding not less than eight feet of water." The following description is from the same traveller, and refers to the Zambesi: "When we entered the gorge we came on upward of thirty hippopotami: a bank near the entrance stretches two-thirds across the narrowed river, and in the still place behind it they were swimming about. Several were in the channel, and our canoe-men were afraid to venture down among them, because, as they affirm, there is commonly an ill-natured one in a herd, which takes a malignant pleasure in upsetting canoes. Two or three boys on the rocks opposite, amused themselves by throwing stones at the frightened animals, and hit several on the head. It would have been no difficult matter to have shot the whole herd. We fired a few shots to drive them off, the balls often glance off the skull, and no more harm is done than when a school-boy gets a bloody nose. We killed one which floated away down the rapid current, followed by a number of men on the bank."

THE POTATO.

THE white, or miscalled Irish potato, is, as most people know, indigenous to America, from whence it was taken to Ireland in 1623 by Sir Walter Raleigh, and its cultivation encouraged. As early as 1565, a slave trader named Hawkins took the potato to Ireland, but it attracted no attention. In 1585, Sir Francis Drake sought to introduce it into England, but without effect. It was a long time after its introduction into Ireland by Walter Raleigh before it began to be extensively cultivated.

An amusing account of the way in which the potato was received in Germany, a hundred years after it was taken to Ireland, is told by one Nettlebeck, a citizen of Colberg, a seaport on the shores of the Baltic. He begins with recording his recollections of a terrible famine which distressed Germany about the year 1744. When he was a little fellow of five or six, he remembers the streets crowded with starving folk from the country, so ravenous for food that they snatched from his hands the dishes of boiled cabbage which his grandmother cooked daily for the sufferers.

"The year after the famine," he writes, "the care of Frederick the Great provided Colberg with a gift the like of which had never been known before in our part of the country.

"A large wagon, laden with potatoes, took up its station in the market-place, and an announcement accompanied by much drum beating was made in our town, and in the

neighboring towns, that every owner of garden land should repair to the town-hall at a certain time named, as it was the intention of his majesty the king to confer a great boon upon them.

"You can easily fancy what a commotion this announcement created, all the more as people could not guess what this boon could possibly be.

"On their arrival at the town-hall, the mayor showed the assembled multitude the new vegetable, which, till now, they had never cast eyes upon. Then clear and plain directions were read aloud as to the planting, tending and cooking of the stranger. It would have been better, I think, if printed or written instructions had been bestowed with the gift, for in the confusion no one paid the least attention to the reading.

"The good people took the highly-praised brown knobs up in their hands, wondered at them, smelt them, licked them, tasted them, then shook their heads and passed them to a neighbor. Some broke pieces off and threw them to the dogs. These sniffed them over, and left them untouched. Then judgment was pronounced.

"The things," said they, "have no smell and no taste; and even the dogs will not touch them; how then can they benefit us?"

"It was the opinion of most of the people, that if planted they would grow to a tree, from whence in due time like fruit might be gathered.

"This scene took place in the market-square, close to the door of my grandmother's house, and was so deeply impressed on my memory that I do not believe I have forgotten a single word that I then heard.

"However, in spite of all these murmurs, the king's command was obeyed, and his gift distributed in due proportion to every land and garden owner in the neighborhood, so that the most humble departed with at least a peck of potatoes. Hardly any one had properly understood the directions read as to the cultivation of their new possession; those few who in their disappointment did not fling them straight into the dust-hole, set to work to plant them according to their own fancy. Some stuck them here and there in the ground, and troubled themselves no more about them; others—and among this class was my old grandmother—thought the things would be more comfortable collected in a heap and covered with earth. Then they sprouted, all stuck together, and to this day I seem to see that spot in the garden where the old lady first bought her experience of potato-growing.

"Presently, however, it came to the ears of our town official that among the recipients of King Frederick's bounty were some wanton despisers, who had not even taken the trouble to bury their treasure in the earth.

"Therefore, in the summer months, a potato show was commanded to be held; any objecting to contribute were compelled to pay a small fine. This, as you may fancy, did not give the poor potato a better repute with those who already despised it.

"Next year the king renewed his well-intentioned gift by sending another cargo of potatoes to our town. But this time things were managed better. A man from Swabia, a part of Germany where the potato had for some time flourished, came with this supply, and showed the people how to plant them.

"So the new vegetable took root in the land, and year by year increased so rapidly that never since have we had occasion to bemoan a famine time like to the one I have told you of."

THE MAGPIE.

"WHO," says Mr. Wood, "does not know the magpie, the pert, the gay, the mischievous? What denizen of the country is not familiar with his many exploits in the way of barefaced and audacious theft, his dipping flight and his ingenuity in baffling the devices of the fowler and the gunner? What inhabitant of the town has not seen him cooped in his wicker dwelling, dull and begrimed with the daily smoke, but yet pert as ever; talkative, and a wonderful admirer of his dingy plumage and ragged tail?"

The magpie is found in very many parts of the world, and is plentiful throughout England, always keeping to well-wooded districts, as if distrusting its power of flight in the open country; for the larger hawks are prone to fly at the magpie, which has but little chance of escape upon the plain, but can always evade his foe among hedgerows and plantations, by slipping among the branches and dodging through the foliage. Even a trained falcon fails to catch a magpie when it has once reached such an asylum, and the falconer is forced to drive it from its refuge before the hawk can secure its prey. In some parts of England, magpie hawking is a favorite amusement, for the magpie is to the full as cunning as a fox, and in spite of all the array of beaters, hounds and horsemen, not unfrequently baffles its pursuers, and makes its escape in safety.

The food of the magpie is as multifarious as that of the crow or raven, and consists of various animals and vegetable substances. It is a determined robber of other birds' nests, dragging the unfledged young out of their homes, or driving its bill through their eggs and thus carrying them away. Even hens' nests are not spared by this bold and voracious bird, who, however, sometimes falls a victim to its marauding propensities. The aggrieved poultry-owner, after removing the eggs from all the hens' nests, empties one of the eggs and fills it again with bird-lime. This prepared egg is then placed in the nest as a bait for the magpie, who soon returns to the scene of its former robberies, drives its beak into the egg and makes off with its booty. Its triumph is, however, very short-lived, for the bird soon finds itself unable to get rid of the stolen egg in the usual way, and at last batters it against a stone for the purpose of breaking the shell. The natural consequence is, that the bird-lime immediately clings to the beak and the broken fragments of shell, which fly in every direction, cover the wings and plumage as the bird tries to shake itself loose from its impediments, and the magpie falls to the ground in a hopelessly crippled state, and becomes an easy victim to the author of the snare.

The magpie also attacks full-grown birds, mice, reptiles of various kinds, and has been observed in the act of killing a common grass snake. Beetles it eats in very large quantities, and also feeds upon worms, snails and various similar creatures, so that the harm which it does to the game and poultry is probably more than compensated by its good offices in ridding the gardens and cultivated grounds of their varied foes. It also eats fruit, and has been seen to feast eagerly on the light, succulent berries of the mountain ash.

Like the crow, the magpie is a determined persecutor of various birds and beasts of prey, scarcely allowing a hawk to pass within ken, or a weasel or stoat to glide along the bottom of a hedge without screeching forth an alarm and a summons to its allies and dashing at once to the attack. Mr. Metcalf relates that while in Norway

he saw his dog pursued and mobbed by at least forty of these birds.

The same writer also remarks that he captured a magpie by means of a piece of meat on a hook. The bird took the bait as eagerly as any perch would have done, and to its profound astonishment was immediately hooked. Mr. Metcalf amused himself for a little while in "playing" the bird as if it had been a fish, with this difference, that the magpie was trying to escape by flight, and poured forth a succession of most dismal yells, which sent off all its formerly valiant companions screaming with terror at the unexpected sight.

The nest of the magpie is rather a complicated edifice, domed, with an entrance at the side, and mostly formed on the exterior of three branches, so as to afford an effectual protection against any foe who endeavors to force admittance into so strong a fortress. Generally the nest is placed at the very summit of some very lofty tree, the bird usually preferring those trees which run for many feet without a branch. The tops of tall pines are favorite localities for the magpie's nest, as the trunk of these trees is bare of branches, except at the summit, and the dark-green foliage of the spreading branches is so thick that it affords an effectual shelter to the large and conspicuous edifice which rests upon the boughs. Sometimes, however, when the magpie has been protected, and accustomed itself to the vicinity of human habitations, it has fixed its nest in a low bush near the ground, as if trusting to the kindly feeling of its human neighbors.

Although displaying great attachment to its mate, and the most dauntless courage in defending its nest and young, its affections seem to be rather transient in their character and quite unable to withstand the test of absence. For example, if one magpie of a pair be shot, the survivor never fails to find another mate within the space of two or three days. Sometimes the period of widowhood exists only for some twenty-four hours, and there have been instances where a magpie has found another mate within a few hours after the decease of its former spouse.

When tame, it is a most amusing bird, teaching itself all kinds of odd tricks, and learning to talk with an accuracy and volubility little inferior to that of the parrot. It is, however, a most incorrigibly mischievous bird, and unless subjected to the most careful supervision is capable of doing a very great amount of damage in a wonderfully short space of time.

Mr. Thompson tells an amusing story of a tame magpie

which struck up a friendship with a peculiarly long-wooled sheep. The bird was accustomed to sit on the back of its friend, couching luxuriously upon the long, thick fleece and making short excursions among the sheep for the purpose of picking their legs and making them run about. He also employed the fleece of his friend as a treasury of stolen goods, being accustomed to hide his pilfering among the thick wool and mount guard over them. The same writer has published the following interesting account of a tame magpie, belonging to Dr. Stevally, of Belfast, who communicated to him the story from which the following is an extract:

"He was particularly fond of any shining article, such as spoons and trinkets; these he frequently stole, and we came upon his treasure-house in a remarkable way. There was an old gentleman a great friend of my father's, who resided with us almost continually. He was of a peculiarly studious disposition, but from a deformity in his person, used generally to read standing, with his arms and breast resting on the back of a chair, and the book placed on a table before him. After having read for a while, it was his habit to take off his spectacles, lay them

beside him, blow his nose, take a pinch of snuff, and after a few moments pondering what he had been reading, resume the spectacles and proceed.

"One very warm day I lay reading at the end of a room in which there was an open glass door leading to the greenhouse; in this room the old



THE MAGPIE.

gentleman was most intently pursuing his studies at a little distance from me. My attention was soon attracted by seeing the magpie perched upon the chair near him, eyeing him—eyeing him most intently and with a very arch expression, and, at length, in an instant, he had, with a most active hop, reached the table, secured the leathern spectacle-case and was out of the glass door with the most noiseless wing and a very graceful motion. I remained quiet to see the end of the joke. After a few seconds' absence, Jack was again at his post, eyeing the old gentleman with a most inquisitive and yet business-like glance; it was nearly impossible to resist the ludicrous impression produced by the entire scene. At length off came the spectacles, and out came the pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box; quick as thought Jack had visited the table, and was out of the open door with the prize, which I had no doubt from the beginning had been the object of his covetous admiration while they were on the nose of the old gentleman. This time the magpie did not return, either because he found it more difficult to reach his storehouse with the spectacles than with the case, or because having gained the object of his

ambition, he conceived his presence no longer necessary.

"At length the period of rumination having elapsed, the old gentleman was about replacing the spectacles. As soon as his surprise had abated at not finding them with his hand beside him on the table, he removed the chair and groped about on the carpet, then raised the book and examined every part of the table. Not being able to restrain myself any longer, I exploded in laughter, and, of course, I was instantly suspected of playing off a practical joke, and charged with taking the spectacles, but at length succeeded in convincing him that I had never risen from the sofa on which I reclined. After a good deal of laughing, and two or three other members of the family having been attracted to the room by the hubbub, I was compelled, under cross-examination, to own that I had witnessed Jack's abstractions. The question then became serious how the articles were to be recovered, and some person suggested to leave a teaspoon near him and watch him. This was accordingly done, but his motions were so rapid that he eluded us all, seeming at first to pass completely over the house. At length, by placing two or three persons in favorable positions he was 'marked' in a leaden valley between a double part of the roof, and this having been closely searched, a deposit was discovered not only of the things which Jack had that day carried off, but also of some articles which had been for some time supposed to be lost, but respecting which a breath of suspicion as to him had never been entertained. This day's successful foray led to his losing his entire store, no doubt in the midst of his triumphant rejoicing."

Many superstitious ideas have always been current respecting the magpie, its appearance singly, doubly or trebly, being held as an omen of bad luck, and various predictions being made from the direction in which it appeared to the observer. Excepting the illiterate, however, there are few who now give credence to such tales.

In the latter part of 1860, an official despatch was presented to the Chamber of Deputies at Dresden, requesting a supply of magpies for the purpose of manufacturing a powder all potent against epilepsy. Great stress was laid upon the two points, that the birds must be neither deficient in claws nor feathers, and that they must be shot between the 24th of December and the 18th of January. This extraordinary document was not only presented and read in good faith, but was backed by many nobles' names.

The plumage of this bird is remarkably handsome, both in color and form. The head, neck, back and upper tail-coverts are deep black, with a slight green gloss in certain lights; and the same color is found on the chin, the throat, the upper part of the breast and the base tips and outer edges of the primary quill-feathers. The secondaries are also black, but with a blue gloss, which becomes peculiarly rich on the tertials and wing-coverts. The inner web of the primaries is white for a considerable portion of its length, presenting a bold and conspicuous appearance when the bird spreads its wings. The central feathers of the tail are nearly eleven inches in length, and they decrease gradually in size: those on the exterior being hardly five inches long. Their color is a wonderfully rich mixture of the deepest blue, purple and green, the green being toward the base, and the blue and purple toward the extremity. The under surface of the tail-feathers is dull black. The lower parts of the breast, abdomen and flanks are snowy white. The total length of the adult bird is about eighteen inches, the female being rather smaller and with a shorter tail.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

AMONG the varied forms of life in the water there is none, perhaps, more interesting or curious than that afforded by the water-spider, a by no means rare inhabitant of sluggish streams and ditches, where it may be seen rising slowly to the surface of the water, giving a kind of flirt in the air, and then disappearing into the depths, looking like a small globe of silver as it sinks down. What is curious about this little animal is the fact that, though it breathes atmospheric air, it builds its nest under the water. This nest, or cell, like the nests of other spiders, is formed of silk, is usually egg-shaped, with an opening at the lower end, and is filled with the air on which the spider is dependent for breathing. It is, in fact, a miniature diving-bell in every essential particular, the tenant of which reposes there, after the manner of its kind, with its head downward.

For a long time naturalists vainly endeavored to solve the problem as to how the air was introduced into this cell. Various theories were propounded, but nothing satisfactory was offered till the question was finally set at rest by the careful experiments of Mr. Bell, a celebrated English naturalist.

Having obtained a number of water-spiders, he placed them in an upright cylindrical vessel of water, in which were some aquatic plants, such as the spiders usually fasten their cells to. One of the little animals having commenced to weave its beautiful web, was presently seen to rise to the surface and secure a bubble of air, with which it immediately and quickly descended, and the bubble was disengaged from the body and left in connection with the web. Soon it ascended again, and brought down another bubble, which was similarly deposited.

"In this way," continues Mr. Bell, "no less than fourteen journeys were performed—sometimes two or three very quickly, one after another; at other times with a considerable interval between them, during which time the little animal was employed in extending and giving shape to the beautiful transparent bell, getting into it, pushing it out at one place and amending it another, and strengthening its attachment to the supports. At length it seemed to be satisfied, when it crept into and settled itself in the cell, which was now the size and nearly the shape of half an acorn cut transversely, the smaller and rounded part being uppermost."

The curious manner in which the animal obtains its air-bubbles is thus described:

"It ascends to the surface slowly, assisted by a thread attached to the leaf or other support below. As soon as it comes near the surface, it turns with the extremity of the abdomen upward, and exposes a portion of the body to the air for an instant; then, with a jerk, it snatches, as it were, a bubble of air, which is not only attached to the hairs which cover the abdomen, but is held on by the two hinder legs, which are crossed at an acute angle near their extremity, this crossing of the legs taking place at the instant the bubble is seized. The little creature then descends more rapidly and regains its cell, always by the same route, turns the abdomen within it, and disengages the bubble."

Though generally deemed objects of aversion, the spiders, as we have seen in the brief sketch given above of the water-spider, present many points of interest, and illustrate very fully in their habits what may be called the ingenuity of instinct.

The Story-Teller.

WINDOW-CURTAINS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER X.

THE web that Mr. Garnish was weaving around me grew closer every day. Step by step he lured me on; little by little drew me away from the paths of honor and safety; slowly but surely involved me in transactions that made any pause or effort to turn back, ruin. In a few months I was so completely in his power, that extrication was hopeless. At the end of a year, I was so changed as to be puzzled sometimes over my own identity. I had gone on making ventures with the money entrusted to my care, until, from using hundreds the sums had risen to thousands. To cover this use I had recourse to many expedients. The new stimulus to thought given by the dangerous life upon which I had entered, awoke new mental powers, that grew rapidly under constant exercise. My mind was always on the alert; always brooding; always busy over problems that must find solution. I drifted into questions of finance, investments, and the use of money; and, as from the abundance of the heart the mouth is apt to speak, I often dropped a remark or suggestion to Mr. Royal, who had charge of our financial department. Gradually I could see that he was becoming impressed with an idea of my intelligence in matters of this kind. "What do you think of this?" or, "what is your opinion of that, Melchor?" he began to say, after a few months, and my answers, carefully given, made their impression upon him.

After awhile, certain negotiations and business transactions connected with the finance of the house, which had always heretofore been made by Mr. Royal, were entrusted to me. I took special care to have them satisfactory; and to make him feel that it would be a pleasure to take any work off of his hands that he desired me to do. He was evidently pleased, and I could see that his confidence in my intelligence and aptitude for service in my department beyond that of mere cash counting and making correct entries, were steadily increasing.

Mr. Royal had a vein of indolent self-indulgence in his composition; and naturally inclined to put his work off upon another at any good opportunity. He did not like accounts, and was not quick in comprehending them; though sure and thorough when he once set himself to do anything. He was not a suspicious man. I had come to know this, greatly to my relief of mind. When he trusted a man, he did it thoroughly. But if deceived and betrayed, he had neither pity nor mercy.

Two changes were made during the year. Baldwin had been taken in as a partner; and Martindale had left the establishment and commenced business for himself in a small way. Martindale had not intended making this venture so soon, but two thousand dollars came to him from the estate of a deceased relative, and this, with about fifteen hundred saved from his salary, gave him an amount of cash sufficient, with his views of business, to make a start for himself.

I was present when he informed Mr. Baldwin, who had just gone into the firm, of his decision.

"Don't do it," was Baldwin's emphatic reply. "Take

my advice and stay where you are. It will be better for you."

"I can't see that," returned Martindale, in his quiet, steady way. "A beginning must be made at some time; and as I am ready, why should I wait?"

"A beginning! Good heavens, Martindale! What have you to begin upon?"

"I have between three and four thousand dollars in cash."

"Three or four thousand dollars! Heavens and earth! Not enough to pay the rent of a decent store."

"I shall divide it by three for my rent," said Martindale. "I do not intend paying over twelve hundred dollars a year."

"Oh! you are going to set up a tobacco shop!" Baldwin did not conceal his contempt of Martindale's small ideas.

"I am going to set up an honest business, and conduct it honestly," returned Martindale, with a flash in his calm eyes, and a thrill of feeling in his quiet voice. I saw the eyes of Baldwin drop under the steady gaze that was fixed upon him.

"Why not take a street-corner and go into the peanut business?" was the sneering rejoinder.

"Because I have capital enough for something better; and ability for something more useful. If the peanut business was the best that offered, I would go into that rather than beg, or cheat, or steal."

Baldwin was at a disadvantage with the simple-minded, clear-seeing clerk, whom he had roused to unwonted decision of speech, and he felt it. Changing his whole manner, he replied,

"Pardon me, Martindale, I was only jesting. But, indeed, indeed, I would not make this poor venture if I were you! Wait. A year or two can make no difference. You are a good salesman, and—and—" He checked himself, and then added, after a pause, "I can't say anything just now; but take my advice and wait."

Saying this, he turned off abruptly.

"You'll wait, of course," said I, as Baldwin moved away.

"No," he answered, in a firm voice.

"You understood what he meant?"

"I can't say that I did."

"It was plain enough to me," said I.

"Well; give me your interpretation."

"The firm doesn't want to lose you; and, if you hold on and identify yourself with it more and more, will, in the end make a place for you."

Martindale showed no surprise at this; only shook his head gravely.

"That is what Baldwin meant," said I.

"I don't know whether he did or not," answered Martindale, with a decision of manner that left no doubt as to his state of mind. "But one thing I do know, were an interest offered me in the firm to-day, I would not accept of it."

I looked at my fellow-clerk, in undisguised astonishment.

"You speak without thought," I responded.

"I am not accustomed to do that," he answered. "No; I speak from deliberate thought. I should not care to be a partner in this house."

"Why not?"

Martindale did not reply to my question.

"Your fortune would be made. No risk; no care; no anxieties such as must come if you start in business for yourself. All the foundations are laid; and the house built. You would simply go in and dwell in peace and safety."

He smiled a half-sad smile; again shaking his head.

"You are a strange man," I could not help saying.

"Perhaps I am. Odd, as some of my friends call me," he replied. "As for the house in which I am to dwell, I prefer to lay the foundations and see to the building of it myself. A quicksand, or a few bad stones, or rotten timbers, may jeopardize everything."

"Oh! you think there is a defect in this building? Bad stones and rotten timbers?" I was not able to keep an amused smile out of my face.

"Is that piece of wood sound at the heart?" he asked, nodding towards Baldwin who stood not far off talking with Mr. Royal.

The meaning shrug I gave was more than half involuntary.

"Is this edifice any the stronger because he is in it?"

Martindale put the question with keen directness.

"Perhaps not," I answered, the smile fading off from my face. "But there is solidity enough without counting him in."

"You think so."

"I do." And yet in my inner consciousness I felt a doubt.

"Not the kind of solidity that I am willing to trust,"

Martindale replied in his clear, steady voice.

My thought recurring at the moment to some things I had heard him say in previous talks, I said with a lightness of tone that was almost a sneer: "Oh! I see. We don't do business here on the golden rule."

"I am afraid not," he answered, gravely.

"As you intend doing?"

"As I shall try to do." He said it quietly and without ostentation.

"Hadj't you better set up a church?" said I, in a mocking way.

I saw a slight shade of sadness creep into his face. Regret came instantly, for I had spoken rudely, and hurt what was sacred to him—his pure religious feelings. He did not reply, but turned and walked away, leaving me with an uncomfortable weight on my feelings that I could not throw off.

As we were leaving the store together that evening, I said: "Go home and take tea with me. Marion will be glad to see you; and I want to have some more talk."

"Thank you," he replied, "but I can't see that our talking will amount to much, we look at things so differently."

"Don't be so sure of that," I returned. "You have a way of putting things sometimes that carries a deal of force with it; and I have some questions to ask. So come along."

I knew how to take him. He was always ready to help if he could; and the thought that he might help me to solve some difficult life-problem, made him yield to my request.

As I drew my arm within his, I said: "And so you mean to go into business?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And do you really think, with the small capital at your command, and the cutting competition you will

have to encounter, that you can possibly succeed?" I asked.

"That is my belief, or I would not make the venture," he returned.

"How large a stock of goods do you expect to carry?"

"From four to six thousand dollars' worth at the beginning."

"And we carry from two to three hundred thousand dollars' worth. You can't do anything on such a trifle."

"I can make a beginning," he answered, confidently.

"Of course. You can make a beginning, Martindale; and an end, too, I fear. Your expenses will more than eat up your profits. Have you figured over the matter?"

"Yes; carefully."

"You put down your rent, I think, at twelve hundred dollars. But you can't get much of a place for that; at least not in the right neighborhood."

"I shall not go beyond twelve hundred; and I hope to find a place that will suit for a thousand. Little boats keep near the shore, you know."

"Too near the shore is where the reefs and breakers lie," was my answer. "If you don't give yourself sea room, you'd better not push out."

"I'm only going into the coasting trade," he returned, in his usual firm but quiet voice. "Mine is a little sloop, not an ocean steamer. As for the reefs and breakers, I shall keep a good look-out."

"I've no doubt as to your wariness and caution, Martindale," said I, in answer to this. "But don't you see that the carrying capacity of a little sloop is not sufficient to warrant its use? Not in your case, I mean. It might do for some poor wretch of a sailor, content to live on salt junk and beans. But for you the thing is preposterous. You have to keep up a certain style of living; and that costs money now-a-days. Rent, clerk hire, and other store expenses, will alone eat up every dollar you can make."

"I do not intend keeping a clerk," was his answer to this. "I shall do my own account-keeping. Six dollars a week for a saleswoman, and three for a boy, will cover at the beginning my expenses in this direction. If I pay a hundred dollars a month for rent, and fifty for attendance and incidentals, my profits must reach that sum before I get anything to live upon. Say that my expenses in round numbers are six dollars a day. What must my sales be to meet that? Just forty dollars, if the percentage of profit be fifteen per cent. Now, on a very small proportion of the goods I shall sell will the percentage be down to that figure. On some, the profits will be as high as thirty per cent. It would be safe to make the average twenty."

"Call it twenty," said I.

"Very well. An average sale of fifty dollars a day would give me a profit of ten dollars, or four dollars more than my business expenses. I pay ten dollars a week for my board and washing. Last year it cost me two hundred dollars for clothing, and a hundred and fifty slipped away in various trifling expenses. A thousand dollars a year will more than cover all my cost of living. So you see, taking sales at only fifty dollars a day, and I am safe. But I feel very sure of doubling that in the first year's average, and making up into the bargain any loss on remnants and unsalable goods that may happen to come. Making allowances for everything, I set down my first year's clear gain at one thousand dollars."

"Nicely figured," I could not help saying, with the incredulity I felt, manifesting itself in my voice. "But

figuring is a delusion, as every one of us knows. Things never come out according to the programme."

"Whose fault is that?" Martindale asked.

"Partly our own fault and partly not," I replied. "No man is able to say what may happen to-morrow. Our best laid plans are perpetually coming to naught through contact with adverse and unexpected agencies."

"Rather say through our blind faith in what we hope for," he answered. "Our wishes take the place of judgment, and we risk unwisely, hoping to gain. If it comes out right, well; if not, loss or ruin. I figure as a good navigator should. Or rather, let me say, I take a lesson from the good navigator. After he has consulted his charts and determined his course, he does not deviate therefrom, but keeps his ship in safe waters, and sails on steadily for his destined port. He knows that if nothing greatly out of the usual order of things should occur, his voyage will be just as he laid it out. So I, having my chart before me, mean to sail thereby. Nothing but an increase of business so large as to require additional assistance in my store, will lead me to increased expense therein. I will not spend anything more in living than I have set down. My chart shall be always open; and I shall see that the daily reckoning is made. No impatience to shorten my voyage will lead me to carry all sail in bad weather, or tempt me on a doubtful sea or into a dangerous channel. I will be patient, and prudent, and upright in all my dealings, and satisfied with the result."

I was greatly impressed by what Martindale said. He spoke with a confident assurance that carried with it the force of conviction. I saw that he was not taking this move blindly, but with intelligent caution.

"If you keep to your programme," said I, "failure is hardly possible. But as to the measure of success, I can't say much for that. Your means of doing business are too small."

"The measure of any man's success," he returned, "if he work diligently and honestly, will be what is best for him; and he should not wish for more, for that would be a curse and not a blessing."

"When a man comes to that state he will be more ready to go out of the world than to stay in it," said I.

"He will never be fitted to really enjoy the world until he comes into that state," was Martindale's answer. "It is not in what we make, but in what we enjoy, that our true success lies. If we do not accept the good of to-day thankfully, and taste the sweet of it, we will never find any good in to-morrow. 'Contentment is great gain.' It is possible for me to be quite as happy in counting my yearly gains by hundreds as my neighbor in counting his by thousands. Nay, happier, if he make desperate risks and burden his spirit with anxieties, or hurt his soul with dishonor."

What a strong, sweet confidence was in his tones! I could not help envying him.

"Great wealth," he continued, as I walked in silence by his side, "is not in itself a blessing. The rich are no happier than the poor. It is not in the quality of mere natural and external things to give abiding satisfaction to the soul. If the heart is set on the accumulation of wealth for any mere selfish end; as for social eminence, power and influence among men, or personal indulgence; no matter how vast the gains that may come, vanity and vexation of spirit will surely show themselves as tares in the harvest of success. In patience possess your soul. What a beautiful life-lesson that is! Let us be patient, Melchor. God knows what is best for us, and sets flowers

along every path if we will but stoop to pluck them, and enjoy their fragrant delights. Under the brown leaves of humble poverty the sweet arbutis may grow, and the violet and lily of the valley give a fragrance more exquisite than ever touched the senses in garden-bed or conservatory."

He paused, but I could answer nothing. What he had said oppressed me. I felt its truth, and at the same time my inability to make it the law of my life.

"Men," he resumed, "leave God out of their calculations, as if that were possible. As if their turning away from Him removed them from His jurisdiction. They are as wise as the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, trusting so to escape the hunter. But His moral laws operate with a certainty as unerring as His natural laws, and the violation of one brings pain or disaster as surely as a violation of the other. Men can no more give their lives up to self-seeking and self-indulgence, and escape soul-sickness and all its untold miseries, than they can give themselves up to debaucheries and escape their sad and sorrowful consequences. What a man sows, that will he also reap. There is an organic spiritual law as well as an organic natural law; and God is as much in one as in the other. If we go contrary to either, we encounter a divine and irresistible force, and strive against it in vain, hurting ourselves at every futile effort."

CHAPTER XI.

BY this time we had reached my little home. It looked humbler and poorer in my eyes than usual; it seemed to be growing more and more so every day.

"Here we are," said I, as we paused at the door. Marion's face at the window, holding the curtains a little back, checked a depreciating sentence that had come to my lips. Ah, those curtains! I could never look at them without a feeling of heaviness and trouble at my heart. They linked me to past states, and drew them back again into the present. They marked the spot of my departure from honesty—stood at the point where two ways diverge: the straight and narrow way, and the broad road leading to destruction.

Marion had always liked Martindale—indeed, no one could help liking him, he was so gentle, so true and so unselfish—and received him with the genuine pleasure she felt. She was looking fresh and beautiful, and I felt very proud of her.

Somehow, as we sat down together in our little parlor, its dimensions seemed to narrow, and the furniture, not yet in perfect harmony, looked like a mere pretence of gentility. I was half ashamed of it; and for the moment hardly felt sure that Martindale was not jesting when he said: "How nicely you are fixed, Melchor! One has to be watchful over himself to keep down envy."

"Small occasion for envy here," said I, in return, as I glanced with a dissatisfied feeling about the room. "A little bird-cage of an affair only; but the best I can afford. There's a better time coming, I hope."

"No better time than this, so far as your chances of happiness are concerned," Martindale replied.

I felt his words as a prophecy.

"I was at a large party last week," he continued. "You know Glasgow? It was at his house; and a really elegant affair. He and his wife started very low down; but they had good stuff in them, and were willing to work and wait. They have plenty of money now, and can afford to spend freely if they will. Their house is fur-

nished magnificently. I was standing near them, when a gentleman and lady with whom they seemed to be very intimate, came up. The gentleman said, in a free-and-easy kind of banter, sweeping out his hand as he spoke: "Does this thing pay, Glasgow?"

"I don't know that it does," was answered: "but then, you see, we've got to live like other people. I'm in for it with the rest. It's the style; got up for other people to look at and talk about; not for any real heart-enjoyment. The fact is, your palatial style of living brings more bother and annoyance than it's worth. Don't you say so, Mary?" turning to his wife.

"Mrs. Glasgow, who wore a plain black silk dress, and no jewelry except diamond ear-rings, and a large solitaire on one hand, answered promptly.

"Yes; a great deal more. The fact is, it keeps me in a worry half the time. Do you know, Kate," she went on, speaking to the other lady, with a pleased animation in her voice, "that I've never seen as happy a time since as when George and I started life together in one room, and ate our first breakfast off of an old pine table. You remember that."

"Don't I?" returned the other, her face glowing with pleasure. "And the cosy little tea-drinkings we used to have, got up with our own hands. Why this affair is nothing to one of them."

"Mere vanity and vexation of spirit, in comparison," said Mrs. Glasgow.

"I heard no more; but that was enough, and I understood it all. Thousands in the city could tell the same story. We do not grow happier as the years progress, if we live only on the worldly side. Every dollar a man lays by; every social, political, or professional eminence he gains; every success that crowns his efforts in life; only takes him farther away from rest and peace, if he live only for himself. Self is the horse leeches' daughter, that always cries 'Give! Give!' and is never satisfied."

What would I not have given at that moment to have seen the plain venetian blinds at our parlor windows, and the cane-seat chairs and settees in the little room I had furnished up in a weak, pretentious way at the cost of integrity and peace! I felt that if I were only innocent, I had then beside me a friend and counsellor in whom I would be swift to confide; one who could always, in times of weakness and doubt, point me out the true way and inspire me with something of his abiding faith in the right. But alas! alas! I felt how bitterly! that it was too late. That I must move forward along my dangerous way, not knowing the moment my feet might slip and I go headlong to ruin.

We were all silent for awhile. What Martindale had said did not make either Marion or myself feel more comfortable in mind. Not alone upon me had the window curtains looked with evil eyes. They had troubled Marion also; troubled her daily. She could not look at them without their suggestion of a dissatisfied thought, or an envious feeling. Not that they carried themselves as haughtily as of old toward their neighbors. There was no further occasion for this; for chairs, tables, carpets, mirrors and mantel ornaments were now in as good style as they. Still something of the old dignity and self-assertion remained—a conscious gentility that was never forgotten—and a certain looking beyond the narrow room in which they were imprisoned, as if they were out of place. It was this "out-of-place" feeling that they were gradually creating in Marion. It took some time for her to receive the impression, but it had taken hold of her at last; and

the impression once made, it became more distinct every day, and held her thoughts captive very often. The moment she stepped into our parlor, window curtains would put on a look of hurt dignity, and glance about the small room, with visible contempt. And the room would seem to shrink, and grow mean and insignificant.

So it had been going on for months, until Marion had lost the old delight in her home, and was letting envy and social pride creep in to trouble the spirit which had once been so full of content.

After tea that evening, as we were sitting in the parlor, Marion said: "I called to see Mrs. Baldwin to-day."

I understood by her voice and manner that she had received some unusual impression during her visit. I looked at her, waiting for what might follow.

"They have refurnished their parlors," she added, envy and admiration too plainly visible in her animated speech; "and elegantly, too. Rosewood and crimson brocatelle! What do you think of that? And a pier-glass, reaching from floor to ceiling. That alone cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Its the most elegant room I have seen for a long time. They paid six hundred dollars for the set of furniture; and the Wilton carpet was four dollars a yard! But the loveliest of all are the window curtains, silk damask and lace; and such splendid gilt cornices!"

Marion was excited and spoke rapidly. As she stopped, checking herself I think from something she noticed in our faces, I saw her look at our curtains and then glance about the room, her countenance falling as she did so. I knew what that meant. She felt the depreciating contrast. Martindale was first to reply.

"All very weak, and foolish, and wrong," he remarked, with quiet seriousness.

"If they can afford it," said Marion; "and I presume they can now, Mr. Baldwin being a partner in the house."

"If this year's business," replied Martindale, "does not largely exceed the amount done last year, Baldwin's share of profit will be wholly inadequate to justify extravagance like this. He is going in debt on the faith of profits, which, in my judgement, will never come."

"I guess you're right," I dropped in. "But," I added, with a shrug and a lifting of the eyebrows, "Baldwin understands himself, and knows what he is about. He's wide awake and keen as a knife-blade."

"Too wide awake and too keen it may be for some of his partners," suggested Martindale.

"You hit the nail there," I rejoined.

"An unsound timber in the house. You remember what we were talking about this afternoon?" said Martindale. "There is no telling when the whole safety of the house will depend on that rotting timber. I should not care to have my fortunes connected with it then. And, in my view, there are other weak places; especially at the foundation."

"It rests on the foundation of large capital, old connections, and long experience in trade. The house is safe enough unless shaken down by some great and unlooked-for commercial earthquake. No ordinary shock can endanger its stability; no decaying timber, or crumbling stone effect its ruin. I should have no fear were the chances of an interest open to me."

"There is no safety in anything but honor and honesty," he replied to this.

"You don't charge dishonor and dishonesty upon our house," said I.

"It's tone is not very high," Martindale answered.

"That is drawing it rather fine," I responded, smilingly.

"You can't draw these things too fine," he returned, with grave earnestness. "The smallest opening we make for evil to flow in, though it be no larger than a needle prick, determines the whole pressure of hell to that point. If the pressure had no power to enlarge the opening, the harm would be limited. But, alas! its widening force is too well known. The smallest inflowing stream of evil abrades and cuts away the opening, until at last a flood breaks through and ruin follows. There is no hope but in stopping the flow, and that quickly. No, no, Melchor! We cannot draw these things too fine," repeating the sentence with which he began.

"Our house does business on the common principles of trade," said I. "It has to take care of itself."

"But need not hurt its neighbor, as it is constantly doing," Martindale answered quickly.

"How does it do that?" I queried.

"I am almost surprised at your question!" he said, with a gentle knitting of his brows, and a steady, almost searching look into my face. "Scarcely a week passes that some salesman does not boast of the way in which he has 'pulled wool' over a customer's eyes, and sold him goods for more than they were really worth. Did you ever hear a member of the firm reprove or object? No! The salesmen who can do this are advanced. Baldwin is indebted to his place in the firm because he is sharp and unscrupulous as well as active and intelligent. You know that as well as I do."

"Yes, I know that; and I know, too, that, as business is conducted now-a-days, it is your sharp, unscrupulous, active and intelligent men who succeed and build up large fortunes. And what is more, keep them."

I spoke with a kind of desperate, half-angry rejection of Martindale's views of the case.

"Men have to look out for themselves and care for themselves," I went on. "It's a great grab game at best, and if you don't grab with the rest, you mustn't expect to get anything."

My face grew flushed with momentary excitement. A pained expression came into Martindale's eyes as he looked at me. He shook his head sadly.

"False reasoning, and very dangerous," he replied.

"Dangerous, because what is false in our thought is almost sure to lead us into evil actions. 'Woe unto them that call evil good.' It pains me to hear you speak so, Melchor. There is no true safety, no assured success, that is not founded on the eternal principles of right; for, founded on them, they are founded on the truth of God; and against these not even the gates of hell can prevail. Think of what our Lord said to His disciples after that tender and impressive talk He had with them, as we find it in the sixth chapter of Luke, wherein He said: 'And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.' His closing words are memorable, and he alone is wise who lays them to heart and makes them the rule of his life: 'Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: he is like a man which built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that, without a foundation, built his house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great.'"

A deep silence followed his impressive utterance of this

passage. It fell upon my ears with a tone of warning. A heaviness oppressed my spirit.

"The word of God," he added, with solemnity. "And His word cannot fail. He that setteth himself against that word, might as well set himself against the law of gravity—might as well take fire into his hand and trust to escape burning."

I sat dumb before my fellow-clerk, feeling crushed and helpless under the weight of convictions I could not reject or gainsay. I felt myself in the hands of a dread power against which I had set my feeble strength, trusting to prevail. This impression absorbed for awhile my whole consciousness.

"If men were wise"—Martindale's voice fell into an almost pleading tone, as if he were yearning to impart to another his clear convictions—"if men were wise, they would make God's laws the rule of their conduct; for then they would not only be in safety, but secure the highest enjoyment possible in this world. If we reject, or go outside of these laws, we shall find what men in all ages have found, only vanity and vexation of spirit. We shall build upon the earth instead of upon a rock; and when storms arise and floods prevail, our house will fall in hopeless ruin. Scarcely a day passes, in which the truth of this is not made manifest. Look at the failures and disasters with which the world of business and finance are continually shocked. One after another, houses that seem as stable as the hills, fall suddenly, and fortunes that have been gathered through many years of toil are scattered to the winds. What is the revelation that comes with these disasters? With scarcely an exception, the men who builded these houses, and gathered these fortunes, were not of those who 'heareth my sayings and doeth them.' Not on the rock of God's eternal truth and righteousness had they built, but upon the sandy foundations of weak human prudence, and an unscrupulous regard for self. They used 'brick for stone and slime for mortar.' From the start, overreaching in some sense was the line of policy adopted; and as in all action, reaction is involved, the reaction of overreaching could be nothing less than self-impediment and ultimate ruin. Success, while it gives confidence and boldness, is almost sure to make prudence weaker. Men come to make larger and more desperate risks, in the hope of getting greater gain, and grow less and less scrupulous of the common good as they pursue their reckless way. Ruin comes at last. In most cases, ruin of fortune; in too many the ruin of lives, which is worst and saddest; for is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment?"

"If the world were different," I made answer, "men might adopt your high code of morals, and hope for success. But when the rule of every-man-for-himself prevails, what chance is there for any one unless he work by the same rule?"

"Is the world stronger than God?" asked Martindale, in clear, ringing tones; "or men's rule of conduct stronger than His eternal and beneficent laws? Shall the All-wise and All-good be present in the affairs of men and exercise no influence over them? Nay; will not His truth and justice, His love and mercy, be in perpetual effort to destroy all that is in opposition thereto and bring it to naught? It cannot, in the very nature of things, be otherwise. Reason tells you this; and if men would only heed the clear voice of reason when it speaks in their souls, they would be surer to dwell in safety. Let us believe in God, and trust Him, and make His divine laws the rule of our lives. Is He not strong and good, and

intimately present? The world is His, and the fulness thereof. 'Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' Who is safest and surest to prosper in the land? He who obeys the laws thereof, or he who sets them at defiance? The merchant and the mechanic, or the thief and the robber? It is the same in God's kingdom; and no man can escape the action of its laws. If we obey them, our lives shall be cast in pleasant places; we shall have a goodly heritage. If we disobey them, unrest, fear, anxiety, pain and ultimate disaster will be sure to follow. We shall not get the desire of our hearts. Life will end in a wretched failure. Melchior! I believe this as certainly as I believe that I am alive!"

Martindale spoke with impressive seriousness. "Why?" I asked myself, with a guilty shrinking from him as I put the question. His eyes were fixed upon me, and seemed to be reading my very soul. "Does he doubt or suspect me?"

I was not comfortable again during the evening, and was unable to rally myself.

"He's clever enough," I said to Marion after he had gone away. "But he's such a confounded preacher! I used to like him better than I do now. Of late he always seems to throw a wet blanket over me. He's too good. One of your saints; and expects to make his way in the world on the golden rule line. He'll find it slow, up-hill work, I'm thinking. Won't do much in that way."

And I threw out my hand toward our window-curtains, which had come to be our synonym for elegant furnishing, with a smiling grimace that expressed anything but a state of mental satisfaction.

"He may get beyond venetian and cane-seat; but not in the next ten years. And that sort of grubbing don't suit me."

Marion did not reply. There was a sober look in her face, as if she were revolving something that did not make itself clear or satisfactory.

(To be continued.)

DO YOUR WORK WELL.

"ARE you going to let that pass?" said one workman to another, a shade of surprise in his voice.

"Why not?" was the answer. "It will never be seen."

"Would you buy the article, if you knew just how it was made?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it might give out in a year, instead of lasting five years."

"And you are going to let the job pass, when you know that whoever buys it will be cheated!" said the fellow-workman.

"Oh! you're more nice than wise," returned the other, with a toss of his head. "You draw things too fine."

"Suppose Mr. Gray, down at the store, were to sell you stuff for pants that he knew would drop to pieces in less than six months? Wouldn't you call him a swindler?"

"Perhaps I would."

"Is there really any difference in the cases? Whoever buys this article that you are making, will be cheated out of his money. You'll not deny that. As much cheated as you would be if Gray sold you rotten cloth."

The journeyman shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows.

"We must draw things fine," resumed the other, "if we

would be fair and honest. Morality has no special bearing, but applies to all men's dealings with their fellow-men. To wrong another for gain to ourselves, is dishonest. Is not that so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You slight this job, that you may get it done in a shorter time than would be possible if you made it strong in every part. Thus, in order to get a dollar or two more than honest work will give, you let an article leave your hands that will prove a cheat to any man who buys it. I tell you, it isn't right! We must do as we would be done by in our work, as in everything else. There are not two codes of honesty—one for shopkeepers and one for workmen. Whoever wrongs his neighbor out of his money, cheats him."

The other journeyman turned away from his monitor, looked half offended, and bent over his workbench. At first, he went on finishing his job; but after awhile his fellow-workman saw him take out a defective piece of wood, and then remove another which had not been properly squared and jointed. Observing him still, he saw him detach a piece which had simply been driven into place, and which gave no real strength, and after selecting another, three or four inches longer, set it by mortise and tenon firmly into the article he was making.

All this was done at an expenditure of time not exceeding an hour and a half.

"There," said he, in a tone of satisfaction, speaking to his fellow-workman. "If that doesn't last forever, it will be no fault of mine."

"A good, honest job," remarked the other.

"As ever was made."

"And you feel better about it than you would have done had it left your hands to cheat the purchaser out of his money?"

"Yes, I do." The answer came frankly.

"How much more time has it cost you to do this work well?" was asked.

"Oh! not over an hour or two."

"And the thing is worth ten dollars more to the buyer. In other words, is a well-made article, as it should be, and will cheat nobody. Now you have done as you would be done by; have kept your conscience clear; have acted as a Christian man should."

"Oh! as to that, I don't profess to be a Christian," said the other. "I'm no hypocrite."

"A Christian profession is one thing, and a Christian life another," answered the fellow-workman. "All professors are not Christians. Religion is a thing of daily life, and unless it comes down into a man's work and business, isn't worth a copper. No amount of church-going, or praying, or singing, will save a man, if he isn't honest in his dealings. He must do as he would be done by—must begin just as you have begun, by refusing to wrong his neighbor, though tempted to do so that he may get an advantage for himself."

"A new kind of religion, that," remarked the journeyman.

"As old as Christianity," said the other, "and the only kind that will save men. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the Law and the Prophets.' He who said this, knew all about it. And I am very sure that if we begin to be just to our neighbor, to try in all things to do as we would be done by, our feet will have entered the way that leads heavenward—and though we may be a long way from that happy country, if we keep walking on, we shall surely get there in the end."

O. F. Q.

CINDERELLA.

FROM THE ALDINE, BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

HER real name was Lucinda. I doubt if Jane Gay had ever read the story of the little glass slipper; but if she had, she never would have thought of giving to her one baby such a heathenish, out-of-the-way appellation as Cinderella. The child was named for her grandmother; a good, old-fashioned, substantial name that had been in the Gay family for generations. Not that any one called her by it, unless once in a while, in some sudden stress of anger or offended dignity. Sometimes it was Cinda, but generally Cindy—and this last name the girl liked best of all. She learned to like another still better after a time—but thereby hangs a tale.

You remember the gold-fever, the sudden wild enthusiasm that swept over the whole land like a tornado in 1848, and bore so many adventurous young men to the Pacific coast? Well, Philip Gay was one of the first to go, and one of the first to die. He never came back. His wife led a half-and-half sort of existence that was not life for a year or two, and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer and so much farther than California. Very far, very remote, it seemed to the little Cindy.

But she was not left utterly desolate. Aunt Tilly lived in Millthorpe, and after the funeral she took the child home with her. After the cottage and bit of land were sold, and the debts were paid, it was found that there was a trifle left; enough, if well invested, to clothe the girl and to send her to school for a year or two. So she was not quite penniless.

And there in Millthorpe we find her, on the eve of her eighteenth birthday. It has been a long, hot July day; but now the sun has gone down in a blaze of glory, and a soft purple haze lies low in the valleys. The house, which stands well back from the village street, is thrown open, that the grateful cool of the evening may steal in at window and doorway. Mrs. Munro stands in the wide entrance hall, with a troubled face, and an open letter in her hand. Her daughter Elizabeth, a tall, dark-haired girl of twenty, bends toward the west window, reading by the fast-waning light. Laura, the younger, lies languidly on the sofa, fanning herself.

Cindy has just finished putting away the tea-things. She has polished the last teaspoon, made the glasses clear and bright, brushed the crumbs off the pantry-shelf, and "set sponge" for to-morrow's baking. For her, too, the hour of rest has come, and she has dropped down on the back doorstep for a little coolness and quiet. Not that she is so very tired, for she has perfect health, and is generally the blitheliest little creature under the sun. Yet to-night she looks a trifle worn and weary.

Just then Mrs. Munro came out with the open letter in her hand.

"I don't what to do, Cindy," she said. "I hate to refuse, and it's such a fuss to have him come."

"Have who come, Aunt Tilly?"

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know. Why, I have just got a letter from that Miss Alden, who boarded here one summer. She wants me to take her brother for a few months. He's a painter, or something."

Cindy's face sparkled all over.

"He's more than that," she said. "Miss Alden told me about him. He's a real artist."

"What's the difference?" asked Aunt Tilly. "I'd be

willing to have him come, just to oblige his sister, but it will make so much more work—and—"

"Never mind that, Aunt Tilly," interrupted Cindy. "I don't mind the work, if you think best to have him come."

Brave little Cindy! She never did "mind the work;" and the result was, she had it all to do. Those who are willing to be burden-bearers for others have no difficulty in finding the burdens. Not one of that family meant to be unjust or ungenerous. But Elizabeth was "literary" in a very small way. She was fond of her books, fond of study. She wrote verses for the county paper, and it was vaguely hinted that she was engaged on something that would sometime, etc., etc. Of course her time was quite too precious to be wasted on housework.

Laura was a fair, placid, indolent beauty. She did not like to wash dishes, for it spoiled her hands. She did not like to sweep, for it made her back ache. She did not like to cook, for it reddened her face. As for Mrs. Munro, she was one of those women to whom, be she old or be she young, the grasshopper is a burden.

Money was not over plenty in the house; and to take city boarders—just as an accommodation, you know—was considered a respectable way to eke out a moderate income. It was an easy way as well, when there was a Cindy to the fore. Before she went to bed that night, Mrs. Munro had written to Miss Alden that rooms should be in readiness for her brother the last of that week.

He came, this Winthrop Alden, a handsome, manly-looking fellow, in spite of a recent illness. Well-born and well-bred, with plenty of blue blood in his veins, which was yet warmed and enriched by the red of our common humanity—an artist, as Cindy had said, but with so much of ancestral wealth that he could afford time to do good work and to do it well—full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear and a heart to feel whatever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

It does not seem strange to me that, in less than a week, there was a fluttering in that dove-cote. Every one of these girls had her own ambitions; even Cindy, who had not found it out yet. Elizabeth was only sensible of a vague longing for "something better than she had known" in Millthorpe; for a higher culture and a loftier living. Laura was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink and white flesh, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a Millthorpe clodhopper, do her own work, tend her own babies, have two calico gowns a year, and maybe a new silk, once in five—not she! She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jewels. But she was not such a fool as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child.

What was Cindy's ambition? It had taken no tangible form as yet. But God had given this girl, who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life, whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instinctive love of form and color, and a burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew, as the bird sings, from pure love, with no thought

of what might come of it. But up-stairs, in her own room, there was one bureau drawer filled with scraps, bits of card-board, drawing-paper, envelopes, and what not, covered with pencillings, outlines—hints of the glowing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too; here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies, and one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading in the distance.

I said there was a fluttering in the dove-cote. The studies that formerly held Elizabeth lost their attraction, and she began to feel an intense interest in all that pertains to art. Raphael, Guido, Michael Angelo—these became upon her lips as common household words. She never tired of sitting, metaphorically speaking, at Winthrop Alden's feet, and being taught of him. Art was the one thing needful, and her very soul did reverence at the shrine of the genius that could make the fleeting beauty of a day immortal as the stars.

Laura played a different game. She was arch and saucy and coquettish. She praised his work to-day, and made fun of it to-morrow. Then, when she had succeeded in annoying or wounding him, her penitence was most bewitching; and with tears in her sweet blue eyes, and a quiver of her childlike lips, she would plead her ignorance and inexperience, and beg his pardon with dangerous humility.

One day she came running to him with a pretty affectation of simplicity.

"Oh, Mr. Alden," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. But how could I, away up here where there are no teachers—no anything? Maybe," she went on, naively, dropping her eyelids till the long lashes swept her cheeks, "maybe I could appreciate your work better if I should try my hand at it, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Alden laughed outright. It seemed supremely ridiculous to him that he—Winthrop Alden—should be asked to give lessons to his landlady's daughter, and the idea of her being able to judge of his difficulties by any she was likely to encounter. But the very simplicity of the request was so amusing, that he said: "Very well, Miss Laura. It is a bargain, if, in return, you will be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely views ever since you have been here. but feared you would think me intrusive. Shall we go up to Sunset Rock to-night, Mr. Alden? I'd love to go."

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star or the sun itself. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things that she longed to do. He lived her own ideal life. It was hard to be in the kitchen, doing the rough work, while Elizabeth sat in the cool, shaded parlor, leading Winthrop Alden on to talk of his work and its aspirations, of artist life and its romantic associations—of all, in short, that was dearest to Cindy's soul. It was hard to be shelling peas for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses wandered over the hills, or sought out fairy nooks with her drawing-master.

One day she was washing the dinner dishes, trying vainly to recall the blithe content of former days, and wondering whither it had flown, when Mr. Alden passed

through the kitchen. Pausing for a moment in the shadow of the trumpet honeysuckle, with his hand upon the door-post, he looked down the fragrant garden-paths, and then back into the room from which the heat of various culinary operations had not yet escaped. Cindy's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay upon her forehead in little moist brown rings, her hands trembled, and she looked thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella," he said. Even genius can offer commonplaces.

"Cinderella!" she cried, opening her brown eyes at him, as she nearly dropped a tumbler. "What a funny idea! That's not my name, Mr. Alden."

"Is it not? I beg your pardon. But they call you Cindy—Cindy—do they not? I supposed it was for Cinderella."

"It is not. It is for Lucinda—just plain Lucinda, Mr. Alden."

"Lucinda—Cinderella," he repeated, musingly, while his eye roved around the room, taking quick note of everything, from the pots and kettles on the hearth to the saucer of pansies on the window-sill, and the young girl's tired face. "A strange blunder of mine. But I really supposed it was Cinderella."

He hesitated a moment, while a sudden light broke over his face, and a smile played about his mouth.

"Cin-de-rel-la"—he said again, lingering on the word. "We are not going to the prince's ball, Miss Cindy, but we are going up the hill to the pine woods. Those cool green silences will be delightful such a day as this. Won't you go with us?"

Ah, would they not be? She longed for them unutterably. Winthrop Alden did not see the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, for she turned to the sink and bent over her dish-pan, as she answered, quietly: "Thank you. But it will not be convenient to-day. Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there were clothes to be folded down, and biscuits to be baked, and raspberries to be picked for tea, and divers other things to be done? What could he understand about it? And the worst of it was, these things had never seemed so burdensome, so distasteful before. She had not realized herself until this summer, how different a life was hers from that led by her cousins.

The young man touched his hat and walked away. But as soon as he was out of sight, Cindy dropped her dish-towel, and flew up-stairs in a sudden passion of tears. Cinderella indeed! She saw it all now. Yet there was no cross stepmother; there were no cruel sisters. Her aunt and the girls were simply thoughtless, and, maybe—she did not like to say it—selfish. That was all. But, alas! there was no fairy godmother either!

She wiped her tears and came down stairs again. The water was cold, and the fire had gone out. So much for quarrelling with fate she thought. It was better to go quietly on and not fall into spasms. But she had made up her mind in that seemingly wasted hour. She would be her own godmother! She would make no disturbance in the household this summer. This Mr. Alden did not belong to her world. He was nothing to her, nor she to him. What was it to her, if he did seem to like Elizabeth's conversation, or if he should be entangled in the meshes of Laura's golden hair?

She was happier after this. Gradually her vague plans began to take definite form and shape. She scanned the contents of her bureau-drawer with an eye that daily

gained strength and clearness. She studied every pencil stroke of Mr. Alden's that fell in her way, with intense eagerness. Day by day the conviction grew upon her that though she might not paint great pictures for the world to wonder at, she might still do something if she had a chance—something in the doing of which the best of herself might find expression.

But if she could only share the lessons about which Laura made such an ado—and about which, it must be confessed, Cindy felt no little curiosity. Laura kept her portfolio under lock and key. Cindy remembered that when they were in school she could hardly draw a map, or the simplest figure in geometry. Was she developing a new talent—one that she had heretofore hidden under a napkin? Had her beautiful cousin found a soul at last? For more than once she heard Mr. Alden praising her work, and telling her how far it surpassed his expectations; while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest, sweetest flush deepened on her white rose cheek.

"I don't know what to make of Lal," said Elizabeth, one day, when she had volunteered to concoct a pudding. "I wonder if she is really turning over a new leaf? I never suspected her of a talent for anything but making the most of her hair and eyes, and dressing wonderfully well considering what she has to do it with. But Mr. Alden says she is doing admirably in her drawing." And the speaker proceeded to beat her eggs vehemently.

"Have you seen anything she has done?" asked Cindy.

"No. And that's what strikes me as being odd. Laura is so unaccountably modest all of a sudden; puts on the shyest airs, and cries, 'oh, no! not for the world! Wait till I have something better to show!' It's something new for Laura."

"But you are in the room sometimes when she takes her lessons?" remarked Cindy, with a question in her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Alden does not teach like a drawing-master. She just sketches whatever she pleases, and he criticises and makes suggestions. She won't draw so much as a straight line in his presence. And he thinks it just lovely of her—I know he does. She makes him think she is as shrinking and sensitive as a harebell."

Elizabeth had her troubles, too, it seemed.

The next morning Mr. Alden announced that he was going off on a long tramp; should probably be gone all day. Laura took advantage of his absence to closet herself with her dressmaker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave orders that she was on no account to be disturbed; Aunt Tilly went down the street to see a friend and do some errands.

"Now I have a chance to give Mr. Alden's parlor a thorough putting to rights," said Cindy to herself. "It has needed it this long time." And tying a handkerchief over her head, she forthwith went to work.

She was rubbing chairs and tables with a hearty goodwill, when the door suddenly opened.

Mr. Alden lifted his hat, while a sudden flush crimsoned his forehead. Then he stepped quickly into the room, and took the duster from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care of my own study while I was in college, and I can again. Let the dust gather an inch deep, my lady abess, before you don that becoming white head-gear another time in behalf of a lazy fellow like me."

"That would be fine housekeeping!" she cried, snatching off the head-kerchief, and hiding it in her pocket while she regained possession of the tabooed duster.

"What made you come back, Mr. Alden? You were to be gone all day."

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella," he answered, solemnly, wheeling a large chair into position; "and to inflict righteous judgment upon you by compelling you to sit still for half an hour, while I show you these," said he, unlocking a portfolio of rare engravings.

Cindy's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed. Then she turned toward the door. "But the dinner, Mr. Alden! I—"

"Dinner be—dispensed with," he said. "I want nothing but a bowl of milk. Confess, now! You did not think of dinner till I came."

She did not reply; and she stood there, with her hand on the door-knob—a pretty picture of irresolution.

"No dinner for me," he went on. "Are you fond of pictures? What shall I show you? Figure pieces—landscapes? What do you like best?"

"I—hardly know—" she faltered. "I have seen so few. Show me your own work, Mr. Alden; something you are doing now. I shall be sure to like that."

He hesitated, glanced at her curiously, half laughed, and then laid his hand on the cloth thrown over an easel near the window.

"Did you lift this?" he asked. "Did you look at this picture?"

"O, no, no!" she cried, coloring. "How can you ask it, Mr. Alden? Indeed, I have looked at nothing that you did not leave in plain sight."

His own face flushed.

"This is no Blue Beard's closet, Miss Cindy. I should not have killed you if you had looked. But to make amends for my impudent question, I have half a mind to let you see this—even at the risk of your displeasure. Look there!"

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

Cindy took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Alden watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail, until at length, as if saving the best wine for the last, it settled upon the drooping figure in the corner. For a moment she gazed silently; then she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own.

"Forgive me; O, forgive me!" cried Mr. Alden, as he saw her agitation. "I could not help it! The name—and—everything! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you. But the idea has haunted me for weeks, and I had to work it out. Tell me you are not hurt—not angry, Miss Cindy! See! I will tear the picture in shreds, if you say so."

"No, no!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him. "Leave it as it is. I do not care, I do not mind. But Mr. Alden, I shall find my godmother some time, or I shall make one for myself!" and before he could detain her she had gone.

The next afternoon brought a heavy mail to Mr. Alden, and after tea he strolled down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a rustic summer-house, with a table and a chair or two, to look over the new monthlies. Presently Laura followed him, with her portfolio.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her long curls with a pretty, child-like toss. "Not now, when you've just got news from home, and everything. But I've come, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. O Mr. Alden!" and she laid her white hand upon his arm appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he took the little sketch, or design from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him, and examined it carefully.

"This design is remarkable for the work of a beginner, Miss Laura," he said at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean by this? Put your thought in words."

He was surprised—puzzled. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; he had enjoyed it, as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. Yet now, for more than a month, she had brought to him, day after day, designs and sketches that betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, a pure womanliness beyond his comprehension. The execution was often very faulty—but the power was there undeniably.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was."

Just then a step sounded on the gravel-walk without. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; but before she could reach the one Mr. Alden was examining, a sudden gust of wind caught it, and, sweeping it outside the door, dropped it at Cindy's feet.

"That is mine! Do not touch it!" cried Laura. But with a quick start and an exclamation of astonishment, Cindy stooped down and picked it up.

"It is mine," said she, calmly, while her form dilated and her eye kindled with a sudden light. "It is mine. Where did you get it, Laura? And what right have you to show my pencillings to Mr. Alden?"

"It is not yours—it is mine," repeated Laura, trembling like a leaf and pallid as a ghost; "I drew it to-day—this very morning."

Cindy colored painfully. She had spoken involuntarily; but now she shrank, with womanly sensitiveness, from exposing her cousin to Mr. Alden's contempt.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away.

But he stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Cindy?"

She looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"Is it yours, Miss Cindy?"

She took the paper from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she showed him certain minute characters.

"Read that," she said.

And he read aloud: "Cinderella."

"Would she be likely to have written that?" she asked. Laura had vanished.

What passed for the next hour, Cindy could never have told. It was all a bewildering dream. Every sketch in the portfolio was her own. They had been taken one by one from the bureau drawer. She had missed them; but supposed she carelessly mislaid them herself, and had had no time to make thorough search. In her sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Alden. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried for very joy? Or that he should have smoothed back her brown hair and whispered: "Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy god-mother!"

When they went into the house in the deepening twilight, Elizabeth met them at the door.

"Laura has told me all about it," she said, in a constrained voice. "If she is my sister, I am compelled to say that it was shameful, dastardly. But, Mr. Alden, it was to gain your good opinion that she did it, and she has gone away that she may not see your face again. I do not think she fully comprehended the baseness of which she was guilty. Be as charitable as you can."

"It shall be a secret between us, never to be spoken of," he returned, kindly. "Her exile will not be for long, Miss Elizabeth, for I am going away to-morrow."

She gave him a quick look of thanks. "I have something to say to you, too, Cindy," warmly clasping the hand extended to meet hers, "and I want Mr. Alden to hear it. I am not in the mood for many words, but I have been abominably selfish and unwomanly, Cindy. I see it all now; and from this day forward there is to be a new order of things in this house. That's enough, isn't it?"

What Cindy whispered, as she threw herself into Elizabeth's arms and kissed her burning cheek, there is no need for me to tell.

You all think Cindy married Mr. Alden; and, as I did not set about telling a love story, I may as well say that she did. But it was not at once. His friendship and that of his sister, to whom he did not fail to tell of the rare and beautiful gift he had found hidden in a Mill-thorpe kitchen, opened doors for her which she might have found it difficult to open for herself; and the brave, strong little hands that had labored so faithfully and so patiently there, labored no less assiduously when the work given them to do was no longer task-work, but the delight of an eager soul. It was not until she had accomplished much that she longed to accomplish—not until, a girl no longer, the wand of her fairy godmother had transformed her into a lovely, graceful, cultured woman, in every sense his peer—that she became the wife of Winthrop Alden, and moved her easel into his studio.

INDUSTRY.—The servants of industry are known by their appearance. Their garb is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him; but in every instance an industrious man becomes more industrious, the wife more active and careful, the children better educated and more fitted for their station in life. When the habit is formed of acquiring property, whether real or personal, the individual feels a solid satisfaction within his mind of which the spendthrift can form no idea.

BY STILL WATERS.

A STORY FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROOKED PLACES," "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool."

TENNYSON.

SARAH RUSSELL did not so arrange her temporary residence at the Rood Hotel as to reduce herself and Mrs. Stone to solitary confinement. Mrs. Stone took her meals with the hotel staff, and spent a good deal of time in Miss Russell's bed-room, looking over and repairing her wardrobe. But Miss Russell had many little ways of her own that could only be carried out under her personal superintendence, and so Mrs. Stone was often required to sit in the little parlor at other times than the hour for the evening reading.

It might be odd to trace in the ways of this lady, who had lived for years in what her Cousin Jane called "a radical, impudent country," a wonderful resemblance to the ways of stately chateaulaines of old régimes where the "rights of man" were never dreamed of—at least under that name.

She liked to join in her attendant's work—to plait the ruffles which Mrs. Stone was hemming, or to put on the trimming she had just finished. She liked to tell her the leading news of the daily papers. And still she had never seen Mrs. Stone's "letters of recommendation." Mrs. Stone herself wondered at it, as people will constantly wonder at trustfulness which springs from a knowledge above their comprehension.

She brought out the letters at last of her own will.

"Please, m'm," she said, "it makes me feel kind of queer for you to be so good and frank with me without any reason why. So that there is any reason why. Only I'd like to give you as good reasons as I can. I've got letters all up—one way or another. There's one nigh thirty years old, from my old schoolmistress. She wasn't a friend o' mine, never, but ye see she says I was a striving gall, only a bit pettish. She hadn't no worse to say than that."

"I suppose you went to school in this neighborhood," said Miss Russell, balancing the dim old letter in her hand.

Mrs. Stone wiped her eyes. "Yes, indeed I did," she said, "and a good school it was, though the caps was frightful, and I always felt it, 'cause I had a cousin in St. Jude's school, where they were real pretty with little bits o' ribbon bows. We had ribbon, too, but ours was straight bits o' light brown, while t'others were blue. But, lor', what a little thing to worry a body's self about! I used to fret and worry mother about it, too, and she used to keep on trying to soothe me. If I'd been her, I'd have given me a good slap, and made me keep my worries to myself if I couldn't leave 'em off."

"But then her corner window would not have preached such a sweet sermon to you as it does now," said Miss Russell.

"Ah, that's true, ma'am," Mrs. Stone reflected. "And then, you see, when I left school, I went into service as nurse, and I might have been very comfortable, only the cook took a dislike to me, and we never used to speak to each other—no, not though we sat together for hours of an evening. You see I stayed in that place nigh ten years, ma'am, and there's some letters I've had from the

mistress that no lady would write to any servant that hadn't done her duty by her. And while I was there, I got to keeping company with a young man—highly respectable, he was. I never looked at no riff-raff. And we were to be married, and I'd got a whole trunkful of clothes ready. I don't know how it was, but he seemed to get dreadful contrary, and always running against my ways in little things; though I didn't notice at first, and used to give in, but old cook used to say in her kind of way to the laundress, 'No wonder I ain't married: I see what women has to give up to catch a man.' And I thought I'd give up nothing to catch no man. And I stood out, and he stood out. And when he wouldn't come round no other how, I thought he would if I said we'd better part, and he just said back that he thought so too, and never came nigh me again. Oh, dear me, ma'am, I know I was a fool for my pains, but it was awful dreary sitting wondering whether he really never did mean to come. And the cook used to keep talking to the housemaid about throwing away the dirty water before we got in the clean, and getting crooked sticks or none at all, and the like of that. 'Many folks'll be glad o' what other folks turned up their nose at,' she'd say. And there was all my clothes getting old-fashioned, and me got nothing better to do of holidays than turn them over and shake them to keep out the moth. And then there was Somebody came about, that I knew I could have if I liked. And I thought I'd find it awful hard if the other one got married, and that I'd better take a chance while I had one, and I could not help thinking maybe he'd rue when it was too late, and get a turn of the misery that I'd had enough of. And so I took my offer. And if t'other one didn't go and get married just two days afore me, though he knowed nothing about my marriage that was coming off. 'Twas cook told me, and says she, 'It's all right now: and nobody's heart's broken.'"

"And did you tell your husband all about it?" asked Miss Russell.

"No, ma'am, I didn't, for I thought he'd think I was a cast-off, for cook always used to say that it was easy for women to tell that they'd had the first word of parting."

"Don't you think it was very foolish and strange in you, Mrs. Stone, to allow this woman whom you disliked, to have such a hand in the making of your life? You seem to have lived in her opinion instead of your own."

"She were a woman that kind of put one down," pleaded Mrs. Stone, "and I thought it was all right to be marrying a decent man that I liked pretty well. I thought we'd pull together right enough. And I'm sure I did my best. I'd a good bit of savings, and I spent them all on my home, so that it was as much mine as his, and real pride I took in it. I was working and slaving from morning till night keeping the place like a palace, and many was the time that I wouldn't go out pleasuring with him just that I might give the time to some needlework or doing up some room. But the more I stayed at home the more he went out. And he got among a drinking set o' men, and oh, mercy me, I'd only been a making and a sparing that he might spend the more. There was a beautiful silk patchwork quilt that I'd made of an evening when I might have been gallivanting the streets with him, didn't that go? And you may know how good it was when they gave four pounds for it at a pawnshop. And there were all my bits of china and pictures and napery that I'd bought with my own hard-earned money, didn't they all go? And didn't he cast it up to me that he'd found out I'd wanted to marry another man, and had

only taken him in a makeshift! And after he'd said that, I dared not say him 'nay' in anything he asked for, he'd get so savage and furious. And then he said he'd go to America, and he didn't want me to go with him at first, but I would, for why should a man and his wife be parted at all—'tain't right—and I didn't want t'other one to know I was left behind, and left behind for good and all, I knew I'd be if I let him go. And, oh me, I did have a life over there. I worked, and I washed, and I nursed, and he just drank and slept and loafed. And if there wasn't t'other one's own brother a-living in the very town where we settled down. And he knew me, and spoke to me, and told me that t'other one and his wife were away to Queensland, and had got their own farm and a hoes an' shay. And, of course, I knew he'd be writing to 'em and telling how I was slavin', and dragging home my drunk husband all hours of the day. I'm sure I did all I could to make him mend. I talked and I scolded, and I preached and prayed, and read the Bible, and kep' him without his dinner when he was sober enough to miss it. And they sold the bed from under us, and there wasn't a thing left to get a shilling on but my wedding-ring, which I'd kept to the very last, being what makes a woman decent, and it was really all I'd got of my marriage, but it had to go, and I've never had but this brass one since."

Mrs. Stone was crying bitterly. Her anguish came home to her in its smaller details. She had never yet lifted her soul to the height of its loss. There are people who stand before their burning home and vent their grief by crying, "Oh, the poor vases on the mantel-shelf!" "Oh, the nice new paper on the parlor wall!"

Sarah Russell sat silent. Underneath the very common story she could read the secret of its sorrow and suffering—the fatal self-seeking and self-pleasing which defeats itself, "which maketh itself rich" only to be poor indeed. But this was not the time to say this. Whatever opportunities had been lost, whatever blessings had been turned into bones, the poor life was at its lowest now. If a man has been starving himself to death, we do not chide him for his attempted suicide till we have fully restored his vitality. She must let this worn-out woman have rest and peace with her, and then she must gently lead her to some possibility of "seeking not her own," and then by the light of that new form of happiness she might read the blunder of her past, and see that she had missed the Way of the Cross—the one way wherein humanity can go up to meet the love of God, and receive the Fatherly adoption and benediction which makes all creation into home and harmony.

Mrs. Stone went on again, fumbling among her papers.

"And here's a line from the bishop of the place out there. He gave it me when we moved. He says: 'Mrs. Stone is a honest and industrious woman, who has been sorely tried. My wife can recommend her for any kind of fine needlework or household attendance.' It do seem hard, it do, that with everybody willing to say these things, and them no more than true, I should still be as bad off as many a slut of a jade that won't put a hand to anything. If I'd been a drinking woman, or a thief, or an idle gossip, or a dressed-up hussy, I could have understood it. But things have just gone contrary to me without any fault of my own. I've had nothing like other people!"

"I think you must go and look at your mother's window again," said Miss Russell, very gently.

"Ah, well, I did have a good mother and a good home to begin with," she admitted, in a softer voice. "Well-a-

day, miss, Stone went off down to West to work at the railroads. And I couldn't keep him, for he hired himself and was took, and I couldn't go too, for I hadn't a shilling. So we was to be parted after all, you see. And when the time came he didn't come back, and his mates said he'd gone up further among the Indians. And I waited and waited. And I waited and waited, and then small-pox broke out there, and the Indians died off like rats, and the white men, too. And still I waited. And he never come. And the winters were dreadful bitter, and night after night I'd go to bed and dream about England and London, and this old Hallowgate. I was doing well out there, and thought I ought to stay. But I couldn't rest. So I saved a bit of money, and sold off a few things I'd got together again, and home I came. And here I am, ma'am."

Quieter tears were falling, and the rasp was once more dying out of the thin voice.

"You've been so good to me, ma'am," she said. "Just as I'd got to expect nothing at all!"

"Just as you had fallen through all your own plans and wishes straight upon the mercy of God!" whispered Miss Russell.

"I wish I could keep from thinking about my miseries," said the poor woman. "I was in hopes I'd half forgot 'em when I first walked down the old streets, and remembered things that was before. They seemed to roll away like. But they come back over me like a great thick fog. Oh, the bitter names that I've had to hear from my own husband!"

"Mrs. Stone," said Miss Russell, very gently indeed, "just notice your own experience. At a certain time and under certain feelings you say these words lost their sting. Now those words had been spoken just as much when you were thinking of your mother and your childhood's home as they are now. And yet you did not suffer from them then. That shows that the poison is not in them, but in yourself. If you were always so, you would never feel them thus bitterly. Now, which do you think was the higher frame of mind, then or now?"

"Oh, I felt as if I'd got my own mother back," sobbed Mrs. Stone. "It was a'most like Heaven. But I can't feel it always."

"I know that quite well," said Miss Russell. "Very few of us can feel it always. But then we can at least own the truth it shows us, namely, that our own nature, and nobody else, is the real cause of our misery, and that nobody can injure us except so far as we allow ourselves to be injured. And our anger is comparatively harmless when it is turned against ourselves. I should like to read you something out of an old, old book, which has lived for hundreds of years, just because it speaks to wants and pains of the human heart, which are always going on. This is what it says:

"Take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that which thou wouldst not willingly hear.

"Thou oughtest to be the hardest judge of thyself, and to think no man weaker than thyself.

"If thou dost walk spiritually, thou wilt not much weigh fleeting words.

"It is no small wisdom to keep silence in an evil time, and in thy heart to turn thyself to God, and not to be troubled by the judgment of men.

"Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men; for whether they judge well of thee or ill, thou art not on that account other than thyself. Where are true peace and true glory? Are they not in God?"

"And he that careth not to please men, nor feareth to displease them, shall enjoy much peace.

"From inordinate love and vain fear ariseth all disquietness of heart and distraction of mind."

"Ah me, ma'am," sighed Mrs. Stone, "but that's a kind of different view of things there. I don't suppose I did walk spiritually, and I daresay I was aggravating sometimes; but, oh, I was awfully aggravated."

Miss Russell did not think this was a mean appreciation of the beautiful passage she had read. It was enough that in its calm, high light, the poor hurried heart had paused and shrank back in the consciousness of its own deficiency.

"And now I'll go down-stairs to the still-room," said Mrs. Stone. "I do wish they had more chairs there, for it generally falls to my lot to sit on a three-legged stool, and it makes me feel as if I was a sort of outsider, as I believe the house servants do really consider me, for they generally stop talking whenever I go in, and begin fresh about the weather, or the newspaper, or something that's nothing to anybody, as one may say."

"Mrs. Stone," said Miss Russell, half-playfully, "remember how angry you are at yourself for the fuss you made over the ugly brown ribbon in the school-caps. Don't you think that when you've got past another stage of life—say into the next world—this will seem quite as trifling a grievance?"

"La, ma'am, yes," cried Mrs. Stone. "Why, surely we sha'n't even remember such trumpery then!"

"Yes, we shall," said Miss Russell, with a quietness which grew into solemnity. "Yes, we shall, for all our past lives will seem similar trifles by that time; but the tempers and moods in which we lived through such trifles will make the furnishing or the emptiness of our spiritual home. You know there are 'many mansions.' The dying thief was to be in paradise on the day when he had died for his crimes; but do you suppose it would be quite the same with him there as it was with the blessed martyr Stephen?"

CHAPTER IV.

"We venture on the awful deep,
And find our courage there."

A. L. WARING.

SARAH RUSSELL was not as she had once been,—unable to rest anywhere, without a sense of permanence. Perhaps her mind had risen to a higher grasp of time, so that she could the better realize that a few days or a few years are drops of almost equal insignificance in the ocean of eternity. Or, perhaps she had grown into a higher ideal of home, so that she could understand that while it might be associated with certain walls and temporal belongings, just as the angels that we shall be, are linked with the bodies of our humanity, it was always something beyond these, and not to be lost or changed as they may pass away or alter.

Still, though Sarah Russell was happy and restful in her temporary abode, she had no intention of letting her life slip away without a permanent place and permanent ties, and duties. Her very gratitude for the grace that now kept her quiet and content, among disturbing conditions, prompted her to improve those conditions as much as possible. The grateful man is he who, having been fed in time of famine, hastens to earn food as soon as he can, so that perhaps he too may share the god-like attribute of giving freely.*

Before she began to elaborate her own plans, she had visited Jane three or four times, and had also seen Tibbie, in her "den," over a surgery in the heart of White-chapel, where the hall-door swung ajar, and a cross, untidy servant met her on the stairs to conduct her to the sitting-room, where Tibbie sat among files of dusty, charitable prospectuses and rows of statistical books, with a business-like clock and letter-weight on the mantel, and the walls enlivened by a map of the world, a map of London, a geological chart, two engravings from Goethe's "Faust," and one after Martin's "Last Judgment." And Sarah Russell was forced to admit to herself that if Jane's home would suit neither her nor Tibbie, neither would Tibbie's suit her.

"I know you think it is terribly like an office," Tibbie had once observed, in answer to Sarah's thought, for she certainly had not uttered it; "and so it is. All the real life which is left to me is pure business life. I can just emigrate people because I know it is good for them, (can't be worse, anyway), and get others to buy clothes instead of gin, and to frequent the penny-bank instead of the pawn-shop. That's all I can do. I know it sounds dry enough; I fear it may be dry and withered and dead at its very core. But in the meantime all I want, are meals to keep me alive, a place to write letters in, and a bed to lie upon when I am quite worn out."

"I don't believe in giving up a home life," Sarah observed, gently.

Tibbie looked straight at her. "Any more do I," she said; "but it appears God does, or my life would not be what it is, or yours either, as it seems to me, Cousin Sarah. What home life is possible for single women, with no near and dependent ties remaining? To my mind there is nothing in this world so pathetic as the poor make-shifts with which they try to deceive themselves that they have it. Look at the boarding-house advertisements of 'harmonious social circles,' and at the hydropathic establishments, where they try to amuse their poor empty hearts by spasmodic interests in people who go and come; they just fill their empty world with the shadows of the real life going on in other people's worlds, and they end in either gush or gossip."

"I think it is because God means so much in home life, and so deeply means that everybody should have it, that some are left like you and I, Tibbie," said Sarah. "For while the world goes on as it is, some of its threads will slip from their proper place in its pattern and get into tangles, and so some hands are kept out of its general work just to undo these tangles. We cannot make a home for ourselves, but we can make ourselves a home for others, and then by-and-by we find that their love has built our loving service into a shelter for ourselves; or if their love fails, another Love comes in and performs their part—that Love which supplements all effort, and saves all failures, and looks after all lost things."

"That is all very well for those who have reached that degree of saintship that they have no more human self," said Tibbie.

"It is the only outlook for all life," Sarah answered. "We must give up before we gain. The love of God can only meet humanity in the way of the Cross, and every earthly love is, in its degree, a type of that love. What makes the natural mother-love so tender, but the anguish in which she brings forth her child, and the daily sacrifice of her own inclinations for its good? If we would know anything of that love in a spiritual sense, we must be prepared for a similar spiritual agony, and similar ser-

vice of spiritual love. The mistake we all make is in thinking to buy the highest treasures of life at an easier rate than the lower ones, in imagining that the thing typified can be won with less travail than the type. We surrender and serve, and bear and hope for our parents and brethren, and children and kinsfolk, "in the flesh," and there must be as much surrender, and service, and patience, and faith, if we would have ties as real 'in the Lord.' It all lays with ourselves, Tibbie. As Solomon says, 'A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;' and the parable of the Good Samaritan was told to reveal that 'he is the neighbor who shows mercy.'

"But I wonder why it is made so hard for some people to be good and useful," said Tibbie. "The lower rungs of the ladder are knocked away from them, so that they must either stretch themselves to a great height or not mount at all. I think I might have lived a life worth living, if I had been set as most people are; if I had had a dozen brothers and sisters, of all sorts of dispositions, instead of only Jane; if I had married a good man, who would have had so much patience with my sharp corners that he would have polished them all away; if I had half a dozen children to think that there was nobody like mamma, so that I should have been stimulated never to disappoint their faith. Instead of this—oh, Sarah, if you only knew all I have ever had, and how it was taken from me!"

"God takes some things from us lest we should spoil them," said Sarah; "and we have more of them in missing them, than we should in keeping them."

"I should not have spoiled this," said Tibbie, passionately; "but anyhow it is spoiled for me now. And what can God ask from a life like mine? What is there to give Him? People talk about giving time and money, but they are no gift from me. I keep these savings-bank accounts, because if I did not do something I should go mad—and I give away all the money that I do not need for absolute necessities—and I am only glad not to be troubled spending it, though I know its gift often does more harm than good. I have no love twined round me, for me to raise to God—no children to rear and consecrate to His service. O Sarah, is it fair that life should be made poor here, only to be poor hereafter? O Sarah, I always pitied that man with the one talent. It seemed so hard!"

"Tibbie, if he had only done right with that one talent, he might have multiplied it into a wealth beyond his who had the five," said Sarah. "And, Tibbie, I think we may give God just what we have not got to give, what He has taken from us. His cattle are on a thousand hills—does He require our burnt offerings? His are the untold mines of the universe—does He want our money? All things do His bidding—does He require our service? We can only give Him what is His already. All we can do is to lift up our hearts and joyful wills along with the gift which he has given us that we may give it back. So I think the man who cheerfully offers his poverty to God, offers therein all the wealth which God has withheld. And I think the man who meekly lays down his life in the path of duty, offers God all the years that are cut off. And the heart that misses its precious things and offers its emptiness, is like that poor widow who cast in more than they all. Does not David declare, 'Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: Thou delightest not in burnt offering.' The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' Why, Tibbie, I think God empties hearts

and hands on earth, that they may be the fullest hearts and hands in Heaven!—'choosing the poor in this world'—it does not only mean poor in purse—'rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom.' And then comes that mysterious alchemy by which what we give returns to us a hundredfold, and the man who has offered his poverty finds himself provided for, not by a few thousands in the bank—but in the very treasures of God—with no shadow to obscure from him the vision of the loving Father, feeding and clothing him even as He feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies. And the man who gave up mortal years of service, finds himself among the ministering spirits with higher powers of service. And the emptied heart bursts with love at its Father's feet."

"I can see it," said Tibbie, "I can see it dimly: I can see it like a very short-sighted Moses standing on a very distant Pisgah, and just catching a sunset glory over a promised land where he shall never enter in. Oh, Sarah, Sarah, and I do know I might be just the lonely woman that I am, and yet everything quite different!"

She rose from her seat, and stood indeterminate for a moment, then went to a little inlaid box that stood on a side table, and took from it a little leathern case whose clasp she unlocked, as she placed it in Sarah's hands.

It was the portrait of a very young man. It was touching to see it in the hands of the middle-aged woman. And yet—as Sarah glanced from it to Tibbie—she became aware of a strange youthfulness about her cousin—a raw, pitiful youthfulness, like a plant that stays in its greenness into the blossoming time. Part of Tibbie's life had stopped long ago—the accompaniment had gone on, the song had ceased. And then Sarah glanced back at the portrait. It was a sweet, gentle face—a face that would have grown stronger beside Tibbie's, and which would have softened hers—theirs were just the faces which God so often puts side by side.

"He is dead," said Tibbie, with a high thrill in her calm voice. "It has been well with him for more than fifteen years. But he was all I had. And this is all I have."

"It is more than I have, Tibbie," said Sarah, meeting her cousin's eyes with that strange, loving longing which seems the nearest possibility to "coveting" in such natures as hers.

"But he is not mine," Tibbie added. "I lost him here."

"Perhaps you have him again now he is there," said Sarah.

Tibbie shook her head. "I think I will tell you the story some day," she said. "Not now. Nobody else knows. Only the sweetness and the bitterness go together—the light and the darkness. First the sunshine, then the total eclipse."

"It is nearly always so, but the eclipse does not put out the sun," whispered Sarah.

And after that they could not talk any more, but sat in silence for a little while, and then kissed each other and said good-bye, and Sarah went away—homeward toward the Hallowgate.

She felt strangely sad and weary. The shadow of another life was upon her, and in it the shadow of many lives. The questions that she had answered were echoing in her own heart. It is ever so. Even the strongest physician must beware lest the disease he is striving to heal fastens upon himself. When we empty our cup of refreshing into another's bowl, we may faint on our way back to the fountain. We may vanquish the prophets of

Baal, only to lie down in despair under the juniper-tree in the wilderness. Never mind: the God who knows our humanity will repay the strength we have spent for others. The "angel" will come—whether in a secret thought flashed upon the mind, or the wise word of a friend, or the unconscious lip of an innocent child.

"Why is Tibbie left like this?" Sarah pondered as she went along. "My life's loss does not matter: my loss has been all gain. But why is her life made hard, and yet left unhelped? Why do so many lives miss just what they need? And even while I was answering Tibbie, and perhaps comforting her a little, I could not help wondering how many more are secretly asking just such questions as hers, and are yet left to go without even such comfort as I can give. How can God bear to let such agony be?"

And then she held down the sympathetic pain in her own heart to remember that she had purposed to buy a book for a young invalid girl the same as she had seen lying on the sofa in the housekeeper's room at the Rood Hotel. It was the sight of a bookseller's shop which had reminded her of her plan. So she went in, and chose one chiefly for its beautiful illustrations. She carried it home with her, and took it to her bed-room, still overcome by that strange sense of weariness. Sarah Russell's physical ailments were generally reflections from her mind. With many the failing flesh pulls down the spirit. But that which is dominant has dominion, and when Sarah Russell's spirit failed, the flesh failed with it. Without even taking off her bonnet, she sat down in the easy chair, and began dreamily to read.

And this was what she read:

WHY?

There was once a little fish sporting in the great gray waves of the wide Atlantic. It was but a very little fish, not much larger than a baby's little finger, but it had shining, silvery scales, and it glittered in the sunshine. There were plenty of other little fishes exactly like it in the ocean, probably hundreds and thousands; but being quite a young fish, which had only come to life a few hours before, it had never yet seen any of these as distinctly as it could see itself. Therefore it thought its own beauty quite unequalled. It felt certain that it was the very loveliest of all God's creatures, and the poor little creature could scarcely know better since it knew nothing beyond the little wave whereon it turned itself over in ecstasies of wondering admiration.

Perhaps its delight in itself would have been quite harmless had it not begun to ask itself, "Why am I thus thrown away? No equal eye has ever beheld me. Those other wretched little fishes do not come near me, seeming quite absorbed in the contemplation of their own flabby skins, so different to my lustrous one. The great ships go by—I can see them, but they cannot see me, because minuteness of size is a necessary part of my exquisite beauty. The ships can see those great, vulgar, leaping porpoises—vulgarity is always big and obtrusive. Of course those ships are alive, and they are certainly graceful enough to be able to appreciate my superior grace and beauty. Oh, if they could only see me! I could die happy then. Why am I thus thrown away? Why am I thus lost? Why—oh, why?"

But at that very moment a big wave came along, and carried away the little fish so fast and so far that he scarcely knew his head from his tail, till he found himself suddenly thrown upon something so hard that it bruised the life out of him. And the big wave left him there—

quite out of his element. The little fish just had time to see that he was on the deck of a great ship, with, oh, such an evil smell of tar and paint, and then he gave up his tiny ghost, in one gasping sigh for the free ocean and the fresh, sunny morning. He did not even remember his beauty then!

Next morning a sailor boy found the little dead fish, and carried him aft to show him to the captain's little daughter, because "he was such a queer bit of a thing." And the captain's little golden-haired daughter looked at it very gravely, and was going to touch it, but her mother, who had rather a sharp way of speaking, forbade her, saying that it might smell nastily. Then the sailor boy threw it down again. But the little girl said to her mother: "Why did God let the wave carry that little fish here? It is no good to anybody now, but once it had a happy little life of its own. If God knows everything, He must have known that it would die out of the water. Why does God do cruel things, mamma?"

"Do not ask stupid questions, my dear," said the mother. "What does it matter about a little fish? It must die some day. Go and fetch me another reel of crochet cotton, and bring up your doll and play with it."

The little girl obeyed. But on her way back from the cabin she could not bear to see the poor little fish lying on the deck. She wondered to herself if it was quite, quite dead, or if it might "come alive again" if it were back in the bounding waves. She would not disobey her mother's injunction about not touching it. So she got a handful of straw from the poultry coop on deck, and picked it up in that, and dropped it overboard. And then she felt happier, but the little heart still kept asking "Why?"

A philosopher sat in his study. He was a man who had gone deeply into many sciences. He had a skeleton in a glass case, and rows of skulls on shelves, and cases full of stuffed animals, and books full of dried plants. He knew many secrets of the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. But there he sat among all the things that had had to die, that he might find out all about them, and there was nothing alive in the room but himself. And just now he was reading a child's book. He had bought it for a Christmas-box for his nephew. Now in this child's book was written this story of the little fish, and when the philosopher had read it he smiled to himself.

"The little fish did but get its wish," he said; "and if the captain's child had only been pleased with the sight of it instead of asking questions, her delight—the momentary pleasure of a higher order of being—would have been worth more than all its trumpery little existence. The lower organizations are meant to serve the higher, and to be merged therein. Yet I know there is another mystery—that somehow their pain also ascends, and the highest organization has a curious sympathy with the lowest, which is not half so strong in the grades between. But then," he added, "why need I probe these mysteries? Creation only echoes them. Science has no answer for them, but perhaps we shall find out something some day."

Let us hope so; for at present he has only found out enough to be quite sure that there is no room for God in the universe and no room for a soul in his own body. *

Two high spirits sat conversing in the glory close to the throne of God. They had not met for a brief space of their existence—say for perhaps one hour of one endless day of one eternal year—not since the morning when

the Creator surveyed His new handiwork, our world, and said that it was "very good." Since then Agō had been the guardian angel of a nation, while Ergōn had been away on a long errand among God's other worlds.

Said Ergōn: "Yonder earth is a wonderful place. It might be Heaven itself, if it only would. And what sweet melody comes up from it sometimes! Just now I saw the archangels pause, while the Master listened to a little child who was singing 'Hallelujah.' And yet there is always something sad about earth's music."

Agō sighed. "That race ate of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil before it was ripe!" he said. "They only got the questions, and though God has given them the answers ever since, they always let them slip apart, as if they didn't belong. Whatever happens, they always ask, 'Why?'"

"Why?" asked Ergōn, astounded. "Do they not believe that God is good, and that His actions must be like Himself?"

"They say they believe it," said Agō, "and so they ought, for they are able to prove it often enough; but whenever through their own ignorance they cannot grasp His explanations, they will not accept them without a doubtful 'Why.' They pray in notes of interrogation. They forget that when God showed Himself to them, He only answered questions by more questions. And they each think they have come to the end of knowledge. I have seen whole generations live and die in doubt and defiance and conflict about matters which the next generation have found quite simple. Yes, they do say that God is good; but I fear they are no more sincere than when they speak civilly to each other when they are in deadly enmity and fear. Honorable men among themselves would not endure from each other such treatment as they all show the Master. Why does He?"

"Truly," echoed Ergōn. "Why indeed?"

And then Agō looked at Ergōn, and Ergōn looked back again.

"We, too, are asking 'Why?' they said.

And they turned from gazing at the universe, and fell down and worshipped the God of Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love.

And Sarah Russell closed the book, and leaned back in her chair for just one full breath of thankfulness, ere she returned renewed to the plain and simple paths of daily life. She knew that she had got her word. The eyes that can see need never look in vain for a writing on the wall; the ears that can hear need never listen vainly for an oracle. Though writing or oracle may have only to give back the old, old truth, that very one which it would seem that humanity could never lose, yet which is always slipping away:

"Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

Her heart was once more at rest. She could sleep through the storms on life's ocean. For it was in the hollow of her Father's hand, and He "cutteth out rivers among the rocks, and bindeth the floods from overflowing."

In the heart of the tempest there was the Still Water.

CHAPTER V.

"The nightmare life-in-death."

COLERIDGE.

NOT many days after, Sarah Russell, as she sat at the window of the Rood Hotel, was struck with the unoccupied appearance of a large house on the opposite side of the Hallowgate Square. There was some dingy yellow blinds and heavy crimson curtains at the windows of the second floor, but those of the parlors and the first flat were left staring blankly like those of an empty house. She called up Mrs. Stone and inquired if she had heard who lived there.

"Just one old gentleman of the name of Halliwell," Mrs. Stone replied. "Just himself and a woman to wait on him. The housekeeper was mentioning that house in particular when she was a talking over the changes for the worse that have been in the Hallowgate, ma'am. For she says the housekeeper that was before her told her that she had known it as a family residence, with two maids and a man, and lights and fire in every room. The housekeeper says she don't recollect hearing what it was that happened, but it was something peculiar, one or two sudden deaths, or something of that sort, so that the master was left by himself, and got strange-like, and turned off his servants, and they say he packed all the furniture into the attics, except what he uses himself. For years and years he had up a board that the parlors and first floor were to be let; but one stormy day it was blown down, and it was never put up again, as was little use, since, as housekeeper says, this is too out-of-the-way for most offices, and folks won't live in this kind of place now, though the rooms is beautiful, far better than these, and the outlook at the back is pleasant for London, having a tree in sight, and no high house near, but just the back yards and outbuildings of that little Crosier Street that runs up beside it."

"Mrs. Stone," said Sarah, "I wish you would go across to the house and explain what you have heard about the notice-board, and inquire if the rooms are still to be let to a suitable tenant whom they might suit."

"Certainly I will, ma'am," said Mrs. Stone; and may I make bold to ask if you are thinking of taking them yourself if so be they are agreeable?"

"I think we might easily go farther and fare worse," Miss Russell answered. "I should really like to stay in this neighborhood, for it is a quiet and pleasant place, and not too far from my cousin, Miss Tibbie. I suppose you'll have no objection to a service in the city, Mrs. Stone?"

"Indeed and I'd just be uncommonly sorry to leave the Hallowgate again," said Mrs. Stone. "One does not know what one may lose while one's gadding about. Only last evening I went down our old court again, and dropped upon an old neighbor and introduced myself. And what do you think, ma'am, within this last month there's been a man making inquiries for me. He didn't ask after me in my married name, but he seemed to know I were married, for he asked if anybody knew anything about a woman who had been Annie Baker in her maiden days. And of course nobody knew nothing 'cept that I'd gone to America, and he said he knew where I'd been there, but I wasn't there now, and it was thought I might have come back to the old place. He seemed like a decent mechanic, they say, but he said it wasn't for himself he wanted to know. He may have been a lawyer's clerk for aught I can tell—they can look like anything when they are going after people. There was always some talk

about a second cousin of my father's who went to India, and was believed to have made money. But there, if there's property looking for me, it's just like my luck to have missed it."

"Perhaps it is some old friend wanting some help or kindness from you," suggested Miss Russell.

"Then they haven't missed much, for I'm sure I can't do more than for myself, unless it was just in the way of going to see 'em and talking over things," Mrs. Stone answered. "And nobody wouldn't think that much good, I reckon."

"Oh, but they might," responded Miss Russell.

"Well, I don't know, but I'll go over and ask about the rooms at once," said Mrs. Stone.

The result of which was that Miss Russell was invited over to survey them, and was then directed to negotiate with a friendly, chatty old solicitor who transacted a profitable business in two cupboards at the city end of Crozier Street, and who informed her that he was empowered to give her every information and to consider all her wishes, since Mr. Halliwell was too infirm to transact business or to see strangers—the most definite information that Miss Russell received about her future landlord and housemate lying in the lawyer's remark—"The fact is, you will have the place really all to yourself, for Mr. Halliwell is just as if he was not there."

Miss Russell took the apartments. The rent was not exorbitant. She was to have six rooms entirely for her own use, with liberty to introduce a servant girl into the lower regions for kitchen work. The front parlor, looking upon Hallowgate Square, she planned as a house-keeping room—the living apartment of Mrs. Stone, who, with the servant girl, would sleep in the third parlor, while she herself would use the second one as a dining-room. This parlor looked out upon a patch of green which had been the burial-ground of a church long since destroyed. There had been no funerals there for many years, and almost the only trace of its former use was a high altar-like tomb, covered with half-effaced tracery, most of the other graves being wholly overgrown with ivy or flattened into the turf.

The three rooms on the first floor Miss Russell apportioned as drawing-room, sleeping apartment and spare bed-room.

As she had brought no actual furniture with her from America, she remained at the Rood Hotel while she made her arrangements. And she and Tibbie spent many an hour in planning, and discussing, and shopping. Jane Russell was not shut out of the conclave; she shut herself out with the observation,—"I cannot think how you can waste your time and energy over such things. A furnishing upholsterer would do it better in a single day. It is his business. Of course one likes to buy some things for one's self. I have bought a good deal of china and knick-knackery; but Sarah could do that afterward as time went on. I could advise her on those matters. I saw a lovely pair of red and black dragons the other day. I was very much inclined to treat myself with them, and Sarah might do so without any scruple, as she has nothing of that sort already. But how you two women can waste days over common carpets, and beds, and chairs, I cannot understand."

"It's all Cousin Sarah, it isn't I," Tibbie would say mischievously. "I go with her just to keep her in countenance. In the shops I am popularly supposed to be the bridegroom's grim maiden sister, sent out with the betrothed to keep an eye on the purse, and to whisper hard facts about moth and mildew."

And so room by room was gradually furnished. The brown housekeeping room was spread with a blue drug-get—with a blue-and-brown checked table-cover, and blue-and-brown cushions in the great wooden rocking-chair. There was a nettle geranium put in each window. And the brown walls were brightened with four or five chromo-lithographs, after Birket Foster—sweet, sunny scenes, with happy children clambering cliffs or gathering flowers. And over the cuckoo clock on the mantel-piece hung a scroll, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

The dining-room was rosy, so that on the coldest day the greenery of the little church-yard would never make it chill. There was a flush of rose on the wall-paper, a deeper one on the carpet; the chairs were covered in rose-colored morocco; a richly-flowered Dresden vase stood on the mantel, a great pink bowl on the window-sill; the table china was in delicate pink and cerulean blue. There were two oil paintings, which Sarah bought at some of the minor galleries. One was of a rocky coast, a rough sea going down, and the first rays of dawn falling on a rude, little church by the sea; the other was of a sunset in the heart of a dense pine wood. Sarah had a wood carving set into the old oak mantel. It was "the grace" which she always used, she explained to Tibbie, and was simply, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, may we do it all to the glory of God."

The little drawing-room was green and gray. Sarah had some little bits of old stained glass, which had hung in her old home, with which she decorated the windows, so that the pale London light came in brightened. Nor was the grayness and greenness suffered to become chill. There was a kind of sunlight imported into the room, which made their background only as refreshing as a leafy nook in midsummer. There was not one "drawing-room chair" in the apartment. There were easy chairs, and prie-dieus, and lounging chairs, and witching little low chairs, and a sofa, and an ottoman, and lots of stools. In fact, Sarah announced that it was never to be called the "drawing-room," but always the "parlor." She could not find out a meaning for "drawing-room," she said; but parlor might be taken as derived from the Latin *par*, "like," or "equal," or, nearer still, from the French *parler*, to "speak," which she suspected was really a branch from the same root.

The books were to be kept in this room. There was a large bookcase on one side, and a little bookcase above a writing-table in a corner. The covers of Sarah Russell's books fell into a kind of arrangement like an Indian-work pattern. Then there was a cabinet, with a few pieces of china in it, but generally filled with all sorts of queer, quaint things—shells, old fans, scraps of pictures and such petty little trivialities as are often bestowed by affection that can find little other voice.

"I've had a great many things of this kind at different times," said Tibbie, pondering; "but I've lost some, and others have got spoiled, and I've forgotten about the rest."

As for the pictures, it is no use attempting to describe them. They were little water-color sketches of Sarah's own—pictures of places, not especially beautiful in themselves, but sacred to her from some association of incident or idea; portraits of all sorts of people—poets, preachers, workers of all kinds, many of them in compound frames, grouped by a law of harmony which was not always apparent at a first glance. Among the engravings were Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and Rosa Bon-

hour's "Horse-fair," and "Grace Darling in the Storm," and the wonderful etching, "Death as the Friend." And there was one exquisite picture in water-colors, hanging just where it was on level with the eyes of whoever sat in the wide, low chair, beside which Sarah's dainty, little, round wagon was placed, with her paper-cutter and pencil, and a blank book, and a work-case. This picture was a "seascape"—a green headland where the dead had been buried close beside the waves whereon they had doubtless mostly spent much of their lives. On one of the graves sat a woman, gazing out over the gray-green sea, toward a calm, but yellow and tearful sunset. And in the frame was fixed a little plate, bearing the simple words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

But if there was one room over which Sarah Russell pondered most lovingly and lingeringly, it was the spare bed-room. Jane could not understand why she had one at all, saying, "she had no relations likely to stay with her, and as she was come to what was really a strange place to her, she was little likely to have 'strangers' staying with her, a very good thing too, for visitors in the house only put one out of all one's ways."

But Sarah only said something about "entertaining strangers," and thereby "entertaining angels unawares," on which Tibbie characteristically observed, "That no doubt she might, but if it was herself, the strangers would come without the angels."

To which Sarah rejoined, "You mean you might not recognize them: perhaps not; but give the angels a chance of recognizing you."

There was something a little pathetic in the sight of the gentle little woman in her loneliness, preparing hospitality whose secrets were so utterly hidden. For this chamber she chose a soft carpet, colored in two grays with dashes of rose-red, and the bed was curtained and the chairs cushioned in the same hues, only with more rose-red in the tender grays. A little black and gold vase was set upon the table in readiness for flowers, and a writing-case, with pens, ink, paper, and postage stamps was put beside it. On a little side-table there was placed a Bible, red-leaved, and leather bound, which looked as if it had been bought a long time, and even used, but not with constant use. Tibbie peeped into it, having a strange curiosity about its inscription. But she found only three initials—initials that she did not know—and a date some years back.

Sarah herself illuminated the scroll that she placed over the mantel. She could not find the text she wanted in any shop, and she would not give an order for it, as she did for one or two others, but did it herself; and Tibbie declared that "there was more in its execution than in that of the others," though she frankly admitted that technically "it was not nearly so good." The words were taken from Isaiah:

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve."

Sarah lingered long in her choice of pictures for this chamber. "She should often add another," she said. For the present she put in engravings from Millais' "Order of Release," Scheffer's "Monica and Augustine," Reynold's "Nelly O'Brien," seated in her sweet, bright innocence in the sunshine under the trees, Harvey's "Cast-away," with the ship just in sight on the horizon, and Dobson's "Good Shepherd."

And still, when all was done, she would go back and back to that room, adding here a touch and there a touch.

But at last, the servant girl was hired, and the final remnant of baggage was carried over from the Rood Hotel. Tibbie came to share her cousin's first evening in her new home. Jane was also invited, and Jane promised to come, but the day proved cold and foggy, and instead of herself there came an excuse.

Tibbie was unusually grave and quiet, at first with a slightly preoccupied air, which Sarah had often noticed in her, when they had been going about the house, arranging and planning. But presently she shook it off.

"Jane is rather shocked at you, Sarah," she observed. "She thinks, as you have saved so much from your income during many past years, you might have laid out the surplus in ways less selfish than in such careful furnishing of your own house."

"Why, Jane has a very handsome house of her own," said Sarah, astonished.

"Yes; but she says she inherited that from our aunt who was her godmother. You know she got all her fortune, and that is how Jane is richer than me. She says she thinks you ought to have seen a leading to sit loosely to the things of time, and to have gladly taken the opportunity not to be cumbered with the cares of this world. I told her to mind her own business."

"Nay, Tibbie," said Sarah, expostulating, "but it is her own business. We are all of us each other's business; only it is a part of that business to take care how we judge each other, and also to try to set each other's judgments right, and to preserve each other's charity. I must try to make Jane see what I mean, in a different light."

"In her disapproval of you, Jane actually got so far as to approve of me," Tibbie went on. "'Even you,' she said, 'feel that there is a better way of spending your time and money in this world of sin and sorrow.' And I said, 'Well, I wish I didn't. I wish I could find it in my heart to be like Sarah.'"

"I almost think Jane is confining the word charity to one, and that not its highest meaning. Charity is Love, and not almsgiving," said Sarah. "Love will endure forever; its form of almsgiving will always vary, and, in its present form, will pass away. As Love grows, almsgiving will decrease. Almsgiving is the crutch for a lame world. Love is Life. If no parents deserted their children, there need be no foundling homes. If we were all good and wise enough to care for the sick, within our gates or at them, there need be no hospitals. If children did their duty to their parents and guardians, there need be no almshouses. Do not think I am undervaluing 'almsgiving.' It is an angelic attribute—the gift of making amends for others' negligence, and undoing others' blunders, of warming where others have chilled. But we must begin at the right end, by first being watchful and careful and warm in our own lives. I shall only 'give away' but a very little less for what I have spent on my pretty home, Tibbie, and it will enable me to be personally more helpful. It may suggest an ideal to somebody else, out of which a life and a home may grow, from which more shall be 'given' than I could ever give."

"And you are not afraid of being too like the world," said Tibbie. "Most pious people are. And they are very like, I must admit—too often like worldlings spoiled, like Indians dressed in fashionable garments, with just a few feathers and glass beads stuck about to proclaim their nationality."

Sarah smiled a little sadly. "We have not to differ from other people in that way," she said. "I think we

may make an effort to agree with them, but not to differ, though often we cannot help it, and must differ. Everything good and beautiful in this world, wherever and whatever it be, is nearer God than its reverse. But there is hope in everything: we know its present, but dare not decide upon its future. Out of chaos rose the beauties of creation; the wailing child grows into the guiding genius; out of discord harmony is evolved. We know, too, that every good and beautiful thing has its pernicious and perverted imitation, its shadow as it were, resembling it only as the distorted shadow of a man, thrown behind him on the earth resembles his real figure upright in the sunlight. Arts which have it in them to elevate and purify, have it also in them to debase and defile. Even virtues—household virtues, for instance—may lose all that is virtuous in them when, as often happens, the thing typified is lost in the type, and the feast and the furniture and the finery are themselves substituted for the "love" which alone gives them any value or meaning. The analogy runs through everything, and even into the highest mysteries: there is the New Jerusalem, the pure 'bride' of the Revelation, and there is Babylon, the 'harlot-bride,' doomed to destruction. There is Christ, and there is Antichrist."

Tibbie glanced up at her, and seemed just going to say something, when Mrs. Stone knocked at the door with a little sudden imperativeness in all the respectful timidity of the knock. Sarah bade her "come in;" and she entered, mysterious, on tip-toe.

"Aint this awful?" she said, enigmatically. "I never will forgive them Rood Hotel people for not telling us afore; but letting you do up the place as innocent as possible. I thought there was something in the significant grin they always gave. It seemed to me queer that you nor I shouldn't have seen the old gentleman up-stairs, and yet it might be natural enough in one old and infirm. But what do you think, ma'am, that housekeeping body, that has been here ten years hasn't ever seen him either?"

"Oh, how can that be?" asked Sarah. "She waits on him."

"So she do," agreed Mrs. Stone; "but there he is among them five or six shut-up rooms at the top of the house, and there's two of them and a great big light closet, that all communicate with each other, and the two rooms have each a door on to the staircase. And when the housekeeper takes up his meals she rings a little bell on the landing, and when she goes into the room he is away into the other, and when he's done he rings, and by the time she gets up there he's away again. He leaves bits o' paper along with his plate and glass, telling her what to buy, and when she can clean each room, which she does, turn-about, but he must clean out the big cupboard himself, for it's always locked, and she never gets in, and a pretty pig-stye I'll engage it is. And she leaves his bills for him, and he puts out checks to pay 'em. And to think you've had all the trouble of putting down carpets and planning, just to take 'em up and go away again."

"But I don't suppose I shall go away," said Sarah, thoughtfully. "It makes me sad to think of such a life: but my going away would not alter it, and therefore could not comfort me. I am afraid you will not care to remain, Mrs. Stone."

"Well, it's just like it always is—something to upset me as soon as I'm comfortable," said Mrs. Stone, wiping her eyes.

"But it needn't upset you," said Sarah; "you will be

able to get another situation, and if you don't like to wait here till you do, I must make you an allowance somewhere else for a few weeks."

"No, ma'am, you shan't do that," said Mrs. Stone, with some briskness. "It's as bad for you as for me, and I ain't going to put upon your kindness. I'll serve you here till I get somewhere else, at any rate, and maybe, if I rub on for a bit I shall get kind of used to it, and be able to stop; for I'll never get another missis like you. I know that, but it is hard!"

"How does the servant-girl take it?" asked Tibbie.

"Oh, miss, she says she don't mind, as she ain't got to sleep by herself," said Mrs. Stone, smiling dimly. "But what pertection is that if one thinks deeper? We're as good as all by ourselves together—four lone women."

"I'm not in the least frightened—understand that, Mrs. Stone," Sarah said, vigorously; "there is nothing to be frightened about."

"Deary me, deary me!" wailed the attendant, shaking her head drearily. "To think folks can't be like other folks!"

"Doesn't that mean that you wish everybody was like yourself?" said Tibbie; "that Mr. Halliwell would not do what you can't understand, or that Miss Russell would be like you, so frightened that she would instantly decamp?"

"You do put things so funny, miss," said the good woman, retreating to the door; "but I wasn't thinking of mistress at all, but of the queer, cracked gentleman."

"I suppose there is no doubt this is true," said Tibbie, when she was gone. "I don't think it was quite honorable or considerate that this was not explained to you before, Cousin Sarah."

"Neither do I," Sarah admitted; "but is it not a comfort that gives one hope that nobody who was really honorable and considerate toward others, would be allowed to fall into such a shocking way of life as this poor gentleman's?"

"I have seen this landlord of yours," said Tibbie, "years and years ago. He was connected with a family whom I visited. I did not tell you this—because—I did not care to speak about his relatives—whom—I knew. He was a tall, handsome man, rather domineering. I think he was a widower with one daughter. I never knew what became of the daughter. I knew there was something rather peculiar about him of late, but I thought it was nothing more than a withdrawal from general society, something like my own. If I had thought it was anything like this, I would have told you, cousin."

"I am sure you would," said Sarah. "Poor man, poor man! it is so dreadful!"

"There are many things that I can understand less," said Tibbie, rather curtly.

Mrs. Stone had an eerie face when she brought her mistress's bed-room candle that night.

"I hope it will be all right, ma'am," she said, vaguely. "And good-night, ma'am. I ain't frightened, ma'am. Only queer. It is worse than being in a house with a ghost, ma'am!"

(To be continued.)

ONE may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being, in his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.

THE CROSS FAMILY.

BY SARAH HART.

"DEAR me! I think we are rightly named; for we are certainly the *crossed* family on record!" exclaimed Margaret Cross, as she threw herself on a stool and leaned her head on the window-sill. "There's mother grumbling at Tom because he whistles in the house, and father just snapped at me because I asked a favor of him. And it's just so all the time; sharp, harsh answers and cutting sarcasm are the most of our conversation with each other."

"Why don't you set the example by acting the Miss Amiable yourself, then?" retorted her Sister Clara, who stood before the mirror arranging her hair.

"I should have a pleasant time of it in the way of snubs and sneers if I did," replied Margaret. "But, really, Clara, it has troubled me very much of late; in fact, ever since I visited Aunt Alice and saw such a contrast. They were all so polite to each other, and so careful of each other's feelings, that it was a comfort to be with them."

"I hope you took a few lessons," remarked Clara, sneeringly, "and can instruct in the art."

"I should have a large field to labor in; but I very much fear most of it would prove to be stony soil," replied Margaret.

The conversation here ended; Clara soon left the room, and Margaret was alone with her thoughts.

"It's the truth," she said bitterly to herself. "It's the truth. We are so wrapt up in our mantles of selfishness that natural love between us is being frozen to death. Even father and mother seem to have lost all love for each other—if they ever had any, and I suppose they had once—and as for us girls and Tom, why we would as soon think of flying as of waiting on one another; and I verily believe if one of us kissed another they would think that one insane. I am so tired of this endless snapping and snarling. I mean to try to do something toward making our family a more united one; and if they laugh at me they may. I'll begin this very moment. Mary has one of her hard headaches. I will go and sit by her, if I do no more."

With a firm desire to do, and a resolution to try to bring about a more perfect state of harmony, Margaret arose and went to her sister's room. She opened the door softly and walked in. Mary was lying with closed eyes, and moaning as if in great pain. She opened her eyes languidly at the sound of Margaret's footsteps, but closed them immediately.

Margaret softly approached the bed, and, laying her hand on her sister's head, said: "Poor girl! Does your head ache so? Let me bathe or rub it for you."

Mary, all unused to sympathy or assistance, replied: "No; nothing would help it. Just let me alone, and it will get well itself."

"I think some hot salt and vinegar would help it. That is what Aunt Alice always does. I'll get some for you," said Margaret, gently chafing the throbbing temples.

"No, I don't want any vinegar; the smell of it would sicken me; nor do I want any rubbing or holding my head; I've stood it so long, I guess I can stand it a little longer," replied Mary, fretfully.

If Margaret had expected to have her sympathy appreciated, this repulse might have disheartened her; but she had expected just such a greeting, and had made up her

mind how to act. Without noticing her sister's words, she hastened to the kitchen, procured the hot vinegar and salt, and hastened to her sister's side. She bound up the aching head, bathed the throbbing temples and moistened the feverish hands. Mary made no resistance, but lay with her eyes closed while Margaret performed these acts of kindness. Then she closed the blinds and sat down by the bedside, and very soon had the satisfaction of knowing, by the quiet breathing, that Mary was asleep. Then Margaret stole softly out of the room, and a feeling of joy stole into her own heart that had never been there before. This was her first lesson in the book of sympathy, and she found it sweet as the breath of morning.

Perhaps Margaret Cross would not have been at this time of her life experimenting, as it were, in this new field, had the circumstances of her life been other than they were. But the Cross children had been born and bred in the school of self-reliance. Their mother believed that children could be very easily spoiled by too much manifested love. Hence she had disciplined them to a rigid denial of caresses or cuddlings, and drove the wedge of selfishness in their hearts which was to make the family one scene of discord. They early learned how much sympathy to expect from the fountain head; for if they came with a bruised body, she might bind up the wounds with rage, at the same time taking particular pains to impress upon their minds the fact that their own carelessness was the prime cause of the disaster; but if one came with a bruised heart, sympathy cost more than rage, so was withheld.

Thus it was that the Cross children grew up, "wrapt in their mantles of selfishness," as Margaret had said, until, as far as regards the inner life, they were as far apart as if a continent divided them.

"What are you doing, Margaret? Why don't you come to your tea?" said Mrs. Cross, as the family, except Mary and Margaret, were seated at their evening meal.

"I'm coming soon, mother; but do not wait."

Presently Margaret entered with a waiter, on which was a smoking cup of tea and some nicely-buttered toast.

"Heigho!" exclaimed her brother Tom; "Queen Madge feels dainty to-night; so do I," and reaching over, he took the brown slice.

All now expected an outburst. None more than Tom himself. But Margaret only looked at him with a queer expression about her mouth—a half-laugh and half-serious pucker—and said: "Well, I can make more; take it, Tom, if you wish."

But Tom did not want it. He had taken it for the sole purpose of teasing her, and failed. So he passed it back to her, saying: "I don't want your baby feed, Madge. I only wanted to see your eyes snap."

"Was that your game? Than you deserve a box;" and she good-naturedly slapped his ear and took the toast and tea and started for the stairway.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother, calling sharply after her.

"To Mary's room. I thought maybe she could eat something if I took it to her," answered Margaret.

"Is Mary so sick?" inquired Mr. Cross.

"I didn't know 'twas anything but one of her headaches," answered Mrs. Cross, anxiously.

"That's all it is, too," said Clara. "But Madge has turned Good Samaritan. I looked into the room this afternoon, and there sat Madge bathing Mary's head, which was all bundled up, and fanning her as if she was in the last stages. I offered to do anything for Mary this

morning, but she very coolly told me to let her alone, and so I did."

No more was said until Margaret returned, when Mrs. Cross asked if Mary was better.

"She says she is, but she looks so white and weak. She has suffered intensely," said Madge.

"How did she consent to let you administer to her needs?" asked Clara, raising her eyebrows and looking at Margaret. "She sent me off pretty quick when I offered my services."

"I didn't offer my services," answered Margaret.

"She did not ask them, I'll bet. She would die first," said Tom.

"No, she did not ask them. Nor did I ask, 'What wilt thou have me to do?' There's always plenty to do if one wants to do it," said Margaret, pleasantly.

"Oh, dear!" said Clara. "That's your practice, is it? Well, I am sure if one does not accept my services when I offer them I shall not urge the matter."

"It's my opinion that precious few have ever had the chance to refuse them," said Tom, rising from the table and preparing for his nightly visit down town.

"No one asked for your opinion, sir," retorted Clara.

"How quick she can ruffle up," said Tom, provokingly.

"O, Tom!" said Margaret, anxious to prevent a collision. "Did you know that Ned Rodgers had gone south?"

"I merely heard of it, he owes me twenty-five dollars, the rogue," replied Tom.

"Don't you think you will get it again?" asked Margaret, showing her interest at once.

"Perhaps."

"Well, it will hurt him worse than it will you," said Margaret. "For it only hurts your pocket and it hurts his reputation."

"Humph! My pocket is worth more to me than his reputation," said Tom, lighting his cigar.

Margaret did not purpose to enter into an argument with her brother, she had only sought to avert the quarrel between he and Clara and had succeeded, so without replying to her brother's last remark, she hurried off to Mary's room.

She found the invalid sitting up, and kindly inquired after her health.

"I am ever so much better," said Mary, "I never had my headache worse and it never got well so soon before. And I was just thinking, Margaret, that a little nursing does one good sometimes."

"If it has helped you as much as it has me, we will know better how to do another time," said Margaret, picking up the things about the room in an embarrassed way; for such confidences and confessions were entirely new between the sisters.

That evening as Mr. and Mrs. Cross sat alone in the sitting-room, Mr. Cross inquired after Mary's health.

"She came down-stairs after tea; I guess she is not any worse than usual."

"It was kind of Margaret to nurse her and wait on her," said Mr. Cross, nervously, for he knew he was treading on dangerous ground.

Mrs. Cross never believed in noticing little ailments, it was unwholesome, she said. Children so soon knew how to counterfeit illness.

Much to his surprise, she answered: "Yes, Margaret made quite a hero of herself, for all the rest are talking about it. I always thought Margaret was more affectionate than any of the rest. More like your sister Alice.

There's a difference in people," continued Mrs. Cross. "Some are always a-loving and kissing, and hanging around somebody, others think as much, but do not care to demonstrate it. Don't you think there's a great difference, Mr. Cross?"

"I'll tell you what I think, mother. I think there is a difference, but I think folks make it themselves. I believe that God puts these warm feelings into every heart, but influences change or develop them. But I think we all stifle these warm impulses too much, and allow ourselves to think all demonstrations of tenderness weakly and 'soft,' and so crush them out of our hearts, and freeze up, as it were, until it would take an angel from heaven to thaw us out." Mr. Cross had grown eloquent with his theme.

Mrs. Cross only gave a little sigh, and said: "Well, I don't know, I'm no hand to make a fuss, but I believe I love my children as much as any mother can love her children, but I sometimes think they do not think so." Poor mother! She had sown and now was reaping.

"I wish Tom would stay at home evenings," said Margaret, one evening as the sisters were seated at their work, around the centre table. "I wonder why boys always want to run off somewhere, evenings."

"Because they like rough company, I guess," replied Mary.

"I think they are apt to go where they think they are most appreciated," said Margaret. "We are always scolding at him when he is in the house."

"Well, is it any wonder," said Clara, "when he tangles our worsteds, ridicules our dress, and makes himself a nuisance generally. For my part I am always glad to see him take himself off."

After a long pause, Margaret said: "Mother may I have that old stove that is out in the shed?"

"What in this world will you do with that?" asked Mrs. Cross, looking in astonishment at her daughter.

"Put it in Tom's room. Perhaps if we fix up his room with a stove and things to make it comfortable he would stay in it more."

"Well, you may try if you wish, but I'm afraid you'll have your trouble for your pains."

The next day Margaret went to work. She was not discouraged by the sneers of Clara or the frowns of her mother who said she could see no use of tearing up the house at that time. She tore down the ragged old paper curtains which adorned the windows, and substituted neat muslin ones in their place, mended the carpet neatly, put up the old stove and polished it, until it shone again, cleared the table of its rubbish, of cigar stumps, paper collars, newspapers and shoe brushes, brought a box and gathered up the boots, old and new, and put them into it, found a hanging place for the old clothes which lay scattered on chairs and trunks, and for a last finishing stroke brought up an old rocker which had lost a round and an arm, covered it with an old delaine skirt, padded the back, and placed it beside the stove into which she had arranged a fire, and then took a view of her work. It even exceeded her imagination, in taste and neatness. "I think Tom will like this," she said to herself. "At any rate I hope he will."

"Come up-stairs, Tom," said she, after supper, "I have something to show you."

"Bring it down, I'm in a hurry," answered the ungracious Tom.

Margaret laughed. "I can't bring it down. You will have to go where it is," she said, taking his arm and leading the way to his own room.

The fire was burning and shedding a soft light over the narrow passage which led to the room. Tom looked amazed, as Margaret stopping before the door, said, with mock gravity: "Allow me to introduce your proprietor, Thomas Cross, Esq. We hope you will be mutually pleased with each other."

"This is nice, whose work is this?" inquired the bewildered Thomas looking around, as in a dream.

"Are you pleased with it?"

"Rather."

"Enough to spend your evenings in it?"

"Well, yes. If you'll agree to have a fire for me," said Tom, lazily eyeing the neat room.

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Margaret, clapping her hands gleefully. "And keep you company too, if you will allow me."

It was a mutual agreement, and it proved a happy one to both brother and sister. Together they read their favorite books and discussed their merits; they gave and received confidences, and learned all those sweet influences which spring from an intercourse of warm, loving hearts. Nor were these seasons confined to Tom's room. He often sought the family circle, and by his good nature broke away the barriers of reserve and selfishness which had closed around them all.

"Mother," said Tom one day in early spring, "you are looking careworn and weary. What do you say to taking a trip somewhere? Go visit Uncle Joe's folks, you and father."

A year ago, Tom would not have noticed whether his mother looked well or ill, nor would he have thought of proposing anything that might take her away from her home and its cares.

"Uncle Joe's! Why that's a hundred and fifty miles away!" exclaimed his mother.

"So much the better. I know you have not been out of sight of your own chimney since you were married. Rather late to make your wedding tour, but better late than never," and Tom laughed loud at his fun.

"Yes, mother, go!" exclaimed all the girls at once.

And Mr. Cross added: "Yes, mother, let's go. I've been wanting to go for many a year."

After much talking and planning, it was finally arranged that the father and mother were to start the next month to visit the brother in a distant State.

But a guest interfered, and laid low all their plans—a

guest unwelcomed and unasked. A fever invaded their home, and laid its hand with a heavy grasp upon Mrs. Cross. Long weeks did the foe contend with its prey, but it was vanquished at last, and the physician said that with careful nursing she would recover.

Spring had waned into summer, and summer was fast nearing autumn, before Mrs. Cross could realize how near she had been to the dark river.

"Mary, dear," she said one day, as that daughter was administering to her wants, "I have been very sick. Are you glad I am coming back to you?"

"Gladder than I can tell you, mother," said the daughter.

"And yet I have not been a loving mother to you, dear," she said, with a tearful voice.

"O mother! you must not talk so; I shall think you are getting delicious again."

"No, I am perfectly rational, my child. If God permits me to get well, I shall be very different in my dealings with my children from what I have been."

"You have always done what you thought was best, I know," replied Mary, smoothing the brown hair back from the sunken temples.

"Yes; but it was wrong—all wrong. I see it now, and can only wonder that I have a child left to love me. Where's Margaret?"

"Here, mother," answered Margaret, who had just entered.

"Dear, dear child!" said the mother, reaching out for her daughter's hand. "I had not crushed *all* the warmth out of your heart, or our lives would still be selfish and unloving."

"Mother, you are worse!" cried Margaret, in alarm.

"No, dear, I am better. I shall get well, I hope; and then we shall all be happier than we were in the old life; for your mother's heart has grown tender since she stood so near to the brink of the dark river. And, Margaret, I want to ask your forgiveness for all the discouragements I threw in your way when you were trying to do right."

"O mother! I have need to ask forgiveness for my ingratitude!" cried Margaret, sobbing, and burying her face in the pillow.

So out of Margaret's resolve and its performance sprang a growth of tenderness that grew and blossomed until every heart in that family was firmly united in the bonds of sympathy and love.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 5.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THERE was a party last night, and I told the girls I would excuse them as soon as they had eaten their suppers—that, though I had been busy all day sorting carpet-rags and planning the new web, I would wash the dishes for them. My back ached from stooping so much, and I didn't really want to wash dishes, but I was glad to accommodate my girls.

I said: "I hope there's not many to wash."

"Oh, no," said Lily; "you know we had a clearing-up spell to-day, and you'll find everything in proper good order."

Well, while they were dressing I went to work in the pantry. Things did look nice; the three wide shelves were covered with fresh newspapers all notched fancifully about the edge that lay over; wherever a snow-white towel or table-cloth could be spread to hide anything unsightly, it was put there; the window-panes shone like crystal, and the clean smell that comes after a free use of soap-suds and clear water, pervaded the pantry throughout.

There were not many dishes to wash—only four in the family, granny is down at Goose Creek Church tending a revival—and I soon finished the little job.

Kind of a Yankee habit I suppose it was, wanting to know all about things, but I lifted a white table-cloth that hung down over an old stand for plants which we

keep in the pantry, and there on the lower shelf was a lot of dirty dishes and things. The girls had made jelly-cake, and not tidied up afterward; there was the deep, white dish in which the ingredients had been mixed, the spoon that stirred it, the cup in which the soda had been dissolved, the pan in which the butter had been melted, the sugar-bowl that had been emptied, the butter-plate scraped tolerably clean, the teaspoon that had dipped the cinnamon out of the little jar, an empty cream-pitcher, a milky bowl and a glass in which had been raspberry jelly.

There had been a time, the proper time, in which all these things could have been cleaned with a few swashes of the dish-cloth in hot water, but it was past, and the different uses to which the dishes had been put was very visible now, for they were cold and greasy, and daubed and sticky. All I could do was to make fresh dish-water and puddle round like an old witch over her mysterious cauldron. I didn't like it very well, and I resolved that I'd make an example of the girls, even if it brought the blushes of shame to their cheeks.

Further back under the plant stand was a kettle of dish-water, cold and greasy. They had made mashed potatoes for dinner and after taking them up had allowed the kettle to stand on the cook-stove, and the potatoes had burnt fast to the bottom. Of course it would be hard to wash then, and it had been "put a-soak," the excuse that thousands of girl-housekeepers make, and have made, all over the world from time immemorial. Splendid excuse, that! I made of myself an investigating committee, and here I found a spoon with dry yeast sticking to it, and there a teaspoon in which quinine had been mixed with molasses, here an empty meat-plate, and there a handful of eggshells, and so on. It made me feel sorry. I had told the girls, time after time, that they must always keep the tea-kettle on the stove, with plenty of water in it, and then when there is a little extra job going on, like making pies, or cake, or any kind of fruit butter, they can soon render everything charmingly neat and tidy by making dish-water and cleansing every dirty plate, spoon, bowl or whatever needs washing. Then, when one goes to wash dishes, there will not be such a pile of them. About standing away a potato-kettle to soak: after you dish up the meal, and before you sit down to eat, pour some water in the kettle and swash it all up about the sides of it, and then when you wash dishes, you will find it very easily washed.

Now you growing girls who read this, if your mothers laugh and say: "Mary, she means you! Kate, that's you exactly! Jen, if Pipsey'd been acquainted with you, she could not have told the truth any plainer!" don't you blush and get angry, and say, "Ugly old Pips, I don't like you!"

The truth is, girls, I know all these "tricks that are dark" from experience; I lived through them all just as surely as I lived through measles and mumps and first love, and I know that when you are older you will quit it with a womanly will. But do the way I have told you, that will be one good step in the right direction.

Don't make a practice of having "clearing-up spells" every week or two—don't allow things to run into such dire disorder that you don't know where to set anything down, and have to heap things up in a confused, chaotic manner; that's a bad state of affairs. Learn yourself to put everything in its proper place at the time of using, and then you will never be obliged to adopt the "clarin'-up" spells.

I was delighted a few weeks ago with a little thing I saw. Lily had been away a few months at Dr. Shepherdson's Young Ladies' Seminary, the train came in a little while before our usual bed-time, and on that special occasion we sat up longer than usual to talk over the months that had intervened since we had looked upon each others' faces. Our bed-room door opened into the sitting-room, and the glow from the open grate shone within and made everything radiant and cheerful. After I had gone to bed, I heard Lily say: "While everything is so warm and pleasant, I think I'll put the room in better order than this; you know we'll find everything to-morrow morning just as we leave it now."

I liked that kind of talk, and frequently during her vacation I manifested my approval of the rules and discipline of that institute by saying cordially: "bless the doctor!"

While Lily was away at school I sent her a new shawl, and in the note accompanying it I said: "you will see that this is not one of the best of shawls, but with good care in folding it always in the same folds and not allowing it to lie across a chair, or on the foot of your bed you can keep it new and fresh a long time."

I observed when she came home that every time she wore it she left it folded across. I said to her once: "Your new shawl is in good taste and is pretty, but why don't you fold it cornerwise, it would hang so much more gracefully?"

She looked up surprised and said: "Oh, I think it would be prettier, too, folded cornerwise, and I would prefer it, but I thought you told me in your note never to fold it that way, and I never did."

And there the child had been wearing her nice new shawl that ugly, gawky way, that I always disliked, just because she sought to please me! My eyes filled with tears, and my lips quivered as I thought of you, poor mothers, the dupes of designing daughters—how few there are who would so treasure your slightest wish when they were far from you. You poor dears! poor mothers!

Now is it any wonder that I was downright angry with Steve Bull's wife, the other day, when she told me that she'd warrant my girls drew their corset-laces their very tightest when they were out of my sight?

She said that she was astonished at me for letting them wear corsets, endangering their health and inducing them to be proud and dressy and vain.

I said: "Sister Bull, you know the way dresses are made, the skirt loose from the basque, that if a dressed-up woman had no corset on to hold her skirts in place, she'd feel as though she were falling apart."

"I s'pose so," said she, "but don't you see what a temptation you put before your girls, it's like a dare or a banter all the time."

"Not to mine it isn't," said I, and I felt my breath coming hurriedly.

"Oh, you don't know; I'll bet they lace like skirts when you don't see them," said she, tossing her head.

"Evangeline Bull," said I, "don't you ever insinuate such a thing again; you ought to know better," and my eyes blazed with indignation.

When she went away I didn't ask her to come again—I didn't want her to if she had such a low opinion of any of the members of the Potts family. I felt as if I didn't want the Potteses to associate with any of the Bullses.

If there are decaying vegetables in your cellars, do not

delay removing them. If potatoes are beginning to sprout, rub the sprouts off between the hands; lay a piece of old thick carpet over the heap so as to keep them in the dark. If potatoes are looked over occasionally, and the sprouts rubbed off when they appear, they will remain sound and good until new ones are ripe enough to use.

Carry every decaying vegetable out of the cellar; sweep the walls and barrels, leaving not even a film of cobweb. There is no better purifier for a cellar than chloride of lime. Put a pound of it in an old crock in the centre of the cellar, up off the ground. This will purify the air and make it healthy. One can easily tell if there is anything impure in a cellar, for the odor can be detected in the rooms above it, especially by those who are not members of the family.

Now last week I spent three days down at the revival at Goose Creek—Elder Nutt is conducting it severally, he brought me home in his top carriage—and I hadn't been in our house five minutes until I said: "Girls, did you know that basket of onions needed moving out of our cellar? I smell them just as plain as print after coming in out of the pure, fresh air."

On examination, sure enough, the little tender green sprouts were beginning to grow.

In conversation with the elder, I cannot help observing that he is not quite as sound a Baptist as he had ought to be. He shouldn't swerve one inch from good old staunch Baptist principles; and yet he is shaky where one would least look for it.

I told him he must study the Scriptures, and read good Baptist books, and try and not run his frail bark up on to the sands and shoals and make a wreck of it. I told him he was a watchman on the walls of Zion—he was a light set on a hill, and he must not hide it under a half-bushel.

He talked very seriously; he hinted two or three times about some things that are not so very plain to me.

The elder has been exposed a good deal during the past winter, and has a very bad cold; he could hardly talk plain; his nose had no ventilation at all, and it made sad havoc of his m's and n's, changing them into b's and d's. He stopped at our house long enough to eat his dinner, and I made him drink a good swig of hot ginger tea before he left us, and grease his throat and breast with turkey's oil, and rub it down the full length of his nose.

Poor old saint! when he thanked me for my trouble he said in the best language he could manufacture: "I dell you dow, Bis Potts, it's cheerid to feed the toudge of a kide woobad's had bidisterid to wuds decessities after this fashud. It's bed bady a log day sedes I feld the toudge of a tedder had;" and his feeling overpowered him, and he drew out of the recesses of a gloomy tail pocket a superabundance of white rag, and mopped his wet, red eyes.

I did pity him! His lacerated eye wept twice as fast and freely as did the ordinary eye; but then it was no wonder, there was nothing to hinder. When he thrust the rag back in the rear pocket, a good deal of it stayed outside, and hung there flapping about with a great deal of freedom; and there he was, bundling up and getting ready to start. He did look too funny, marching around with his flag of truce spread out, and cutting up as many capers as a boy let out of school.

The girls giggled, and I gave them a severe look, which meant: "If you cannot conduct yourselves like respectable Pottses, get out of here!" and they both disappeared, making errands to the wood-shed.

Rube came in just as the elder had tied a comfort over his ears and drawn his hat tightly over it, and with eyes a-twinkle he said: "Pip, why don't you tell him that he has a letter in the post-office?"

I turned and gave him a look that took the twinkle out of his eyes, and with shoulders a-shaking he slipped off into another room.

I didn't want a minister of the gospel to go out into the wicked world and be made a laughing-stock for sinners and unregenerated people; but how was I to get that great rag out of his pocket in a polite way!

He clambered up into the carriage in a bungling way, like an old coon up a gum-tree, and as he sat down I gave the offending rag a sudden jerk, and brought it out of his pocket, and held it round behind me with my left hand.

As he rode off he intended to raise his hat politely and bow his very nicest, but he didn't accomplish it, for the lining inside the hat stuck fast to his head, all bundled up with the comfort, and the poor old fellow looked as if he were being skinned. He was trying to smile, and that, with his greased nose and ragged eye, made a very unsightly object of the reverend gentleman. I bowed and smiled my prettiest, all the time hearing a little giggle of suppressed laughter from the wood-shed and the bedroom.

When I returned to the house, I looked at the multitude of rag in my hand, and found it to be a new pillow-slip, marked with the initials of Sister Hartman's name. The elder boards with the Hartmans, and I presume he took the slip in mistake for a large handkerchief.

I thought the other day when Jack Loomis's wife visited us that it was the longest day I ever lived in my life. She was so hard to entertain. She is a woman who never reads, unless it is about the signs in the Almanac, or the deaths in the *Banner*. She talks on no subject that could possibly interest us, and she has a way of staring wide open her blank eyes that is positively a pain to endure. Her lips are nearly always parted, as if in dumb astonishment. I wish she were the only woman of the kind in the world; but, alas, they abound in every neighborhood! What a terror they are!

She came awhile after breakfast and stayed until milking time. She is slightly deaf, and whenever she speaks she yells like a panther.

The first words she said after sitting down were: "Got your early lettuce in the ground yet?"

We told her no.

"Time 't was in; the moon was jist right for it yister-day. I gat ours all in, and the ground raked up redly for my early inguns."

We smiled approvingly, and went to the desk and took out some photographs of granny and showed her. They were good ones.

"Sakes alive!" she shrieked out, "who'd 'a' ever knowed that that old dressed-up critter's granny Potts. Looks as if she was 'spectin' a bean!" and Jack Loomis's wife leaned over and opened her cavernous, snaggy mouth and laughed derisively—a hooting laugh that pained us all; for to us grandma is very beautiful with her serene face and the blessed crown of silver-white that rests upon her brow.

"Had you heard that you're going to have one of Doggett's girls for a new cousin?" she piped out.

We assured her that we had not heard of it, and then we turned the conversation into another channel, by say-

ing: "Do you have a full attendance at your Thursday evening prayer meetings?"

"Indeed I don't know nothin' about the prayer meetin's. Since Deacon Jones's son cheated our Will out of his hand-sled, I don't 'tend prayer meetin'. I won't uphold any such mean characters in our church. I'd rather hear old Boss moo any time, than to hear the deacon pray. Any man's not a Christian who don't fetch up his boys any better'n that."

It was no use to talk to her with her blank, white eyes rolled up so defiantly, right plumb in your face.

"Had you hearn tell of the fortin' that's left to the Watkinses? Old Miss Watkins' uncle died in Pennsylvania and they say he left her a cool thousand. Me an' you won't durst to sit beside her in church if it's so."

"I only hope it is true," said I, "and you need never fear that she'd be lifted above any of us. She is not that kind of a woman, she will accomplish much good with her money I am sure. The Lord always knows into whose hands to let a legacy fall. Now there was Dock Nelson, he made three thousand dollars one trip, on stock, and he did an immense sight of good with his money. I don't know but our academy would have gone down had it not been for Dock's munificence."

"Pooh!" said she, with a haughty snort, "he went right off and bought a marble-top table and a hair cloth sofa, and I don't know what all, yes, and a gold watch for Trix; I don't think that was doing such great shakes after all."

"It was his own honest money and he had a right to use it as he pleased," said I, "but I know of his laying out a good deal of it for the interests of the school. You know, Mrs. Loomis, a man has the privilege of spending his own means as he pleases, and what he donates should be received with gratitude and a just appreciation of his generosity."

"I know if the Lord gave me abundant means I'd do a great deal of good in this world," said she, in an innocent, sucking-dove manner.

That was the last ounce—I could not stand any more and winking fast, so as to hide the gleam in my angry eyes, I said: "Oh, I know what you'd do! you'd put it in the bank and make it draw the biggest interest possible;" and I sugared over the bitter pill by laughing as though I had perpetrated the jokiest kind of a joke.

"Now, Pipsey Potts, you know 'nuff sight better'n that," said she, reddening violently.

"Well, we'll see, if the Lord does put it into the heart of one of your rich old uncles to up and die, and he leaves you wealth and you do as you propose, then I'll take back what I've said."

At dinner she criticised the bread, and wondered how I could make bread at all with flour from any mill except the one where Jack he got his flour. The butter was good, but none of the Loomises ever were known to wash their butter at all—at all! The tomatoes were not cooked her way, instead of cream and butter she always put in flour and vinegar, for the latter always took away the wild "tang" which she invariably detected in that vegetable, if cooked in any other way. She did not like cream poured over her sponge cake, pudding-cream had such a calf-y taste, made her always think of the messes of milky liquid that she so wisely compounded for the calves that ran in her door-yard and frolicked among the privet bushes. I talked and the girls talked, and granny talked and looked up at the clock, and the afternoon wore away slowly. Nearly every time I looked up at her I saw her eyes star-

ing widely and blankly, and her lower jaw considerably sagging, and the whole expression of her face anything but pleasant or expressive. I thought I wouldn't carry the heavy end of the conversation any longer, if it went down let it go.

After sitting and gaping full ten minutes, she piped out, "I've been thinkin' and thinkin' who it could 'a' been I met in a little spring wagon this mornin' when I came over here. Seemed to me I ort to know that face. It was a man in a but'nut coat and sheep's gray britches, and a jacket of old well-worn velvet, with blue and yellow dots in it. He had on a caliker shirt, and he wore a low hat, with a lippy brim—hay-seed stickin' on it—and his whiskers were 'tween a gray and a sandy—come up pretty well onto his cheeks—an' his nose was red, either had a cold, or—well—was in the habit o' takin' suthin good for the inner man, as they say. He had a keen, gray eye—little inclinin' to be weak-eyed—or, maybe 'twas his cold, maybe settled in his head an' made him red an' 'flamed—that's not for me to say, I'm sure, 'cause you see I don't know, an' we've no right to pass our 'pinions on things that we don't know certain truth about. The woman wore a fady shawl, a little like the one you had on to church last Sunday; her dress was old, worn, shabby, two ruffles with puckered headin's and six rows of braid of a dark color. It had been a skimpt pattern, I should judge, from the 'pearance of it. There were buttons on the back—and cheap lace about the wrists—old cotton gloves and a veil the wuss of the wear, tied down over an old mournin' bonnet. Her shawl was—oh, I did tell of her shawl! gaiters, congress, run down at the sides. She had thin hair put up in a little wad; big mouth, small eyes, and false teeth. She carried a little bunnel in her left han' looked as if it might be a dress or skirt, and she carried her head as if she'd seen better days. They turned off at the lane that goes up past Jim Nixon's. I stood on a stump an' watched, but for the life o' me I couldn't see where they went. All't onet they seemed to go out of sight, just as suddint as if they'd driv down into a hole in the groun' an' look as if I would I couldn't see what became of 'em! I would like to know who they are an' where they were goin' an' where they came from, an' what's their business. I'm goin' home past Jim's to see if they know anything about them. It would take down the pride of the Thompson's, though, to have sech lookin' folks come trapseing along an' be kin o' their'n."

We smiled. Who could answer her? It was a relief when she put on her bonnet, and wended her way homewards. Well, we folks in the country all have such a visitor, occasionally, don't we? ha! ha!

NO MAN'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—No man's enemy but his own happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make his character is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. No man's enemy but his own runs rapidly through his means, calls in a friendly way on his friends for bonds, bail, securities, involves his nearest kin, and leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and after having enjoyed himself to the last dollar, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odors of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.

MY GIRLS AND J.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 5.

AN old man drove up this morning with beef and veal for saie. He called out: "Hello! is this yere the female boardin' house?"

Now we had been talking only last night about the indiscriminate use of the word female, and every one of us objected to the word when lady or woman could be used instead.

It was Mrs. Hale who first raised an objection to the word female as a synonym for woman. She searches the Book of Books for authority to prove it an insult to our sex, classing us with the lowest animal creation in its common use from pulpit, press and rostrum.

In one of the many articles written upon the subject, she tells us the word female is used but twelve times in the Bible, while woman, wife, mother and her other titles, number over thirteen hundred.

To refined ears this word, as applied to woman, is always offensive, always insulting, and to root it out of our speech and literature, except where it is a positive necessity, is Mrs. Hale's object.

We are ranked indiscriminately with the females of all kinds of creatures when spoken of in such general terms as female Bible societies, female teachers, female employments, female geese or swine, female donkey teachers, female horse employments.

We might just as well say so as to apply it to woman as a distinguishing term. It does not clearly distinguish her race unless we say female women, and that doesn't sound well.

Then why not say woman, or lady, at once. It is much easier and far more elegant. But it is too bad for a lady to be called a female, as if she were an animal. Bad! bad!

Let us try to kill this ugly term. We can talk of it; protest against it; wipe it out of our literature; ignore it in our speech; teach our children its impropriety, and we can render it obsolete after a while if we will but give our energies to the task. Every step we take in such measures for reform is that much gained toward placing woman in her proper light before the world and we should work with an earnest will to such an end.

So when the old man inquired about a female boarding house, I answered him curtly: "No, sir; it is a young ladies' boarding house."

He drew his beetling brows, tipped back his hat, scratched his ear like a dog, and mumbled, with a very puzzled face, "Wa-ll, I do 'no', 'pears like—'pears to be right smart o' the female sect around."

"You are mistaken, sir," said I, "it is a young ladies' boarding house."

His face wore a curious expression when he drove away. Kathie said he looked as though he had failed in a recitation in Butler's Analogy, his face looked so blank.

After I went back into the house the ten girls surrounded me—some hugged me, some kissed, some tweaked my ears, and others patted me on the shoulders with words of endearment sweeter than honey.

June 13th.—I reprimanded one of the girls this morning for a little trick that is very common among nearly all women. That is, to wash the cook-stove with dish-water, after it should have been thrown out. It is not at all unfrequent to see a girl wash the top and plates and

hearth of the stove with greasy dish-water in which all the kettles, pans and spiders have been washed. Why the filthy odor is abominable! the steamy smell will fill a kitchen instantly! Be sure, the kitchen stove frequently requires washing—drops of gravy will get on it, and kettles will boil over, but by all means take a clean rag and clean water, if you would have a clean stove. Dear knows, that with all our care and ventilation, impure air will invade the kitchen somewhat, but we should not wilfully make them come.

Another thing I reminded my girls of. They were doing something with sealing-wax and tallow, and one of them got some melted tallow on her fingers, which she very coolly wiped off on her hair. Now there is no charm in a woman's appearance that adds so much to her grace and beauty and sweetness, as does her hair, so soft and yielding, and fine and flexible. I often marvel at the infinite wisdom that devised this exquisite adornment for the head—this delicate framework for the face—and I cannot see how a woman can endure the touch of pollution to come a-near her hair. It should be kept as clean and pure as possible.

We have often seen mothers wet the tips of their fingers in their mouths to smooth back the baby's hair off from its forehead. It would be no worse to clean something off their plates the same way at the table. The practice originated among the Digger Indians, where it still exists.

June 14th.—Margie has a skirt to wear every day, that I very much admire. It is made of nankin out gored with a wide facing of the same at the bottom. Then it is trimmed with white linen braid of different widths and it is very pretty indeed. White skirts always look better than any other color, but these dewy mornings they would not stay white very long. A pretty nankin is preferable for forenoons and damp, rainy weather.

I sleep in the same room with two of my girls. Just as I was falling asleep last night I heard one of them whisper across the room to the other and say: "Is auntie asleep?"

"I guess she is; she breathes like it," was the reply.

"I have something to say to you," whispered one.

"Well, tell it in German or French, for fear," was the response.

Now I cannot understand French, and I did hope she would only say it in German, and, sure enough, she did. She said young Mr. Howard had asked to take her home the coming Saturday in his carriage, and she wondered if Frau Brooks would consent. There they lay talking, and I understood every word. I felt a little like an eaves-dropper, but I am sure it was no fault of mine. I was immensely amused, and some of those times will use the incident in a way that will turn the laugh on them. Well, I found out that they loved me and would not do anything of which I would disapprove.

June 16th.—Lottie and Mary cooked the breakfast this morning, Josie set the table and Eleanor washed the dishes and swept the dining-room and kitchen.

I never saw bread toasted Lottie's way before. She takes the grate out of the oven, places it on the top of the stove and lays the slices on it. It soon browns evenly and nicely. For those who do not prefer dry toast she puts a lump of butter and a pint of cream in the tin stew-pan, and when it is warm enough to melt the butter, pours it over the bread in a tureen.

I felt myself growing old this morning. I cannot feel the interest in my girls that I should. I want to enter

into all their plans and be one among them, but my thoughts wander off to a grave on the hillside, and I seem to see my lonely years rise up before me mockingly. Then I go away and look at the picture of my dear, dead George Nelson, and I seem to see him sitting crumpled up on his tailor's bench, and the old, familiar goose heating on the stove, and the faithful Wheeler and Wilson standing with a full bobbin and a raised treadle.

He died in the full possession of all his faculties. I asked him if he knew who I was, and he answered: "My Char-ity." I thought when the clouds fell on his coffin-box they would break my heart.

When my sorrow weighs me down so, I go to my old hair-cloth trunk and look at the keepsakes I have of him. I look at his watch; I touch it to my pale cheeks. I look at the money-wallet that he carried many and many a year. Dear knows! it was always ready to open at my slightest demand for cash.

I hope to meet him in Heaven. I hope to go hand in hand with my little tailor on the sunny banks of deliverance. Sometimes, when this quiet mood is upon me, the very grasshopper is a burden. I long to fly from all worldly conversation and sit and meditate on the virtues of my dear departed consort. When in this state of mind, the pleasant, worldly, cheery conversation of my ten girls grates upon my sensitive ear painfully. The talk about the conjugation of Latin verbs is to me the silliest twaddle; the glowing description of somebody's new dress, or shawl, or cloak, pains and annoys me. All such conversation as is most delightful to the young and the impulsive nature, sickens and wearies me beyond endurance.

But to all middle-aged women who are alone in the world, and who are obliged to make their own living, this is, I presume, the same as it is to me.

When some of the younger girls get into these beatific moods, I slip my arm into Josephine's, and we walk out into the garden or the meadow.

Josie expects to attend school at Millwood another year, perhaps longer, and in view of this we have driven stakes in the meadow, marking the places where we will find the roots next spring of meadow lilies, blue-bells, honeysuckles and violets. We will be sure of them now; they will be easily transplanted.

There is a low, wet place outside of the garden, and Josie and I mean to set out wild tuft-grass flags and such things as thrive in low, wet ground. We can soon render it very beautiful. Violets can be transplanted into any kind of soil during the spring and early summer, if taken up in bunches of large size, and well watered after removal. The best way is to find a thick clump of violets, before they have bloomed; dig all around it, and then have a man lift the heavy bulk and place it in a hole already dug and waiting. There will always be violets in that place afterward.

Josie is a remarkable woman, and now since the last blemish on her beauty is removed, she is queenly. Her mother died when she was only three years of age, and her life has been full of hardships and privations, but they proved to be blessings that lifted her up instead of beating her down. How often do we shrink from walking in these hard and stony places when they are but paths that lead to honor and soul-riches!

Religious Reading.

ENTERING HEAVEN.

"THE gates of Heaven have swung open, and another soul has entered its shining courts," said the preacher, as he stood, with uncovered head, by the coffin of one whose mortal history was closed.

As I left the graveyard, an old man of mild aspect walked by my side.

"Did you know Mr. —?" he asked, referring to the deceased.

"As a neighbor, but not intimately," was my reply.

"I knew him very well," said one who walked with us.

"The preacher spoke of him as having entered Heaven," the old man quietly remarked.

"He died calmly and in Christian hope, putting his trust in his Redeemer," said the other. "I was with him in his last moments, and his end was peace. If he has not gone to Heaven, there are not many of us who can look forward with confidence."

"We must enter Heaven while living upon the earth," said the old man, in answer to this, speaking gravely, "or the doors will be forever shut against us. We must be, as to our spirits, in the society of angels here, or we cannot be in association with them hereafter."

"How can we be in Heaven and upon earth at the same time?" queried the one who had spoken of my neighbor's peaceful end; "for one is spiritual and the other natural."

"To be spiritual-minded is to be in Heaven; and this we may be while, as to the natural body, we are still upon the earth. Was our friend spiritual-minded?"

The old man turned to our companion, and awaited his answer.

"He did not talk much of religion, as a general thing; but he was a regular church-goer."

"That signifies little," was replied.

"He was as good as other men—better in many things, I should think—though not in any way distinguished for piety. He was not one of your talking professors. But those who knew him best, valued him most. His peaceful end assures me that he is safe."

"The life, not the death, gives genuine assurance," said the old man. "With rare exceptions, all men die peacefully—the evil and the good. As the time of departure draws near, the soul sinks into tranquil states, and thoughts of life, not death, hold it away from depressing influences. There is a wise as well as a merciful providence in this. But you say that those who knew him best valued him most."

"Yes."

"Valued him for what?"

"For his kindness of heart, his benevolence, his truth and honesty. Why, sir, that man would have suffered his right arm to be taken, rather than swerve from his integrity."

"Was he proud of his honest fame? Did he boast of it, and compare himself with other men?"

"No, sir. He was not one who thought much of himself, or took merit for a good deed. I think the poor will miss him, and weak ones sigh for the sustaining hand

that is now cold in death. Ah, sir, he was a good man. But I don't think he could be called spiritual-minded."

"A good man, and a true man, and yet not spiritual-minded!" There was a look of surprise in the old man's face. "Are not goodness and truth spiritual in their nature? And does not their reception into any mind determine its quality?"

"You may be right in your conclusions," said the other. "I have not been in the habit of viewing things just in your way. But I am very sure that our friend has gone to Heaven."

"He has gone among those who are like him, and with whom he was in conjunction as to his spirit, while he yet lived in the world," the old man answered. "He could not live in eternal association with spirits or angels, the movement of whose lives was not in harmony with his own. If he was a lover of truth; if he was kind, benevolent, thoughtful of others, and faithful in all his acts, he has passed upward into the heavenly companionship of the good; but if he was selfish, cruel, exacting and faithless in his life, no tranquil death-hour has made him a fit companion for angels, and he will go unto his own. Revelation affirms this, and reason assents to no other conclusion. It is a doctrine that sweeps away fallacious hopes, and leaves to none the dangerous, if not always fatal, experiment of a death-bed repentance."

We paused, for our ways diverged.

"If all were of your doctrine," said I, "men would take more heed to their ways. There are few who do not hope to reach Heaven at last. They trust to some good deed that will not involve any hard denial of self, or to some cheap act of faith, to crowd them through the gate, thinking that if they once get in, they will be all right for eternity. But this idea of a heavenly quality being formed in the soul before any one can enter Heaven, is rather a hard saying for most men. It is an extinguisher of hope for the evil-minded."

"There is no other way," was answered. "We must enter through the strait gate of self-denial—and it will be found very strait to most people. If we fail to do this, and seek to climb up some other way, the consequences of our folly will be with us forever."

And as the old man said this, we turned from him, pondering his words in our hearts.

"TIRED, WEAK AND DISCOURAGED."

BY A. L. M.

SO tired—so tired. Poor heart, take rest! take rest!
And drop the weary burdens down that fret and strain you:

Shall God, who bears the worlds upon His breast,
Fail in your hour of need, oh, doubter, to sustain you?
Take rest! take rest!

So weak—poor heart, so weak! But One is strong
And able all the thrusts of evil powers to parry,
To fix the balance between right and wrong,
And lift the heavy crosses that you cannot carry—
In God be strong!

Discouraged—oh, poor heart! take cheer! take cheer!
Let the full eye of hope these dismal shadows banish;
Go forward and the tangled way will clear,
The terrors that you tremble at will turn and vanish—
Take cheer! take cheer!

"LO, I AM WITH THEE."

BY PHILA H. CASE.

HEAR us, we pray Thee! Of Thy bounteous love
Send us a gracious message, Lord, for we,
With our great human needs, cry bitterly to Thee,
And cannot reach Thy calm, pure heights, above.

Ah, thus I heard you reverently pray,
And all my heart was filled with dumb surprise,
That you should deem our God, throned in the skies,
So far, from our poor human needs, away.

He is a living presence everywhere,
And He hath countless voices, low and sweet;
You cannot wander where you will not meet
Some message of His tender love and care.

Before you, as you knelt, some careless hand
Had scattered roses, and sweet heliotrope;
Could you not feel the unspoken words of hope
E'en they had brought you, from the border-land

Of His great kingdom. He is in the hills,
The sea, the fields, the rivers, and the trees
Echo His whisper in the evening breeze.
All nature, pregnant with His great love, thrills

With life divine; as surely, if, we will
But look and listen, we can hear and see
How His dear love envelops you and me,
Bidding the troubled waves of sin "be still."

Ah, then no more, with sorrowing doubts and fears,
Fancy our Blessed One enthroned on high,
So far away that when His children cry,
He cannot hear, and wipe away their tears.

SAVING FOR OUR CHILDREN.

IT is our duty to make the best provision we can for our children. The Lord has committed them to our care, and we are under every possible obligation to do the best we can to prepare them for the duties of life, and especially to cultivate and develop their spiritual natures.

Many parents propose it as an end of life, to procure an estate for their children, and within certain limitations, this is a good end. But when higher ends are sacrificed to this, it becomes the most consummate folly. If we neglect the minds and hearts of our children, if we suffer them to starve spiritually, to grow up weak, puny things, covered with rags, their tender spiritual natures unprotected from the contagious influence of evil example, or the cold and pitiless storms of false principles; if good remains have not been implanted in their hearts, but the weeds and poisonous seeds of evil desires have been left to take root and grow up, until they have corrupted the whole character, they will not be in a condition to profit by any worldly possessions. If by care and labor and worldly wisdom our children come into possession of a fortune, and by neglect to provide for their mental and spiritual wants they are ignorant, conceited, narrow-minded and selfish, or the embodiment of unbridled passions and foul diseases, what have we done? We have, almost beyond the possibility of failure, provided for their poverty and shame. Regarding them as spiritual beings, we have suffered all their noblest capacities to be undeveloped. We have imprisoned and starved them.

We have suffered contagious diseases to sap the vigor of their constitution, and we have given them up to the keeping of infernal passions. And now, with no reason to guide, no orderly habits to restrain, we put into their hands the means of gratifying their desires. We give them fuel to feed the flames that are already consuming them. We have suffered them to grow up, incapable of wisely using these instruments of power, and we have no reason to expect any other result than that they will employ them for their own destruction and that of others?

But even where these terrible consequences do not follow, the whole spiritual man is more or less dwarfed and distorted. We are all suffering from neglect, from the want of guidance and proper spiritual culture in youth. How many evils took root and grew strong into habits, which we have to combat, again and again, and which we sometimes despair of ever overcoming. How feeble is our spiritual strength compared with what it might have been, if our spiritual powers had been wisely trained in youth? How we falter and halt by the way; how soon we grow weary; how faint and dim are our preceptions of spiritual truth; how blindly we grope our way! If we had it in our possession, and money would purchase it, what would we not give to be freed from all this weakness, this distortion, these hindrances to our spiritual and eternal good? No sum would be too great to purchase it. Knowing this, we ought to do everything in our power to save our children from the same unhappy condition. We desire to save them from the toil and care we have endured. We may fail in this. But we can save them from much of the spiritual labor and affliction we have endured, by storing their minds with truths; by surrounding them with good influences; by training them up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. Every society of the Church is doing something for the spiritual welfare of these Lambs of the fold, but not one half, not one hundredth part, of what we ought to do. With natural wealth abundant for every rational work, with spiritual riches far beyond our power or disposition to use them, our children still go begging

for the crumbs that fall from other tables; they still wander from our own fold, for the want of the spiritual culture and protection they need. There is no way in which we can so surely make provision for the future wants and happiness of our children, as by using all available means of storing their minds with spiritual truths, and keeping them within the sphere of heavenly influences. Everything which contributes to their spiritual growth will be laid up where no accident and no evil power can destroy it.—REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

YE SHALL ASK WHAT YE WILL.—Those who abide in the Lord receive whatever they ask, because they crave nothing but what the Lord himself inspires them with a desire to ask. When the will of man is in harmony with the will of God, he can ask nothing but what is agreeable to the divine will. He wills what the Lord wills; indeed, he wills from the Lord; for to abide in the Lord is nothing but to be in the love of the divine attributes which constitute the divine nature. The spiritually-minded man asks chiefly for spiritual things. If he seeks exemption or deliverance from trial or affliction, he seeks as our Lord himself asked in submission to the divine will—"Not as I will, but as thou wilt."—BRUCE.

THE spirit world is not far off. The good man with every new Christian grace is brought into holier affinities with societies of the blest. The hands of angels come near and close around him, and when death uncovers his sight it simply shows him where he is.

In our inmost being we ourselves are spirits and already in the spiritual world. Death does not remove us to some distant star in the material universe and sunder us by spatial distance from those on earth. It is simply a rending of the outward envelope of flesh which is all that shuts out from sight the spiritual surroundings in which we are.

Mothers' Department.

TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

No. 4.

I DO believe the children *know* I'm their friend. I went visiting, one day last fall, where there are three of them. While there, they were all gathered about me when one little girl said to me: "I love you—I always have ever since the first time I saw you."

"And so do I," said little five-year-old Cressy.

"And so do I love you," chirped in the voice of little three-year-old Bennie; and he glanced up at me, as he said it, in that quaint fashion of his, which always makes me long to kiss the sweet little mouth that says things in such a charming way.

"And I am glad you do," I replied to all at once, returning their loving glances with a smile; "I love little children, and it makes me glad to have them love me."

"Of course you do!" said the dear little three-year-old man, in that inimitably sweet way of his.

I glanced across the short space between his chair and mine and smiled upon the earnest little face. He came

over and stood by my side; and as I kissed the sweet mouth over and over again, I was touched almost to tears—could almost have cried for very gladness.

Oh, it is one of the sweetest blessings of my life—the thought that little children love me!

This knowledge is very precious to me, one of the kind Father's blessings, and I would not exchange it for all the wealth of the world; it cheers and comforts me when I am sad, and helps keep my heart warm and loving, and kindly toward all.

Those children can never know of all the good they did that day, of how their loving looks and words entered my heart and have become a sweet memory, abiding there through all these intervening weeks, and blessing me. Oh! so richly and abundantly now, in a time when my life is overshadowed by sorrow almost too great to be borne.

Never, until now, did I fully realize what such a memory can do for one; and my heart is filled with thankfulness to the loving Father, who cares tenderly for all, that He, knowing what need I should to-day have of this consolation, provided it against the time of trial. Even as a single bright star shining out from the skies of thick

darkness, it seems to me; and I know that the Hand which placed it there can dispel every cloud which hangs over my own life and over those dearer to me than life—can dispel every cloud in His own good time. He will always do that if it is best, you know. And whatever our trials and sorrows may be, God always leaves us *some* comfort; it may sometimes seem but a glimmer to our weak, sorrow-blinded eyes, but if we love Him and rely implicitly upon His goodness and love, trusting all with Him and Him with all, it will, sooner or later, all be well with us; for though the waters of trouble may pass over us, nothing can separate us from the love of God. Nothing can do that so long as we trust Him. And, oh! let us strive to do so more implicitly than ever before. Whatever our sorrows may be, let us cast all our burdens upon Him and be at rest. Amid the thick darkness let us place our hand in His and trust Him to lead us whither He will; it will be *toward the light* always; and if we will only believe it, we shall find the rest we crave for heart and soul. When the way seems, oh, so dark! let us, in our weak way, endeavor to trust all with Him, content to go wherever He leads the way. Relying on Him, if the day break not for us *here* we shall come at last to the light awaiting us where no sorrow can ever enter.

I suppose sorrow must come to all, in one way or another, in this world; but let us remember, and comfort our hearts with the thought, that *God always leaves us some comfort*—will always provide us a helper in every time of need. And thus it is that that pleasant autumn day, with its blessing of loving smiles and words, stands out so vividly before me—set apart, as it were, from all other days—and braces up my heart with strength for the work before me.

If a little child may do a work like this, let us not be chary of kind words and acts—of the loving kindness which, as Christians, are due from us to others; for we know not how richly we, through these means, may bless and comfort many a lonely, sorrow-burdened heart.

After dinner that day, the children had to show me their new toys, and tell me all about their playthings; and then Bennie sat by me and whittled with my knife, while Florence and Cressy showed me their dolls, and I admired and gave advice in regard to sundry important matters of dress.

I find that a little attention and sympathy in the plans and pursuits of children cost nothing, and yet does them a great deal of good; and more than this, it also blesses the one by whom it is bestowed. No person ever did anything simply for the sake of giving pleasure to another without its returning a blessing to themselves. Even as the sun's reflection gilds the mountain-tops with splendor at sunset, so whatever good deed we do, *purely from unselfish motives*, proves a blessing to our own heart. We may ourselves scarcely be conscious of this fact; but, whether conscious of it or not, it is true, always.

It is difficult for us who have so many thoughts and duties, cares and joys of our older life to occupy the mind, to realize how much good a little sympathy in the things that interest them really does do the children; and so it happens that we are not always as thoughtful in regard to many little matters concerning them as we should be. There are so many little things, costing us little or nothing and giving us so little trouble, which we can do to give them pleasure, that there is really but little, if any, excuse for us if we neglect the duty.

I want to tell you mothers of a little plan which is not much trouble to carry out, and which I think will prove

entirely satisfactory and a source of real comfort to you—a something to “fall back upon” when other resources fail. Have a basket or box in some convenient place—not where the children can visit it at their pleasure, for it must be your own private *bank of treasure*; to be drawn from at your own discretion, else would it lose its greatest efficacy—and into this put the various odds and ends which accumulate from time to time, and which so delight the children. Save all these trifles for your little ones, instead of committing them to the flames or putting them in the paper-rags, as many do. Bits of ribbon and lace which can be of no further service to you, scraps of bright paper and cloth, short pieces of pencil, blank paper, empty spools for tops, wagons, etc., strings, and other things, almost innumerable, which will readily suggest themselves to your minds, but which I cannot now enumerate, may thus be saved, and made to contribute largely to your own comfort as well as to the happiness of your children.

And this is also an excellent plan for the “aunties,” and for those who have no children of their own; for when children come “a-visiting,” how their hearts are gladdened by some “treasure” from out such “store.” It helps so much to render these visits a source of pleasure to them. I like to make everything so pleasant to my little friends when they come to see me (as they often do), that it will be a pleasure-eagerly longed for now in their childhood, and a sweet memory to be cherished by them in after years. I do have such good visits with the children.

One morning, not many weeks ago, little Bennie Martin came over to make me a call, and I don't know when I have been more pleased to see a visitor. I showed him the pictures in the magazines and papers, talked with him about them, and was so amused at his way of saying things with such quaint, sweet gravity. I was really sorry when it was time for him to go, but I tied on his tippet, helped him on with his overcoat, and kissed him as he started off home with joy in his heart, walnuts in his pocket, and with many promises to “come again soon.”

He is a nice little boy—not at all such a *nerve tryer* as some little children are. There are children who ought never to be allowed to go from home for more than an hour at a time without their parents; for if they, through mismanagement or from other causes, are so willful that at home they cannot be induced to be good or to allow others any degree of comfort, they should not be permitted to make other people miserable. I have known such a child's actions in one day to so wear on the nerves of a lady not over-strong, as to cause her many long hours of suffering and pain. Parents should be more thoughtful of others than that, and teach their children to be.

It requires so much patience and forbearance on the part of a mother to do her whole duty by her children, and there are, without doubt, times when even the most patient are tempted; but there is a Helper for every time of weakness and trial. Go to “the Strong” for strength; for has He not said: “My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness?” And what He has once said He is saying always. “The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever,” is He from whom must come all your help. In no other way can we hope to overcome and gain the victory over ourselves.

My deepest sympathy is with those mothers who find their nerves and patience so sorely tried; and when I consider that every new plan for the amusement of chil-

dren, every innocent way by which their time may be occupied, may bring a bit of rest to some weary, overburdened mother, it makes me long to devise "ways and means" of accomplishing more in this direction.

Do not refuse your little girls a needle and thread to sew their doll's clothes. Never mind if they do "waste thread." I once knew a mother who would not allow her little girl this pleasure because she would "waste so much thread!" She did not realize that the "waste" would be a good investment in more ways than one; nor did she realize what a cruel thing she was doing in depriving the child of one of her rights—one of the greatest pleasures of little-girlhood. And besides all that, being unaccustomed to the use of a needle, when she came to grow up it was no easy matter for her to learn to sew well, or to cultivate any taste for it.

Where one uses a machine and bastes the work, I think it a very good way to let the children take out the "basting-threads" to wind on a spool for their own use. Mrs. Blythe's children are willing to do this for the sake of having it for their own. We call it "earning their own thread," as it is quite a help to the one who sews, this having no trouble with taking out the basting.

Of devising amusements for children, I will speak at more length at some other time, only here mentioning one other method. As a quiet amusement, a cup of paste, or a bottle of liquid gum, with scissors and plenty of paper, has been recommended by some one as excellent for occupying the fingers and thoughts; and the mothers are told something to the effect that they must not mind if "matters and things in general" do get pretty well pasted up, so that nothing worse happens. There is no doubt but that this is grand fun for the children; but as most mothers do "mind" about such things, and as this is such a satisfactory pastime for the children that it is a pity to deprive them of it, I will tell you how to make a "Mouth Glue," which, as a substitute for the paste, will answer every purpose, and be much neater, doing away with all anxiety lest the paste-cup or bottle of gum be upset over nobody knows what.

You will find this "glue" useful for many purposes. I will give the recipe entire, as follows:

Any quantity of glue may be used, with sugar, only half as much as of the glue.

First dissolve the glue in water, and carefully evaporate as much of the water as you can without burning the glue; then add the sugar; if desired to have a very nice article, use gelatine in place of the glue, and treat in the same manner; when the sugar is dissolved in the glue, pour it into moulds or a pan, and cut it into squares, for convenience, before it gets too hard. This dissolves very quickly by placing the edge of a piece in the mouth, and is not unpleasant to the taste, and is very handy for office or house use. Use to stick together torn bills, paper, etc., by softening the edge of a piece, as above, then touching the parts therewith and pressing together for a moment only.

THE following truthful passage occurs in one of the Frederika Bremer books: "There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best like sunshine, quietly through the world."

JACKETS AND TROUSERS.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all."

AND I suppose this is just as true now as it was when first sung in the pretty song of Katie Lee and Willie Gray. Although little girls are my especial favorites, I confess to a strong liking also for the boys. Noble, upright, gentlemanly boys, I mean. I have seen fixed-up, spick-and-span, drilled and trained boys, who have been taught to deport themselves like premature theological students, and I always feel sorry for such, for in truth they are only common, romping boys, after all their outside garniture, full of fun and frolic, and ready at any seasonable (or unseasonable) moment, when the "folks" are not handy by, to turn a summersault, play horse or leap-frog, and have a regular rough-and-tumble time.

Of course they are noisy creatures when left to themselves. So are politicians and statesmen, and some ministers, too, for that matter. But we couldn't get along without them; and it is these same noisy, tumbling, rackets boys that, when "grown tall," make our politicians, and statesmen, and ministers.

A proper restraint is unquestionably needed, and a due observance of modest and gentlemanly behavior; but to meet a boy with a perpetual "hush" on your lips, or a chiding look for some outburst of exuberant feeling, is but to dwarf his intellectual growth, and make him shy and awkward, and perhaps ruin for the future what might have been a noble and creditable reflection upon a mother's training and influence.

To be sure their jackets get full of holes, and their pants will wear out on the knees; but how can they help that? If trees will be rough, and fences full of nails, they mustn't be expected to keep their clothes free from rents, or their hands free from scratches.

"Boys will be boys," 'tis very true; but it isn't for long that they are. How soon, dear mothers, they outgrow those patched trousers and mended jackets, and stretch up, up, so tall and high, you can scarcely reach their bearded chins, and the lips have to stoop to meet yours, that once you used to bend down and kiss every day. And when your boy goes forth to make a home of his own, and other hands than yours stroke back the locks you taught to curl, and other lips receive the good-night kiss, if you go up to the garret some day and find a little faded jacket, and a little pair of patched trousers, you clasp them close, and lay them away, moist with tears, in the choicest corner of your bureau, and with a lonely heart for the boy who can never more be all yours, you think if you could only live those days over again, and once more be mending torn jackets and trousers, you would stitch in fewer impatient words, and more tender thoughts and loving prayers.

IT was the gentle politeness of a genuine Christian gentleman which led Dr. Richard Mansfield, the rector of the Episcopal church in Derby, Conn., to correct himself once, as he was passing a group of the children of his flock. They had grown so fast since he last saw them, that he said: "Why, my dear children, you grow so like weeds, that I am scarcely able to recognise you." And then, as if he had done wrong, he said: "Pardon me—I should have said, you have grown so like flowers." It must be pleasanter to a little child to be likened to a flower than to a weed, and true politeness thinks of such little things.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE PIPE-FISH.

BY E. B. D.

A FISH with a pipe! Isn't it curious? I thought nobody but men, and boys who want to act like men, used a pipe! I wonder what the fish puts in his pipe? He surely can't smoke down there under the water!

No; fishes don't smoke. Only men and badly-drawing chimneys do that. Our pipe-fish has no such bad habit. He only carries his pipe because it is put on the end of his nose and he can't get rid of it. He is a curious little creature, about twenty inches long, with a fan-shaped tail, and looks more like an eel than a fish. Its skin is of a yellowish color, varied with brown. It lives in the Atlantic Ocean and in the Mediterranean Sea, and the fishermen use it for baiting their hooks.

The ocean is full of curious creatures, from the whale, down to beings so small that they can only be seen by a microscope.

DOGHOOD.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I WAS walking one day in the outskirts of Brooklyn, when I saw two children sitting by the wayside with a pretty dog between them. The children were rosy

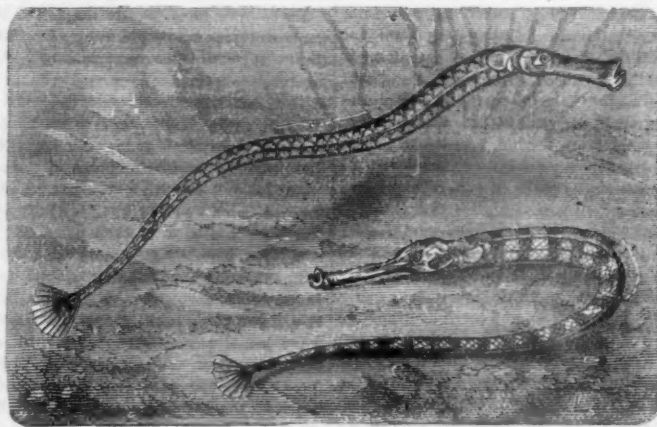
and full of health; but the most inveterate lover of young olive branches would have felt no temptation to give them a kiss; for their faces were guiltless of water, and their curly locks were burned by sun, and faded by rain; and their scanty, dirty garments told of sturdy poverty, and unwholesome neglect. It was the "dog-season;" and the dog-man and the dog-cart were slowly receding in the distance. The child most fortunate in length of garment had spread a portion over the dog, from whence it was just emerging, being tied with a hempen string; and both children were straining necks and eyes after the cart, half doubtful if the danger were indeed past. I walked along slowly, that I might witness the eager caressings of the children, and hear their many terms of endearment over their dumb friend; and how they jumped and capered about as the dog-cart at length disappeared! Then Ponto, held carefully by the hempen string, ran up and down with them. One of them went to an old wooden door-step, and brought out a mouldy bone, and gave to the dog; and they shouted and laughed to see

him shake and gnaw it, as if it were the strangest thing in the world: and so it was; for a minute ago they had expected to see him lifted by the ear, his four legs all sticking out, and he tossed into the terrible dog-cart. Suddenly, as their young brains comprehended the whole danger which Ponto had escaped, they smoothed his back pitifully; and both began to blubber, and hold him tight under their chins.

I was touched with sympathy, and stopped and told them Ponto was a good, dear friend, and they did well to love him; and when one of them, grown valiant with indignation at the contemplated wrong, sprang up and shook a fat, harmless fist in the wake of the dog-cart, I sent a spiteful look in the same direction to worry the heart of the dog-man.

The dog has kept even pace with the civilized man. He has been his friend and companion, his tool and his helper, from the remotest ages. The gentleman has his dog of refined and cultivated instincts, and the brutal man his cur—coarse, sneaking and uncouth as himself; but in both cases the dog is faithful to his master. You may know the condition of the man by the aspect of his dog; for this animal, in the present state of society, owes his qualities less to original instincts than to culture, and assimilation to man: hence any neglect or cruelty to a dog

is, in a degree, neglect and cruelty to man. When the dog-official strikes him upon the head, he gives a blow to a creature approximating to human qualities—a blow at a dumb, instinctive perceiver of what is high and noble; a worshipper of something



PIPE-FISH.

majestic and royal in his poor eyes: for whereas other animals flee from man, or assail him in the stress of their hunger and suffering, the dog is but drawn nearer to him in such stress, and dies at his feet licking his hand.

No man nor boy should assume the custody of a dog who will not minister to his comfort, and suitably educate him. It is no unusual thing to see a poor family surrounded by half a dozen of these animals—barking, wrangling, half-starved creatures, rushing out and yelping at the passer-by: this gives a most unhandsome appearance to a house or neighborhood; and good citizens will do well to abate the nuisance by helping such people to better ideas concerning neatness and order, and better ideas of dog-culture.

I repeat it, no man nor boy should assume the respon-

sibility of a dog, unless fully competent to redeem it—fully capable of feeding, grooming and educating him. He must make him all that a dog can be made to be. He must minister to *dog-needs*. The mute appeal to be read in the eye of a neglected, half-starved dog, goes right to the heart of a benevolent mind. Dogs grow to be like their masters; and Walter Scott's fine dog Maida would sit for hours with his foot and eye upon a book, feeling the keenest literary enjoyment. James Hogg used to say, that sometimes, being disinclined to go to the kirk, he used to send his dog by way of proxy, who took his place in his master's pew, and looked the minister straight in the eye; "and he never kenned the difference."

Who ever caught the dog of an alderman "cutting up?" He is always sleek, orderly and good-tempered. See, by way of contrast, that little street Arab, wiry and hard-faced, dodging around corners, hitting the boys a clip, and getting himself into continuous scrapes. His dog is as wiry and ragged as himself; his tail is pertinaciously curled up; and his bark is sharp, and his teeth at everybody's heels.

A dog is so a part of his owner, that the proverb ought to hold good, and every friend to the dog ought to make it hold good, "Love me, love my dog."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'C.

A YOUNG lady remonstrated with her cousin for doing something secretly, which she knew her mother would not approve.

"Oh, Emma," she answered, impatiently, "I love my mother as well as you do yours, but I do not always pay

such strict heed to her old foggy notions. She was brought up to think novel-reading a great sin, and keeps to her old opinion. Of course I can't be expected to conform to all her old-fashioned notions of that sort any more than I can be expected to wear my grandmother's dresses."

It was idle to reason with the young lady on the matter of obedience to parents. She was always ready with an excuse for her deception and disobedience, and could not be made to see that she was in the wrong. In other respects she was a pleasant, amiable girl in society, and no one knew the many heartaches she caused a loving mother.

But her wilfulness and her fondness for frivolous reading soon lead her into frivolous company, and a taste was formed for such society which made any other very distasteful to her. The last crowning act of disobedience was her elopement with a play-actor, whose society would never have been permitted in her father's parlors. The usual result of such an act of folly was realized in her case. She was soon deserted and left to earn a miserable livelihood as dressing-maid in a theatre.

The cousin who had sought so often to lead her to a loving obedience to her parents, and to win her from her practice of constant deception toward them, was married, with the hearty approval of her parents, to an honorable man, who cared for her tenderly, and, in time, secured for her a competence which supplied her with every comfort and luxury.

These two young girls were actual characters, and their different circumstances in life was but the natural result of the two courses they pursued in early years. The blessing of the Lord is nowhere promised to disobedient children.

Evenings with the Poets.

LABOR, WEALTH AND PRIDE.

BY S. SMITH.

SAID Wealth to Pride, one pleasant morn,
While moving onward on the train,
"I think if you and I were gone,
The world would strive to move in vain."

"Your words, Sir Wealth, are apt and just,"
Said Pride; "if we should cease to be,
The world would soon consume with rust,
Since it is moved by you and me."

Now Labor heard these boastings vain,
And laying work and care aside,
Said he, "We'll see who moves this train;
So down he sat by Wealth and Pride."

But Pride put up her dainty nose,
His cousin Wealth looked somewhat black,
And now a greater trouble rose—
The train stood still upon the track.

"Back to your work," cried Wealth and Pride,
Perceiving soon, their awkward case:
Wealth twitched his mouth from side to side,
And Pride grew paler in the face.

But not a word stout Labor said;
He sat like one in calm repose,
Until wealth like a suitor plead,
And Pride let down her haughty nose.

And then, with half-sarcastic mien,
He calmly rose, and took his place:
The ponderous wheels revolved again—
The train resumed its wonted pace.

Now let us honor Labor more,

And bow less low to Wealth and Pride;
For Life's the track we're passing o'er—
The World's the train on which we ride.

THERE'S ROOM AT THE TOP.

THEY say the professions are crowded
By seekers for fame and for bread;
That their members are pushing each other
As close as their footsteps can tread.
But be not discouraged, my brother,
Nor suffer exertion to stop,
Though thousands are pressing around you,
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country—
The dastard wins never a prize;
But the earnest are ever the victors,
And he who on justice relies.

Who wins the good guerdon by labor,
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,
And find, as the hills sink below him,
That there's room enough at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,
There's good if you but search it out;
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about.
And whether your work may have fallen
In sanctum, or office, or shop,
Remember the low grounds are crowded,
But there's always room at the top.

"HADST THOU BEEN HERE."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

OFTEN the simple words return to me,
Pathetic, sad, yet full of faith sincere,
Breathed by the mournful maid of Bethany,
In her deep sorrow and humility,
To Him she loved so well—"Hadst Thou been
here!"

For so, oh, hopeful heart, I think of Thee,
In Thy continued absence, year on year,—
Saying, when loss or grief has come to me
And I have lacked Thy strength so utterly—
"I had not suffered thus, hadst Thou been here!"

But, ah, in calmer after-thought, I see
By reason's light, dispassionate and clear,
That ev'n Thy love could not have kept from me
The penalties of this mortality,
Oh, strong and sheltering soul, hadst Thou been
here!

For had Thy shielding arm encircled me
Through all the years, and kept me close and
near,
Still in my treasure moth and rust would be—
Still pain had rent and toil had wearied me,
And years had aged me, even hadst Thou been
here.

And yet let reason argue as it may,
Those words still hold for me a truth most dear—
For though Thou couldst not keep all grief away,
Thy presence would have changed the night to day,
And all been well with me, hadst Thou been
here!

Portland Transcript.

A PICTURE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

ON my wall is a little picture
Of a child who has knelt to pray,
So real that I often listen
For the words her sweet lips say.

It does not seem a picture—
This child with the bare white feet,
And her clasped hands, like twin lilies,
And her face so pure, so sweet.

The sunshine falls like a blessing
Upon the bended head;
Like an angel's benediction
On the words her lips have said.

Pray on, sweet child, for the angels
Are never far away
From a soul that is pure and stainless
As your own white soul to-day.

BEAR THY BURDEN.

BEAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith, and hope unshaken,
Animate the trusting breast,
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
And consoling words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow,
Rends thy breast to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

A FACT.

IT was on an English summer day,
Some six or seven years ago,
That a pointsman before his cabin paced,
With a listless step and slow.
He lit his pipe—there was plenty of time—
In his work was nothing new;
Just to watch the signals and shift the points,
When the next train came in view.

He leant 'gainst his cabin and smoked away,
He was used to lounge and wait;
Twelve hours at a stretch he must mind those points,
And down-trains were mostly late!
A rumble—a roar—"She's coming now—
She's truer to time to-day!"
He turns—and not far off, between the rails,
Sees his youngest boy at play!

Not far, but too far. The train is at hand,
And the child is crawling there,
And patting the ground with crows of delight—
And not a moment to spare!
His face was dead white, but his purpose firm,
As straight to his post he trod,
And shifted the points, and saved the down-train,
And trusted his child to God.

There's a rush in his ears, though the train has passed;
He gropes, for he cannot see,
To the place where the laughing baby crawled,
Where the mangled limbs must be—
But he hears a cry that is only of fear—
His joy seems too great to bear,
For his duty done, God saw to his son—
The train had not touched a hair.—*Good Words.*

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

BY MISS MULOCH.

A LITTLE bird flew my window by,
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,
The level rows of houses tall,
The long, low sun on the level wall;
And all that the little bird did say
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sang behind my chair,
From the level line of corn-field fair,
The smooth green hedgerow's level bound—
Not a furlong off—the horizon's bound,
And the level lawn where the sun all day
Burns: "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sings above my bed,
And I know, if I could but lift my head,
I would see the sun set, round and grand,
Upon level sea and level sand,
While beyond the misty distance gray
Is "Over the hills and far away."

I think that a little bird will sing
Over a grassy mound next spring,
Where something that once was me ye'll leave
In the level sunshine, morn and eve;
But I shall be gone past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away.

The Home Circle.

CHILDRENS' NEEDS.

TWO ladies were in a book store; one was buying little picture and story books for the babies at home and the other was looking longingly at a pretty walnut bracket, and trying to make the clerk take less than his price for it. At last she succeeded and a smile of triumph lighted up her countenance.

"See here," said she to her companion, "I did get it!"

"Well, now you have something for yourself, come and buy something for your children," was the answer; "here are such delightful little books for babies, even;" and she showed her a half-dozen, full of exquisite pictures, and easy little stories.

"Oh, none of my young ones incline to books at all," said the lady, without looking at them, and she laughed and her eyes twinkled as she glanced lovingly down upon the bracket she had so coveted.

"No child inclines to love books unless he is led on gradually and gently by pretty pictures and stories," said the first speaker. "Come, you had better buy this 'Mother Goose,' or the bound volume of 'The Nursery' for your little Mary and Tommy, they would be pleased with them."

"Oh, no, my children never cared for pictures or books at all! Now yours take to books like ducks to water; you have no trouble at all, only to keep your valuable ones out of their reach;" and the lady smiled prettily.

"You don't do your own children justice," said the first speaker. "I was so diverted at your little two-and-a-half-year-old Mary, the other day at my house. The little dear called the 'Angel of Peace' a chicken. Young as she is, she noticed the wings and she knew that chickens have wings, and that was all she could make of it. No, my children had to be led into a love for books, too. I began with each one of them before they were two years old. I would take down the picture of the Madonna and the Christ-child and let them kiss it, and I would read little stories and incidents that would touch them, and teach them pity and charity and love and unselfishness. Sometimes I would make the story all over into my own language simplified to suit each capacity."

The lady was right; any child can be made to love books if the mother begins soon enough, and is willing to give up some of her time, and to be patient and make of herself an enthusiast. A wealthy man said the other day: "Oh, I would do anything to make scholars of my children! I would make any sacrifice of means and money, and rejoice to do so, but they hate school, and books, and papers, all they want is to buy and sell and make money and speculate." That good father had sowed the wind and now he was reaping the whirlwind. When his children were small they had no interesting little books placed in their hands; as they grew older there were no newspapers suited to their needs, he only took one weekly paper and that was dull and full of politics—garbled and one-sided and illiberal in its views—and no pictures hung on the walls except, "Death-bed of Washington," and, "Which will you marry?" two coarse, glaring lithographs. The little boys were taught "horse," and "fat cattle," and "pork live weight," and "poultry, dressed;" and all these things which mean trade and business and speculation. But never did they feel the enthusiasm that comes from the

reading of biography—the glow and exaltation that fires and warms one when reading poetry—the sharpened curiosity that comes from good books of travel, the pleasure and luxury of listening to lectures or the satisfaction that comes with the reading of the best weekly papers. How could the children grow? how could they thrive on the bare husks doled out to them? how could they love learning and yearn for college-halls and to sit under the sound of eloquent voices, and to gather in of the precious manna that to them was bitter as gall. The father had planned and the result was with him, he had starved his children, he had withheld their birthright, they were dwarfs, their lives were blighted, and their blessed inheritance had been exchanged for that which impoverished them, soul and body. No parent should sorrow over growing children who hate books and learning, let him look back upon his own errors with all the remorse and regret possible, for if his child has common sense, and he had done his duty, this sin would not have been laid to his charge.

A love of books is a precious safeguard to be thrown about a child, it is a talisman to keep it from vice and idleness and vicious associations. ROSELLA RICK.

MEMORY'S BELLS.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

OFTTIMES we hear a sweet-voiced, silvery ringing,
As from throats of birds in forests green.
Or like the notes of fairy legions singing
In the blue heavens floating all unseen.

Memory's bells! memory's bells!

It is their chiming; and like censers swinging.

They fill the heart-cells where the past reigns queen

Now their clear tones are low and softly tender,

Stilling like balm the pulse's feverish beat;

Now they wax strong and rise in stormy splendor,

Grand as the music where the billows meet.

Memory's bells—memory's bells.

To them is given a mystic spell to render

Forever sad, and yet forever sweet.

They ring of days whose sunbeams, warm and golden,

Still shine a beacon light across the shore;

They ring, and from the caverns dark and olden

Spring to new life our buried joys once more.

Memory's bells—memory's bells.

The nevermore around the now is folded:

Sleeping or waking, still we dream it o'er.

They ring: a dirge creeps in amid their pealing,

That speaks of marble urn and grassy bed,

Where the wild violets seem a bright revealing

From the fair city the redeemed ones tread.

Memory's bells—memory's bells.

They bring a message to the heart appealing;

For in this vision we behold our dead.

O bells! sweet bells! your glad or mournful ringing

Still finds us bending low with eyelids wet;

The scenes that rise are but the false upspringing

Of other days whose sun we know is set.

Memory's bells—memory's bells.

Dead roses round a fallen altar clinging;

Ye are a mirage; yet, who would forget?

MASCULINE EGOTISM.

MUCH is said of the vanity of women, but I think the egotism of some men quite exceeds it. There is a class who seem to regard themselves as "a grand catch," matrimonially, for any woman. That, as a general thing, the girls do not appreciate their merits sufficiently to accept them, does not in the least tone down their egotism. The girls "stand in their own light," "they too often choose some goose, who has no recommendation but his clothes and mustache, rather than a man of sense."

A youth of thirty-one or two, who had offered himself to every young lady in our village, told a pretty, black-eyed domestic of mine that he "thought a girl who lived out was a fool to refuse such an offer of marriage as he made her." Our Sallie privately thought she would better deserve the epithet if she accepted him.

A miserable loafer standing on the tavern-steps, heard some parties speak disapprovingly of a certain young lady's marriage, and with an air of ineffable consequence, he remarked, "If she had only acted differently she might have had me," which called forth a roar of laughter even from his tavern associates.

Do not speak too severely of the want of taste and good sense manifested by the girls of the present day in making their choice for life, lest you should lead others to recall the fable of the fox and the grapes. Young men who make themselves agreeable socially are, as a rule, popular with the girls. If you find that they give you the cold shoulder, depend upon it, there is a reason for it. Turn your eye inward and see if you have deserved any better treatment. If you are morose or sulky in society, be sure nobody will want you. Go into company resolved to practice Dr. Franklin's rule about adding all in your power to the innocent enjoyments of the occasion, and if you conduct yourself with propriety and common sense you will win favor.

But of all characters in society the one most universally unpopular is the croaker. The wise man, whatever he thinks of the shortcomings of others, is chary about speaking of them. If you look for perfection in others, it is no less than may reasonably be asked of you, to give the same in return.

J. E. McC.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

"NOW, just look at you, Mr. Jones!—I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me, and I'll get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who was gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the hurrah's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife, mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband has thrown topsy-turvy.

"I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off in a huff. But I won't have my things forever in confusion."

In the meantime, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without a clean pocket-handkerchief for which he had been in search. Half of the afternoon passes before he gets over the ill-humor, and then he does

not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is really sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for, every now and then, she utters some censure against the careless habits that were really annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and, sometimes he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you hadn't the chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones's work-basket, and the scattering of needles, cottons, scissors, wax and a dozen little etceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he had intended reading; but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work-basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book himself.

It must be said that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handily as any one, but the thought of shutting either, never entered his mind. The frequent reproaches of his wife, such as—"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or, "Please to shut the drawer, will you, Mr. Jones?" or, "You are the most disorderly man in existence," or, "You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his life possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots off in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor, put his hat on the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing-table or bureau—splashed the water about, and spoiled the wall-paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered everything round him with blacking when he brushed his boots—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking-chair; took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars, newly done up; and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes-basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing-table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it on the mantel-piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet, from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but did not understand the expression of her face exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry, but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she

took the soiled dress from the clothes-basket, over which she had spent nearly half an hour at the ironing-table, and attempted to remove the dirt that the boots had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go into the wash-tub before it would again be fit to wear.

"If you knew, Henry," she said, in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me, sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed, you do. If you would only be more thoughtful and orderly, you would save me a great deal. I shall have to wash out this dress myself, now, for the washer-woman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, hot as it is."

"I am very sorry, indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had offended, and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions toward each other; and they were more careful. In the exercise of self-denial, the change has become radical.

A WISE SILENCE.

MRS. MAY and Mrs. Hastings were spending a social afternoon together, when Miss Arty Davis came tripping up the steps to make a call. Miss Arty ran about a great deal, and as is usually the case with such people, she talked a great deal. That would not have been so bad, if her talk had not been so much upon people and their failings. But, for some reason, these

three peculiarities are very apt to go together. She had a rattling way of talking that passed with some for smartness, and was accustomed to tell her worst stories in such a merry way, that people could not reasonably charge her with ill-nature.

This afternoon she began to rattle off a foolish, uncharitable story about the new teacher in the village. She had been seen walking out in the evening with a young man who wore a mustache, and was dressed in a military suit. Everybody knows that soldiers or West Point students are not very good company for any young lady to keep. Worse than all he had stepped into the jeweller's and bought her a set of jet ornaments tipped with gold. She had worn them to school next day as bold as could be. "I can see the parlor windows of her boarding-place from our wood-shed door," continued Arty, "and the light never went out there until after one o'clock. I went down repeatedly to see."

Mrs. Hastings listened to her story with evident interest, though she continually reproved her visitor in a merry, laughing way. "Don't be so uncharitable, Arty, dear. Of course the poor thing needs recreation after her hard day's work in school. A walk would be all the pleasanter for pleasant company. I am afraid you were envious of the jet ornaments," etc.

Arty had often called at her house before, and knew her gossip was welcome enough. But the manner of Mrs. May disturbed her. She sat in perfect silence, and not a smile crossed her face at the young lady's liveliest sallies, yet Mrs. May was a very genial woman, and always regarded as the best of company, yet she was a woman of high principle and the nicest sense of honor, and nothing could induce her to encourage a mischief-making tale-bearer by so much as a smile or a look. And no words could have reproved the young lady as did her silence. She grew restless and then more quiet herself, and finally made a sudden end to her call.

Often you will find a wise silence better than much speaking to silence a backbiting tongue.

J. E. McC.

Housekeepers' Department.

MY SOUR BREAD.

WE had all kinds of work on hands that day; one of the girls had an exhibition performance to write, another a dress to finish for one of her friends, and the other one had the headache. Now I had set that day to write a poem for Uncle Josh, editor of the *Review*; poor old fellow had been wishing for some of my verses—and, to tell the truth, I did not want to be hindered at all.

But I knew the performance was a serious thing for the timid girl, and the unfinished dress would be a disappointment to another, and I'd pity a dog that had the headache; so I left my delicious poem right at "love" and "dove," and said: "Now I'll 'tend to the baking."

I made out two loaves to rise, and took them into the sitting-room and placed them on the end of the lounge, telling the three girls to be careful, that I had placed the bread there because the temperature of the room was just right. A dear little dainty thermometer on the table indicated seventy degrees; while the kitchen was too hot about the stove, and the doors opening and shutting every few minutes.

The loaves raised beautifully, and by the time they were ready for the oven my poem was finished, and I stopped to get dinner. The rest of that baking I raised beside the kitchen stove. When we came to eat the bread, we found the first two loaves excellent—light, moist, spongy, white—why just as good as they could be! All the rest were sour, dark, dry, dead, and had to be used for toast, puddings, chicken and dog feed.

This taught me a lesson that I shall not forget. It was the heat on top of the loaves from the stove that killed them. The temperature should be the same all through the room in which the bread is raised. After this, when I am baking in cold weather, I will build a fire in the smallest room in the house and get the temperature just right for the bread.

I said to the baker once in our State Lunatic Asylum: "I'd like to know how it happens that you always have good bread?"

The dapper little man smiled, and, waving his hand, escorted me to the little room in which he set his loaves to rise. Oh, it seemed warm enough to smother me! But

the sight of rising loaves on the tiers of shelves was enough to gladden the heart of any housewife. The very smell was gratifying to one who sometimes was unfortunate enough to make sour bread.

Frequently we women are in too much of a hurry when we are baking; bread is better if it rises slowly; it will not be good if it is hurried up while rising, nor will it if it is put into the oven too soon. A moderate heat is requisite at first; if it is light, and the oven is not hot enough, it will sour just the same as mine did from standing too near the hot stove while rising.

ROSSELLA.

SQUANDERING CAPITAL.

BY J. E. M'C.

IT is always considered a bad piece of financiering for a man to sell a house and live on the proceeds. It is living on one's capital, which ought to be invested and made to yield a regular income. Squandering capital is the high road to financial ruin.

A mother's health is her capital, which ought to be husbanded with a miser's care for the good of herself and her household. When a woman "puts her foot down," and says "this house must be cleaned this week from garret to cellar, rain or shine," you may be sure she will squander much of her precious capital before the week is out.

Half a day of house-cleaning is as much as the average house-mother can stand now-a-days. My next door neighbor manages beautifully every spring and fall. She and her girl rise early, and spend a forenoon in cleaning one room, and in the afternoon both dress neatly, and sew or attend to ordinary housework. Thus they go on until the seven or eight rooms are all put to rights. She makes thorough work of it, too. Last fall, I think she must have repainted all her wooden chairs, and varnished the others. After house-cleaning was over, I often saw the old lady sitting in her back yard under the trees, with her brushes and paint-pots by her side, and there was something out there in the process of drying for several weeks. Even the front steps got a coat of new paint, and so did the clothes-basket and chip-basket, which were of a bright straw-color. Her whole house looked like a new pin when she was through, but she had wasted no capital over it. The exercise had been an advantage rather.

House-cleaning is but one case out of a hundred where a woman should save her best capital. *More help and more time* are the two great requisites when such extra hard work is to be done. It is folly and wastefulness of the worst kind to say I can't afford either. You can afford both when your hands are forced to lie idle above the counterpane of a sick-bed. You can give all your home-work to another's care when it comes your turn to dwell in that grass-thatched, narrow house, where

"All the village lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap.
Never in dreams to moan and sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie."

But who will cherish and train your dear ones then? Think of that when you squander your capital so recklessly.

"SAWDUST PILLS," says an old physician, "would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust."

THE REASON WHY.

Why is roasted meat so much fuller in flavor than boiled?

Because it retains the savory and odorous soluble constituents of meat, which in boiling pass into the liquor.

Why is roasted meat generally more digestible than boiled?

Because the process of roasting forms a coating on the outside of the meat; but it does not coagulate the albumen of the internal parts of the meat so thoroughly as is the case when meat is boiled.

Why are roasted meats more nutritious and economical than boiled?

Because in the process of roasting nothing is removed from the meat but the gravy, which also becomes an article of food; whereas in boiling a certain portion of the juices of the meat is extracted and lost in the water.

Why is meat which is properly cooked with its juices in it more digestible than that which is dried up by over-cooking?

Because the juice of flesh contains a considerable amount of an acid similar to the gastric juice, which acts as a solvent upon the fibrous and gelatinous parts of the meat.

Why do we require variety in our food?

Because none of the alimentary substances are by themselves capable of supplying the wants of our bodies. Not sugar alone, nor salts alone, nor albumen alone, is able to repair the consequences of the changes that occur in our bodies.

Without phosphates of lime the bones cannot be formed, whatever quantity of albumen and fat we consume; no muscular tissue could grow without albumen, however we might overload the stomach with sugar and salts; and without fat no brain. The bones, the brain and the muscles are the most essential organs of the human body.

RECIPES.

BENTON TEA CAKES.—Take one pound of flour, four ounces of butter, and milk sufficient to make a paste; roll it out very thin, cut it into shapes that may be desired, and bake on a hot hearth or slow oven-plate.

FRICASSEE CHICKEN.—Have ready a pair of fine, plump, full-grown fowls nicely prepared for cooking. Strip off all the skin, and carve the fowls neatly. Reserve all the white meat and best pieces for the fricassee, putting them in a dish by themselves, and save all the inferior pieces or black meat to make the gravy. Season with pepper and salt slightly, and add a bunch of sweet herbs cut small, and four small bits of fresh butter dredged with flour. Put the black meat, herbs, etc., into a stew-pan. Pour in a pint and a half of water, and stew it gently, skimming off every particle of fat. When reduced to less than one half, strain the gravy. Arrange the pieces of white meat in a very clean stew-pan, and pour over them the gravy of the inferior parts; add mace, nutmeg and a little cayenne. Mix into half a pint of boiling cream a large teaspoonful of arrowroot, and shake the pan briskly round, while adding the beaten yolks of two fresh eggs, mixed with more cream (two tablespoonfuls). Shake it gently over the fire till it begins to simmer again, but do not allow it to boil, or it will curdle in an instant. Watch it carefully.

ORANGE PIE.—Grate the peel of one fresh orange; take the juice and pulp of two large oranges; add to them one cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of three eggs; mix one cup of milk with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in puff paste.

A Page of Varieties.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE real gentleman never obtrudes upon others his fine sense of politeness; indeed, his great charm, and test of his perfect manners, is that he assumes nothing.

THE training of children must begin with the very cradle, to be perfect. The saying that man is a bundle of habits is as true of babies as it is of grown children.

LET us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up; do not heap scorn upon them. We do not see the conflict. We do not know the wound.

THE cultivation of a genial, charitable, benevolent spirit will not injure any of us, and will certainly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.

SOME people never make acquaintances, but shut themselves up from their kind as does an oyster in his shell; while others—and by far the happier—are never at a loss for cheerful companionship.

THOSE who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better been concealed—namely, that their vanity had outlived themselves.

AS ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.

COMMON sense is looked upon as a vulgar quality; but nevertheless it is the only talisman to conduct us prosperously through the world. The man of refined sense has been compared to one who carries about with him nothing but gold, when he may be every moment in want of smaller change.

WHEN a man thinks nobody cares for him, and he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

YOUNG man, look well to the end. Before beginning, look well to the end to which this beginning is likely to lead; and when once begun, have a care until that end has been consummated. Let not intermediate successes engender a carelessness which will cause the final accomplishment of the whole design to slip through your fingers.

THERE is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished, in the main, at school; but the character is derived chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother, in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children, who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones!

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"I LIKE a good rainy day," said an idle boy, "too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go a fishing."

"PA, do storms ever make malt liquors?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

"How did it happen that your house was not blown away by that hurricane last week?" asked a scientific observer, who was following the track of a tornado, of a farmer whose house lay right in the line of destruction. "I don't know," replied the farmer, "unless it's because there's a heavy mortgage on it."

A YOUNG lady in Ohio, in writing to a friend, says: "I am not engaged, as you insinuate, but I must confess that I see a cloud above my domestic horizon about as big as a man's hand."

"I DECLARE, mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "it's too bad. You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

"Hi! you dropped a brick up there!" shouted a pedestrian, on whose shoulder a brick had fallen from a fourth-story scaffold. "All right," cheerfully responded the bricklayer; "you needn't take the trouble to bring it up."

GRANDMAMA: "Well, Charley, and what have you learned to-day?" Charley: "Pneumatics, gra'ma—and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come as smooth as grandpa's head!"

AN engine-driver recently called at the shop of a well-known temperance man and Good Templar in Derbyshire, and asked him if he could show him where Messrs. —'s spirit vaults were situate. "Yes," replied the Good Templar; "come this way;" and, taking him through his shop and house, the back of which faces the parish churchyard, he said, pointing to the graves, "There are the vaults, but the spirits are all gone."

CONUNDRUMS.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

Why is a coachman like the clouds? Because he holds the reins.

What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air? A sunbeam.

When is an umbrella like a person convalescent? When it is re-covered.

When is a young lady like a part of a word? When she is a silly belle.

What constitutes the genuine frontier costume? The outskirts of civilization.

When does rain seem inclined to be studious? When it's poring over a book-stall.

Why is a chicken just hatched, like a cow's tail? Because it was never seen before.

Why are clergymen like railway-porters? Because they do a good deal of coupling.

Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship? Because he has a second mate.

What should you do if you split your sides with laughter? Run till you get a stitch in them.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

What is the difference between the top of the monument and a song for one voice? One's so high, the other's solo.

Why are naval and military officers the most unlucky of men? Because they are generally in some mess or other.

When is a man nearest related to a fish? When he has got a good old soul for a mother, and an old crab of a father.

Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a money-broker? Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.

Why is a henpecked husband like an opera hat? Because he's very big when he's out, but immediately shuts up when he gets home.

Floral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

CHAPTER V.

PLANS FOR GARDENS—continued.

NO. 3 is a geometric flower-garden, designed by Mr. Brown, gardener to the Duke of Buckingham. Dr. Von der Valk speaks of it in the *Horticulturist* as follows: "When the nature of the ground will admit, the French parterre or geometrical flower-garden is, above all others, most to be recommended for many situations, because it readily admits of the largest display of flowers throughout the season. * * * The above plan would look best with gravel walks and small box edgings in front of a greenhouse or dwelling."

Very much would depend on the arrangement of the plants in a garden like this; but although he mentions every kind that is to be planted, it seems to me half the enjoyment of these things lies in planning for one's-self, and in disposing of the things one has or can procure to the best advantage. In the middle round bed, one might place a fine piece of statuary; in the round ones at each side a handsome vase, with fine vines hanging over its edges, would be very beautiful; or a fountain of running water in the middle, provided nothing could be seen of its incoming or outgoing; and statuary in the other two would be very well. But how few there are that have these things within their reach! An attractive martin house on a suitable pole in the centre, with cypress-vine trained, tent-like, around it, in such a way that cats would not climb it for the birds, would make quite a pleasing centre. Vases made strong and covered with pebbles, shells or cones imbedded in putty, or with small sticks, bark or mosses tacked on with nails, if done neatly, would be sources of enjoyment in construction and after-contemplation. The two pointed middle beds, Mr. Valk says, should have a standard rose, and violets of sorts—of course the rose should be nearest the largest end of the bed. I will not transcribe the

whole of his directions, however, as I am quite sure no lady will adopt the plan without being the better in mind and body for the exercise of the arrangement. If trees were to be planted in it, it would be a pity to have them set in the wrong place, but common garden plants are easily moved at any time, if found to be in faulty positions.

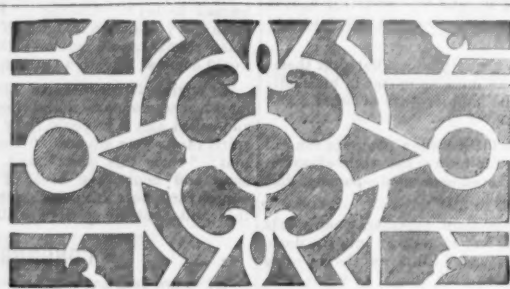
No 4 is one-half of the "Rococo" Garden of Baron Hugel, near Vienna." For the benefit of ladies who may not have their Dictionary at hand, I will give the information I obtained from that source as to the meaning of

the word "Rococo," which word, until I made search in Webster, seemed to me to mean rock-work, doubtless because of a and harshness abounded. It seems, however, to be "the name given to a style of ornamental art which prevailed more especially in France at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and is used to denote what is fantastic in decorative art."

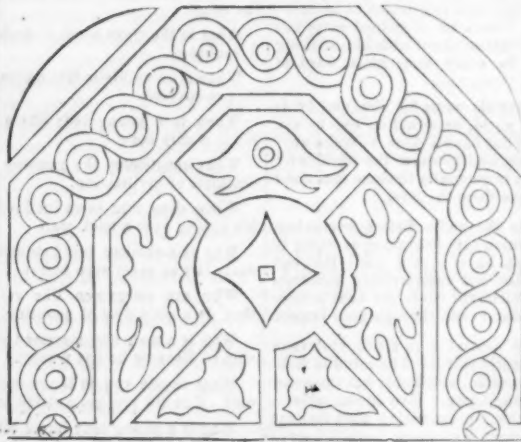
It is the most elaborate drawing I have been able to procure. It is copied from Vol. I. of the *Horticulturist*. Mr. Loudon, in the *Gardener's Magazine*, says "that the running chain pattern of beds, which forms the outer border to the design, was originated in England by the Dutchess of Bedford, about the year eighteen hundred."

He remarks that a brilliant effect might be produced by planting the circular beds with

different colors, alternating with white. I should like to see (better than to make) a garden after this plan, with flowers arranged after this fashion—the chain composed of mignonette and sweet alysum, alternating as the beds are marked, so as to preserve the interlacing effect. The circular beds inside the chain I would fill with low-growing, constant-blooming plants like the portulaca, phlox drummondii, verbena, pansy, petunia, lobelia, gaillardia, and dwarf tagetes, geraniums, nasturtium, convolvulus, and whatever else that was, or could be made, low-growing by pegging down; should not consider difference of color in the same variety of plants objectionable if evenly



No. 3.



No. 4.

mixed; would prefer, however, one color in a place, with the uniformity of contrast preserved as far as possible. This border, as shown by the scale of measurement accompanying the plot copied from, would be twelve feet wide from the outer edges of the grass; the chain beds would be about one and a half feet in width; the whole plot would be nearly one hundred feet long by sixty in width; so when I am about to make a garden of this description, and plant as above, I shall inquire the probabilities not alone of procuring seed sufficient for the purpose, but also of disposing of the surplus grown. The

bees in the vicinity would be largely the gainers, as there is no flower preferred by them to mignonette, and none from which better honey is obtained. The irregular beds in the grass I should incline to cavil at, except, perhaps, the one at each end. The side flying squirrel affairs are most decidedly "Rococo," and could hardly be altered without being improved; the same of the gaiter-boot specimens in the middle of the design. The two diamond-like chief centres are very well, providing always that they are filled with some object or plant of importance enough to harmonize with the surroundings.

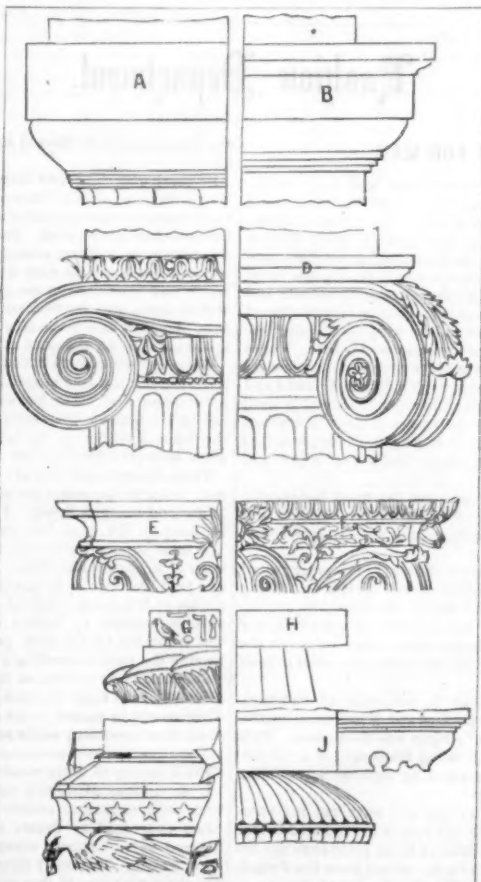
Architecture.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN ARCHITECT. No. 2.

BY ISAAC H. HOBBS, ARCHITECT.

WE have decided to commence these articles upon architectural details in alphabetical order as nearly as possible, in order that they may have a connection of one article with another. Therefore, we have taken for our present article, the Abacus, a Greek word signifying the upper member of the capitul of a column or any cap of a pilaster; whose office is to carry the architrave, which is a horizontal beam or stone that forms the first division of the entablature and rests upon the Abacus of the capitul. In figure A we have shown the architrave and capitul of the Parthenon at Athens of the Grecian Doric order; the line above it shows its projection beyond the architrave, being one-tenth the thickness of the column at its neck immediately below the capitul. The height of this Abacus is five-twentieths the neck of the column, and it projects the neck two-tenths its diameter. It is in this a very pure example, a square block, a distinguished character in the Grecian Doric order. In the adjoining example, B, you have a Roman Doric Abacus, which will be perceived to have a different treatment, entirely. This example is taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, a distinguished building of much merit. The Abacus is here three-tenths the neck of the column in its height and projects beyond the architrave three-tenths, the upper fillet projects its lower square member in this example. The neck of the column projects the architrave one-fortieth, but its proportions show lack of knowledge for any positive principles, and appears to have been built by a principle of copying rather than by natural laws. The figure D is a representation of the Roman Ionic order from the temple Fortuna

Virilis at Rome. This Abacus is the one-tenth the diameter of the neck of the column and projects the architrave one-tenth; the architrave being in its lower member perpendicularly over the neck of the column. Figure C is from Minerva Polias at Athens. It is one-tenth of the neck of the column and projects the architrave one-tenth. The



Ionic Abacus is a square tile, moulded. In some examples it has a fillet and mouldings, and is enriched, as represented in most Grecian examples. Figure E is from the Monument of Lysicrates, Athens, and is in the Corinthian order of architecture. In this order, both among Grecian and Roman examples, it is not a square tile, but would be formed if a square tile had its four corners cut off at an angle of forty-five degrees and take three-twentieths in length the diameter of the neck of the column; then with a length of one and a half the diameter of the neck, connect the near edges of the part cut off by an arc of a circle on each of its four sides, and you have the shape of the top of the Corinthian Abacus. Its thickness is five-twentieths of the neck of the column. It is a plain moulded member, as in this example, a general process used by the Greeks, as they seldom, if ever, enriched the Abacus in this order by ornamented mouldings; there is a centre flower universal with all examples. When the tile was cut in the shape shown they sometimes, as in the Temple of the Winds, left the tile square and without the centre ornament. The Roman Corinthian, as figure F, Jupiter Stator, has a highly-enriched Abacus and central flower; the

Abacus is two-tenths the diameter of the neck of the column, and the architrave plumb over the neck of the column; its curve and horns are obtained as stated in the Grecian example. G is an Egyptian Abacus. There are two kinds distinctly different in Egyptian architecture; the one here, G,

is formed by squaring up the stone that the cap is cut out of. The abacuses are the diameter of the neck of the column or on a plumb line over them, and are used of different heights by the Egyptians; some being one and a half times the diameter at the neck, others one-tenth. Those that have the first quantity are sculptured in bas-relief and with hieroglyphics. The abacus recesses is from the architrave or are flush with it; variety and an architectural principle, governing them, seems to have been their aim. The other kind much resembles the Doric and is a square tile two-tenths in height to the thickness of the neck, as in the Temple of Osiris, and it also projects the neck of the column two-tenths, as shown in figure H, and also projects the architrave two-tenths. Figure J shows the abacus of the Hindoo. They are made as a bolster; a bracket member projects each side of the cap. The block or central part of the abacus is placed nearly flush with the architrave and is in height four-tenths the neck of the column. The Hindoos made great variety and change in their proportions, yet they always adhered to a modulus of proportion that is beautiful.

Figure I shows an abacus of the new Centennial Order of Architecture, differing from all the other examples shown. The tile is square with the four corners cut at an angle of forty-five degrees. The cap and star form the central figures, as the rose in the Grecian. The truncated pyramidal top

partakes somewhat after the manner of some Gothic abacuses; its height is seven-twentieths the diameter of the neck of the column; the architrave projects one-twentieth, and the abacus projects the architrave five-twentieths.

We have now examined but one member of the different orders and some of the styles of architecture, and we have, in every instance, given the size from the neck of the column, instead of from its base, which is a Roman mode, but we think radically wrong, as the neck has much more relation to the abacus and in such a position, that were it not in harmonious ratio, would fail to please, and have the same effect in design that all guessed at things produce.

We shall proceed in our next article to examine other parts of the orders and explain their quantities and the modes by which they can be executed to produce the grand effects of Grecian and ancient Roman architecture. We shall have occasion to call attention in the future to the miserable mangled architecture of the day; where these orders have been violently distorted for want of knowledge of the laws of quantity, form, harmony, contrast and character. We think we can prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that tone, volume and pitch have no more to do with music than these principles have to do with architecture, and to be disregarded in design, wastes money, material and mechanism.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE delicate fabrics for summer wear, with their beautiful yet unobtrusive designs, are now displayed in the windows and upon the counters of the stores. Everything is the exact reverse of the brilliant Dolly Varden styles of two seasons ago. Satin-striped grenadines and camels'-hair in soft and quiet colors are among the most distinguished materials. Then there are fabrics of silk and wool of such exquisite fineness and softness as to be almost taken for silk. There are twilled all-wool cloths, and lustrous, and batistes, and summer pongees and serges. There are plain and printed satines, *piqués*, linens of numberless plain shades and lines, striped and printed, linen lawns and linen cambrics. The summer silks are hair-striped in light and delicate colors. The percales are printed in delicate hair-stripes, polka dots, rings and sprigs. There are dotted and corded muslins, and bareges black and white and colored.

The quaker grays and browns are the most fashionable shades for spring wear. Next to the grays the wood and nut browns will be worn, but those who wish to be fashionable must avoid tan-browns.

There is an effort to introduce the style of wearing two or three distinct colors in a single costume, but it is something so opposed to good taste, and makes the wearer so unpleasantly conspicuous, that it is not likely to meet with any great success. Different shades of the same color, on the contrary, produce a harmonious and pleasing effect if used judiciously.

There is a marked change in the style of trimming dresses. The skirts are long, close and scant, with lengthwise puffs and perpendicular stripes and side plaits. This style has the effect of exaggerating the height of a tall person, and has to be counteracted by devices introducing broken lines in the drapery.

Polonaises of various forms are still worn, but the enormous buttons and pockets of last season are reduced to less conspicuous proportions. Some of these polonaises are cut with three seams down the back; others have the French back with the single seam. They are variously trimmed, and if of a light color are worn over dresses of a darker color, their trimming being a piping or fold of the silk of the dress.

Basques and mantillas promise also to be worn the coming season, while jackets of various styles, more or less elabo-

ately trimmed, both sleeved and sleeveless, will be in great favor.

By those who can afford them, lace scarfs are considered almost indispensable. They are worn in sizes from two yards long and one-quarter of a yard wide, to five yards long and over half a yard wide. These scarfs are draped around the person in various graceful and fantastic ways. It is common for ladies to wind these yards of lace about their heads and shoulders in the evening, going to a party, concert or opera, and for that purpose are almost as warm as furs. Spanish lace is the fabric used for the largest, while the small ones for the neck are of thread or guipure.

There is little change in bonnets and hats from the shapes worn during the last season. The materials are modified for summer wear. The last distinguishing mark between a hat and a bonnet—the strings—has disappeared, and now the same article worn far back on the head is a bonnet; when brought forward, a hat.

These bonnets and hats are made of straw, chip and black net. Some forms retain the coronet, others have it replaced by flat and scooped fronts. The latter are not intended to lie flatly on the head, but are mounted on a crown braid. The most popular flowers for trimming are roses and rosebuds of all shades and tints. Next to these come tiny wood and field flowers. It is impossible to describe the various modes of trimming. Indeed it seems scarcely necessary, or even possible, so various and elaborate are the styles. The trimming for the most part is massed on the left side, leaving the right exceedingly plain.

Standing linen collars, an inch and a half deep, curved so as to stand out from the neck, are in vogue for plain dress. They should be basted to the dress, and their form prevents them from becoming easily soiled.

THE beauty of dress consists in not being conspicuous; in neither distorting, nor yet concealing, the human form with unnatural additions. By far too much time is often engrossed by dress; which must, however, be considered as an exterior accomplishment, and deserving of brief notice. The outer form conceals an immortal spirit, but the tendencies of that spirit are often made known by acts, apparently immaterial, yet nevertheless important. Dress, therefore, ought to be simple, elegant and becoming, without being too expensive for the wearer; and ridiculous fashions should never be adopted, while at the same time singularity must ever be avoided.

New Publications.

Gold and Dross. By Edward Garrett, author of "Crooked Places," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. This novel, which, regarded from any point of view, is excellent, has been written with the special intent to show the difficulties which encompass the way of any young woman who would be self-dependent, at the same time it encourages such self-dependence, and illustrates the weakness and want of principle of those girls who, when it seems forced upon them, would avoid it at any cost. It is a brave book, and one which should have an effect upon its readers. The author is fast making her way to the front rank of English novelists, and already in some of her passages strongly reminds us of the brilliancy and originality of George Eliot.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterward Mistress Milton, by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," etc. New York: Dood & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Cherry and Violet; a Tale of the Great Plague. by the author of "Mary Powell." New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. These are new editions of two books which have long since received the seal of approval from readers of the better sort; and the first of which, indeed, may now be regarded as holding in some measure a place among our English classics. The volumes are uniform in typography and binding, and are both tasteful and convenient.

The National Temperance Orator. Edited by Mrs. L. Penney. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co. This is a new and very judicious collection of prose and poetical articles, suitable for public readings, addresses and recitations, and designed for the use of all temperance workers and speakers. In addition the volume contains a series of temperance dialogues.

The White Rose. By Mary J. Hedges. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co. This little temperance story is one which, while adapted to the wants of youthful readers in general, is more especially designed, we presume, to take its place in the library of the Sunday-school.

Kerl's Shorter Course of English Grammar. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. This small portable volume is the result of much study, and appears to furnish an exhaustive text-book for teachers. Its examples and illustrations are copious, and words seem to be made *objective*, while there is in the treatment of the subject a happy life and spirit, best calculated to awaken some interest in young minds to whom the "dry bones of grammar" are usually the dulllest and slowest of subjects.

A Short Course in Astronomy. By Henry Kid-dle, A. M. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. This small treatise of one hundred and ninety pages covers a good deal of ground, and is "intended for the use of young pupils, or those whose time and opportunities do not admit a more exhaustive study of the subject." The small volume certainly contains a vast amount of valuable instruction on the sublimity of the natural sciences, and is perhaps as free from technicalities as the nature of the subject will admit.

No Sex in Education; or, An Equal Chance for both Girls and Boys. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of "What Women Should Know," etc. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. This book is a review of the recent work entitled "Sex in Education," by Dr. E. H. Clarke, which has attracted considerable attention from the public, and called out many conflicting opinions. Mrs. Duffey proceeds to the consideration of Dr. Clarke's alleged facts and arguments

in detail, and disproves and refutes them so completely that she seems to leave him no ground whatever to stand upon. The Philadelphia *New Age* says: "Even the 'clinical' theories of Dr. Clarke are fairly, albeit modestly, met, and we think we must add, demolished." The same paper declares that the lady "has carried by assault, not only the doctor's outworks, but the very citadel of his arguments." The Boston *Post* characterizes Mrs. Duffey's book as "a very thorough and forcible presentation of the opposite side of the controversy." The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* says: "It is a vigorous and sensible refutation of a book that has made far more stir in the world than it deserves." These characteristics, together with the evident candor, fairness and moderation of the reviewer, make the book one deserving of the attention of all who have already given Dr. Clarke a hearing, or who are in any manner interested in the subject of education.

Woman to the Rescue. A Story of "The New Crusade." By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. Price \$1.25. In this story the author shows the helpless condition of a representative American town of four or five thousand inhabitants, under the fearful domination of a few saloon-keepers, and the utter failure of its best and wisest men to free the people from this hellish thralldom. One of the heart-broken women of the town, in a passionate appeal to her suffering sisters, thus describes their condition under the rule of rum:

"Under its power all that is true and good and pure in our beloved ones is consumed by a very fire from hell. Bodily health, filial love, spiritual life, all shrivel up and vanish away. We see them wasting before our eyes, in body and soul, under the curse of a marasmus more exhausting and malignant than any the world has known."

"Up to this time, year after year, the awful scourge of which I speak has been rapidly increasing in Delhi, and no man's hand has been put forth to stay its dreadful ravages. In vain have we, heart-breaking and heart-broken mothers, reached out our hands, and with streaming eyes prayed that something might be done to save our children. In vain have our stricken wives and sisters, too many of whom now sit sorrowing in broken and desolate homes, pleaded for their husbands and brothers. We might as well have cried to deaf adders. The spell as of some great sorcerer is upon the people. Think of it, dear friends! There are in Delhi five thousand souls—precious and immortal souls, sent into the world that they might be good and happy—and there are in Delhi thirty men who for the love of money are busily at work night and day in destroying the image of God in these immortal souls, in sowing among us the seeds of that malignant and fatal disease to which I have just referred. And the people of Delhi go quietly about their business heedless of this terrible work; or if some upon whom the curse falls sorest cry out in their agony, and in desperate excitement demand the suppression of a traffic that injures all and blesses none, law lifts up its cold, hard hand and shakes it in their faces, saying: 'Stand back! Keep off! These men have vested rights, and their interest may not be touched.'"

"Vested rights! The right to scatter sorrow and sickness, despair and death, among the people! Think of it! Thirty men holding these rights, and the people without remedy! Thirty men who fear not God nor regard man commissioned to sow crime and death that they may reap a harvest of money!"

"And men tell us that there is no remedy—that the State legalizes the traffic, and must protect it against all interference! But, my stricken and sorrowing sisters, there is a remedy, thank God!"

"In vain for years have we called in our anguish upon men; in vain for years have we trusted in men; hope and confidence are gone. Men are not strong enough, on their own confession, to cope with this enemy, which they have not only hedged about with protective laws, but given a license to break law in order that they may for greater gain more terribly afflict the people."

"What hope is there in man? None—none, my long-suffering sisters. He is stronger than we are, and calls himself wiser. He holds the reins of government, he creates all the laws and takes charge of their administration. Good or evil, we can only submit."

"But, under the rule which has left us helpless in the hands of men in whose hearts there is no pity, our sorrows have so multiplied that we can bear them no longer, and in

the bitterness of our despair in man we turn to God, who is a present help in every time of trouble, and He will deliver us. But not if we sit idle at home, my sisters.

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word."

"We must gird up our loins for the battle. We must take the sword of prayer and stand face to face with our enemy. God will surely give us the victory."

The book then goes on to show how the crusade was inaugurated; how it organized its forces; how it moved, in the strength of God, upon an enemy which had so long ravaged the town with a ruin worse than fire and sword; and how the victory was won.

"Woman to the Rescue" is sold by the publishers through canvassing agents. Any reader of the HOME MAGAZINE who may desire to obtain the book, and yet not have it presented to them by an agent, can get it by remitting us the price, \$1.25, when it will be sent by mail, postage paid.

A Popular Book on Flowers: "Practical Floriculture," second edition, just issued by the Orange Judd Co., is a work of nearly three hundred pages, written by Peter Henderson, of the firm of Peter Henderson & Co., Seedsmen and Florists, New York. Perhaps no man is better known to the horticultural world, in this or any other country, than Peter Henderson. For nearly a quarter of a century his name has been before the public as a writer on nearly all the subjects connected with the garden. His first work, "Gardening for Profit," published in 1866, has already reached a sale of over fifty thousand copies. The first edition of "Practical Floriculture," published in 1866, has also reached a sale of twenty thousand copies, and has done much to foster the taste for floriculture in every section of the country. And as its teachings are merely a plain telling of how his own extensive operations are done, and in which he has been so eminently successful, it was natural that some of his readers would try to imitate him, when he had so simply and plainly told them how to do so. That this has been done in hundreds of instances, the *Commercial Greenhouses* that have been put up in every State of the Union, on what is known as the "Hendersonian" plan,

will attest the wide-spread power of this little book. The first edition of this work was written mainly for professional florists, but the new edition adapts itself more to the wants of the amateur in gardening, as will be seen by the following subjects which are embraced in its scope: How to lay out the Lawn and Flower-Garden; Designs for Flower-Gardens; Planting of Flower-Beds; How to Make Hot-Beds; How to Attach Greenhouses to Dwellings; How to Propagate Plants by Seeds and by Cuttings; Culture of the Tuberose; Window and Parlor Gardening; Culture of Rose in Summer for Flowering in Winter; Hanging-Baskets and Vases; Wardian Cases and Ferneries; Cultivation of Grapes in Grapery; What Flowers Grow best in the Shade; etc., etc. On many of these subjects books are written specially, but in the short chapters devoted to each in "Practical Floriculture," all the necessary information can be found, so clearly written that the merest tyro in gardening can understand and practice from the instructions. We heartily commend the work to all interested in gardening matters. The price is \$1.50, and is obtainable in most seed or horticultural stores throughout the country.

NEW MUSIC.

W. H. Boner & Co., No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just published and sent us some very choice and beautiful classical music, arranged under the general title of "Beautiful Gems," selected from operas by Mozart, Haydn, etc., etc., among which we notice as being particularly fine, the following: viz., "Maid of Judah," by Krug, and "Loure," from Bach, 3d Violoncello Suite by Heineke, both being moderately difficult and very good, and worthy of a place among all good collections of modern music.

Among the best of the new music that has just been published is "Charles Sumner's Grand Funeral March," arranged for piano or organ by E. Mack, and published by Messrs. Lee & Walker, 222 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This composition is a just tribute to the memory of the devoted friend and advocate of universal liberty. All lovers of good music should avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring a copy of the "March." A very large edition has already been sold. Price, with picture of Charles Sumner on title-page, 40 cents; plain, 30 cents.

Editor's Department.

The Woman's War upon the Liquor Traffic.

THERE is no sign of abatement in the ardor with which this war is being waged. In different localities, and among people of different views and temperaments, it takes special and peculiar forms; but with all a deep and growing purpose to repress by some mean the evils of a free liquor traffic is manifest. Now that the women of the country are thoroughly aroused, let them grapple with the evil of intemperance in all its forms; in the social customs, through which it too often finds a beginning, as well as in the open and licensed sale of intoxicating drinks.

The *Graphic*, of a recent date, has some sensible remarks on this subject, which we copy:

"The crusade of the women against the sale of intoxicating drinks excites universal attention and remark. Women have been the greatest sufferers from intemperance. The drunkard robs and degrades his wife as well as himself. He steals the heart that beats for him and would bear any possible burdens for his benefit. He brings suffering and misery on helpless children who naturally depend on him for support, and look up to him for protection and example. This makes intemperance one of woman's worst enemies, and for this reason it is right and proper that the women of the country should unite for its extirpation.

"But there are other ways of waging war upon this enemy than that which is just now exciting attention. The habit of drinking is formed young. It is a social habit, and social natures are most likely to yield to its attractions. And it is too true that many men who are drunkards to-day were encouraged to drink in the first instance by the thoughtless words and approving smiles of ladies. It was the social glass that first gave them a taste for the intoxicating cup, and made them crave its fatal stimulus. Now the young ladies of the country can do no better work for themselves and for the other sex than by unitedly opposing the use of

intoxicating drinks. If they will discountenance wine-drinking, it will become unfashionable, and the sources of intemperance will be very largely cut off at the springs. To do this it will not be necessary to join a praying band in storming a gin-palace. But the work may be quite as effectual in the end."

Diamonds.

A DISPLAY of diamonds, so novel and imposing as to attract more than ordinary attention, was recently made in New York. A party was given by Mrs. Wm. B. Astor, at which she wore diamonds valued, according to the newspapers, at a million of dollars. The ingenuity displayed in exhibiting these diamonds on a single human figure was something remarkable. On each of the lady's shoulders were four stars, the size of silver half dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds, about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to her waist, around which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front were two large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person wherever they could be artistically placed.

"She presented," says a newspaper reporter, "an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle, as she moved languidly through the dance, among her friends. One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool

enough to take practical observation, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says that the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European empress or queen belongs to the present German empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor."

Drinking in Fashionable Restaurants.

A NEW YORK paper says that recently two crusading ladies from a western city entered an up-town restaurant for the purpose of getting a luncheon, including coffee. The French waiter asked if they would have Heidsieck or Cognac; and seeing astonishment on their unsophisticated faces, explained that New York women nearly always wanted either the one or the other in their coffee. This is an over-statement, of course; but it shows the existence of a custom that must lead to disastrous consequences with many. The effect of alcohol is the same on one sex as the other, and its use cannot be indulged with impunity by either.

The paper to which we refer, says: "The 'dinner tonics' furnished by fashionable caterers, and relished by luxurious ladies with good appetites, are first Sauter wine with the soup; the same with fish, or some light-colored Rhine wine." With the roast comes sherry, and champagne with the side dishes and desserts. "To finish the repast," adds the same authority, "brandy is poured upon lumps of loaf sugar, set on fire, allowed to burn until the more volatile alcoholic properties are eliminated, then mixed with black coffee, and quaffed with a *gout* only known to connoisseurs in the art of feasting."

Indulgences of this kind, whether in men or women, can only stimulate an unhealthy appetite, and lead to the worst forms of intemperance.

42- The accomplished elocutionist, H. V. McCulley, Esq., gave one of his pleasant "Evenings with the Poets and Humorists," at Handel and Haydn Hall, on Thursday evening, March 26th. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance, and enjoyed a rare treat. Mr. McCulley has few superiors as a public reader. Some of his imitations are perfect.

WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.—A story of "The New Crusade," is the title of T. S. ARTHUR'S new book. It is sold by canvassing agents; but we have made an arrangement with the publishers by which we can supply it by mail to our readers, on receipt of the price, \$1.25.

42- We copy from the *Aldine* in this number, a graceful story from the pen of Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, now engaged on a new serial for the HOME MAGAZINE, entitled "*Rachel Dillonay's Son*." This new serial will be commenced in July, and our readers may look for a story of no ordinary interest.

42- THE HOME MAGAZINE is electrotyped, and back numbers from January can always be supplied.

Editorial Correspondence.

ANTI-FASHION.

We have received the following brief but pertinent communication from a lady in reference to the article on the anti-fashion movement, we published some two months since:

"DEAR EDITOR:—My attention was called to an article in your Fashion Department, entitled 'A Crusade against Trailing Skirts.' This seems to be a move in the right direction. I trust it will meet a hearty response from the sensible women of America. I don't think your pledge is finished yet. You never mention the trimmings, and the time it takes to make a dress. I have been in the business over fifteen years, and my brain is almost frantic over so much fashion. "Yours, truly, "G. P. B."

It was the idea of the women who drew up the pledge, that when a woman once made up her mind to abandon trailing skirts, in the face of fashion, the dropping of superfluous and meretricious ornament would be the next natural and inevitable step, which would require no pledge.

Advertisers' Department.

COLGATE & CO.'S fragrant toilet soaps hold, deservedly, a high reputation in the market. Their "Cashmere Bouquet" and "Eau de Cologne" soaps are particularly choice, and should be on the toilet-table of every lady. Their perfumes for the handkerchief are exquisite. Few presents to a lady could be more acceptable than one of their dainty boxes, containing a few cakes of their delightful soaps, and fragrant perfumes. Messrs. Colgate & Co. are acknowledged to be the leading makers, in this country, of fine soaps and perfumeries.

THE HOME SEWING MACHINE.—The manufacturers of this first-class machine challenge competition. Every machine is warranted for five years. It uses a straight needle, makes the "lock-stitch" alike on both sides, has the Under-Feed, and is adapted to every variety of sewing for family wear, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths. Agents wanted in every county in the United States. For particulars address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

THE SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS are everywhere admitted to possess the finest quality of tone. Over fifty thousand are now in use. Catalogues sent to any address on application to "The Smith American Organ Co.," Boston, Mass.

FIFTY-TWO PREMIUMS have been awarded the "Hallet & Davis" Piano, besides testimonials from the highest musical authorities in the world—List, Bendel, Strauss, Franz Abt, Saro, Paulus and hosts of others. Every instrument is warranted for ten years.

Publishers' Department.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We call the attention of advertisers to the large increase in our circulation consequent on our purchase of "THE LADY'S FRIEND" subscription list, which makes the HOME MAGAZINE still more valuable as an advertising medium.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	\$100
Half " " "	60
Quarter " " "	35

Less than quarter page, 75 cents a line.

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	\$150
" Half " " "	90
" Quarter " " "	50

Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.

Inside—One page, one time	\$125
" Half " " "	75
" Quarter " " "	45

Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.

For yearly, half-yearly or quarterly advertisements, a liberal discount is made.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Butterick's patterns are now acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

42- See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

MR. ARTHUR'S NEW BOOKS BY MAIL.

WOMAN TO THE RESCUE. A Story of the "New Crusade," \$1.25.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50 the three volumes will be sent.

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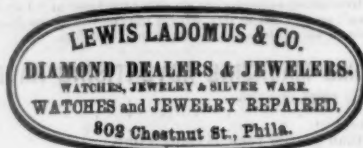
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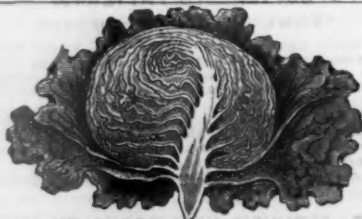
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For all derangements of the digestive organs, is truly unapproachable. Send a 25-cent currency note, and get the author's treatise, of 140 pages, stating its *modus operandi*, sphere of action and record of genuine cures.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

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BRIGHT, CHEERFUL, EARNEST, PROGRESSIVE, and always up to the advancing thought of the times, the "**HOME**" **TAKES RANK WITH THE LEADING AND MOST INFLUENTIAL MAGAZINES of the DAY.** It is on the side of Temperance, Christian morality, and all true reforms. Whatever is hurtful to society it condemns without fear or favor; **AND MAKES ITSELF FELT IN THE COMMUNITY AS A POWER FOR GOOD.** It claims to be

The Great Household Magazine of America,

and is more thoroughly **IDENTIFIED WITH THE PEOPLE** in their home and social life than **ANY OTHER PERIODICAL** in the country. We give, in brief, some of the many attractions of the "**HOME**" for 1874:

"RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON."

A new serial story by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Sybil Huntington," "Expiation," etc., etc.

"WINDOW-CURTAINS."

A new serial story by T. S. Arthur. Commenced in January number.

"**PIPSISSIWAY POTTS**" the inimitable delineator of home-life and character, will have an article in every number.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND is engaged for a series of her charming historic portraits.

THE STORY-TELLER, one of the leading Departments, will contain some of the best stories of the year.

"**MY GIRLS AND I.**" A series of pleasant, chatty papers, lively, sensible and good.

FLORAL. A whole book on Flower Culture, from an original manuscript, by a lady of refinement and experience, will be given during 1874.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. A series of illustrated articles that will attract no small degree of interest.

"**TALKS WITH MOTHERS.**" From the pen of a lady of wide observation and experience.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS for ladies' and children's dresses are given by special arrangement every month. These are acknowledged to be the most practical and useful of any in the country; and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our Magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. Patterns for boys' and girls' clothing are always given in these reports.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT will be full and varied, and contain contributions from experienced housekeepers.

"**PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.**" a magnificent steel engraving, the English copy of which sells for \$14, is sent free to every subscriber. Or, if preferred, either one of the following choice and elegant steel engravings, viz.: "**THE CHRISTIAN GRACE,**" "**THE ANGEL OF PEACE,**" "**BED-TIME,**" or "**THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY.**" If more than one picture is desired, the price to subscribers will be \$1.00 each. Engravings of this style, size and quality could be had at the print stores for less than \$5.00 each.

DEPARTMENTS. A large amount of reading matter, not indicated in the foregoing programme, will be given under various classified heads; such as

**The Home Circle,
Boys' and Girls' Treasury,
Health Department,
The Observer,
Mothers' Department,
Religious Reading,
Evenings with the Poets,
The Reformer,
General Literature,
Etc., etc.**

\$2.50 A YEAR is the price of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE." Each subscriber receives an elegant steel engraving free.

CLUB RATES. 3 copies for \$6.00, 6 copies and 12 copies, one to get-up of club \$12.00, 12 copies and one to get-up of club \$24.00. For every \$24.00 club we will send the club-getter, besides an extra copy of the magazine, all of our elegant premium engravings, five in number. This is one of the best premiums to club-getters ever offered. See above for title of engravings. Every club subscriber gets a picture free. Add 10 cents to each subscription for mailing picture.

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PREMIUM LIST.—We have a **SPECIAL PREMIUM LIST**, including many useful and valuable articles, such as Sewing Machines, Cabinet Organs, Encyclopedias, Books, &c., &c., which we will mail, on application, to any who wish to receive it.

Most of these premiums are offered on easier and better terms than we have ever before given. If you want a first-class Sewing Machine or Parlor Organ, you can now get one with but a small expense of time and effort. Send for our Premium List and judge for yourself. "**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**" and "**HOME MAGAZINE**" sent one year (including a picture with each) for \$3.25. "**GOD'S LADY'S BOOK**" and "**HOME MAGAZINE**" sent one year (including a picture with each) for \$4.50.

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

809 & 811 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

1874.

VOLS. XIV & XV.

1874.

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This charming picture cannot fail to delight every one who receives it. It is called

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And represents a brood of young ducks taking to the water for the first time. A lovely child sits on the bank looking at them, and forms the centre of the picture, giving to it a life and grace peculiarly attractive.

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- Each subscriber whether single or in clubs, will receive a copy of our new steel engraving, “DUCKLINGS,” free.
- PREMIUM TO CLUB GETTERS**—Every person who sends us a club will receive as a premium a copy of our large and splendid Steel Engraving “PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.” Or, if preferred, a copy of any other of our elegant Engravings. (See Prospectus of “HOME MAGAZINE.”)
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- Send ten cents extra with each subscription for mailing picture.

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To all who wish to work for Premiums, we will send, on application, our Special Premium List which includes SEWING MACHINES, CABINET ORGANS, TOOL CHESTS, BOOKS, etc., etc. These Premiums are offered on

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CHOICE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

We publish, in connection with our magazines, the following elegant steel engravings, which are furnished to subscribers to our periodicals at the low price of \$1 each. Such engravings cannot be bought at the print stores for less than \$5 apiece.

“THE ANGEL OF PEACE.”

Size, 21 by 27 inches.

This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

“BED-TIME.”

Size, 21 by 27 inches.

A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In the “ANGEL OF PEACE” the babe is borne to its Heavenly rest—in this, to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

“THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES.”

Size, 21 by 27 inches.

As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

“THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.”

Size, 18 by 28 inches.

It is a long time since anything has appeared in Christian art so lovely and so exquisite in design and execution as this elegant steel engraving, representing, in a group of three female figures, the Christian graces of “FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.” The grouping and pose of the figures are graceful beyond description, and the faces of the rarest beauty.

“PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.”

Size, 22 by 32 inches.

This splendid picture, which is larger than the preceding, represents the Saviour entering a home, and, with lifted hand, pronouncing His divine benediction of “Peace be unto this House.” For a home picture, it would be difficult to find anything more beautiful, tender or appropriate.

Rice's Steel Portrait of T. S. Arthur.

A large, finely-stippled head, from a Crayon by Ferris, and an admirable likeness.

Every subscriber to Arthur's Illustrated Magazine is entitled to a choice of one of the above elegant steel engravings, free, as a premium. In addition to this, he has the right to order any or all of the rest at \$1 each. They will be sent by mail, on strong rollers, to any address, on receipt of the price.

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